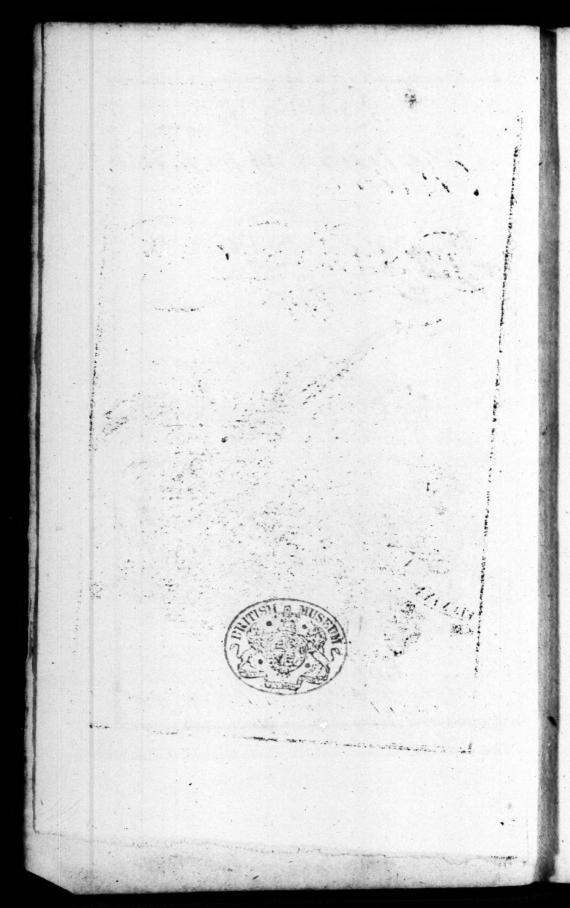
Poetical W EDINBURGH.
Printed for Gray & Alston, & I. Dickson.



### ADVERTISEMENT.

Our author, Mr Shenstone, was eldeft son of a Shropshire Gentleman, who lived upon his own estate. The father, early discovering the son's capacity, resolved to give him a liberal education; and for this purpose sent him to Pembroke-college in Oxford, designing him for the church.—But though he had the most awful conceptions of a Supreme Being, he could never be prevailed on to enter into orders.

He was of no particular sect or opinion, and hated all religious disputes. Whatever his own sentiments were, his lenity was great to such as differed from him. Tenderness indeed, in every sense of the word, was his peculiar characteristic. His friends, his domestics, and poor neighbours, had daily experiance

ence of his benevolence. This virtue he often carried to excess; but when he found that any of those whom he had ranked amongst his friends used him ungenteelly, he was hardly reconcileable. His maxim, on such occasions, deserves particular notice: "I never will be a revengeful enemy; but I cannot, it is not in my nature to be HALF a friend." Although quite unsufpicious in his temper; yet if his sufpicion was once roused, it was not easily laid asseep.

His generous temper would not permit him to regard the proper use of money. This made him exceed the yearly income of his paternal estate, which was about three hundred pounds. But when one recollects the paradise he raised around him, his hospitality, and indulgence to his servants, and charities to the indigent, there is more reason to wonder that he left any thing behind him,

him, than to blame his want of oeconomy. However, as much remained as was sufficient to pay his whole debts, for which he appropriated his estate by his will.

Though fome have imagined that his narrow circumstances prevented him from marrying; yet he had a high opinion of many among the fair sex, and discovered no aversion to wedlock. Love-affairs, in his youth, with much difficulty he surmounted. It was this gave occasion to that sweet pastoral, in four parts, which has always been universally admired, and might, one would think, subdue the most obdurate heart.

His character, as a writer, may be distinguished by an elegant simplicity, and a correct genius. His greatest dissiculty, in all his compositions, was, to please himself. Mr Shenstone's talents were not wholly a 2 confined

confined to poetry: His profe-works give the best display of his judgmen and penetration, his great knowledge of the human heart, and his superior understanding.—Some things are left unfinished, others as single thoughts; but even these, like the sparks of diamonds, shew the richness of the mine to which they belong.—Our author's character being sufficiently established, any attempt to recommend his writings would be superfluous.

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# ELEGIES,

WRITTEN ON

Many different OCCASIONS.

Tantum inter densas umbrosa cacumina fagos Assidue veniebat; ibi haec incondita, solus, Montibus et silvis studio jactabat inani! VIRG.



R L D H O H J R

A STATE OF THE STA

.DALY



A

### PREFATORY ESSAY

ON

### E L E G Y.

It is observable, that discourses prefixed to poetry are contrived very frequently to inculcate such tenets as may exhibit the performance to the greatest advantage. The fabric is very commonly raised, in the first place, and the measures by which we are to judge of its merit are afterwards

There have been few rules given us by the critics concerning the structure of elegiac poetry; and far be it from the author of the following trifles to dignify his own opinions with that denomination. He would only intimate the great variety of subjects, and the different \* styles in which the writers of elegy have hitherto indulged themselves, and endeavour to shield the following ones by the latitude

of their example.

If we confider the etymology of the † word, the epithet which ‡ Horace gives it, or the confession which || Ovid makes concerning it, I think we may conclude thus much however, that elegy, in its true

Ovid. de morte Tibulli.

<sup>\*</sup> This essay was written near twenty years ago.

<sup>† =</sup> xeyeiv. e-particulam dolendi.

<sup>\*</sup> Miserabiles elegos.

Heu nimis ex vero nune tibi nomen erit.

and geuuine acceptation, includes a tender and querilous idea; that it looks upon this as its peculiar characteristic, and, fo long as this is thoroughly fustained, admits of a variety of subjects, which, by its manner of treating them, it renders its own. It throws its melancholy stole over pretty different objects, which, like the dreffes at a funeral-procession, gives them all a kind of solemn and uniform appearance.

It is probable that Elegies were written at first upon the death of intimate friends and near relations; celebrated beauties, or favourite mistresses; beneficent governours, and illustrious men: One may add perhaps, of all those who are placed by Virgil in the laurel grove of his Elyfium, (Vide Hurde's differtation on Horace's Epistles).

Quique sui memores alios fecere merendo.

After these subjects were sufficiently exhausted, and the feverity of fate displayed in the most affecting inftances, the poets fought occasion to vary their complaints; and the next tender species of forrow that presented itself, was the grief of absent or neglected lovers. And this indulgence might be indeed allowed them; but with this they were not contented. They had obtained a fmall corner in the province of love, and they took advantage from thence to over-run the whole territory. They fung its spoils, triumphs, ovations, and rejoicings \*, as well as the captivity and exequies that attended They gave the name of elegy to their pleafantries as well as lamentations, till at laft, through their abundant fondness for the myrtle, they forgot that the cypress was their peculiar garland.

In this it is probable they deviated from the

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Ovid.

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original design of Elegy; and it should seem, that any kind of subjects treated in such a manner as to diffuse a pleasing melancholy, might far better deserve the name, than the facetious mirth and libertine festivity of the successful votaries of love.

But not to dwell too long upon an opinion which may feem perhaps introduced to favour the following performance, it may not be improper to examine into the use and end of Elegy. most important end of all poetry is to encourage Epic and Tragedy chiefly recommend the public virtues; Elegy is of a species which illustrates and endears the private. There is a truly virtuous pleafure connected with many penfive contemplations, which it is the province and excellency of Elegy to enforce. This, by presenting fuitable ideas, has discovered sweets in melancholy which we could not find in mirth; and has led us with fuccess to the dusty urn, when we could draw no pleasure from the sparkling bowl. As Pastoral conveys an idea of simplicity and innocence, it is in particular the task and merit of Elegy to shew the innocence and simplicity of rural life to advantage; and that in a way diftinct from Pastoral, as much as the plain but judicious landlord may be imagined to furpass his tenant both in dignity and understanding. It should also tend to elevate the more tranquil virtues of humility, difinterestedness, simplicity, and innocence; but then there is a degree of elegance and refinement no way inconfiftent with thefe rural virtues; and that raifes Elegy above that merum rus, that unpolished rusticity, which has given our Pastoral-writers their highest reputation.

Wealth and splendour will never want their proper weight: The danger is, lest they should too much preponderate. A kind of poetry therefore

A 2.

which

which throws its chief influence into the other fcaie, that magnifies the fweets of liberty and independence, that endears the honest delights of love and friendship, that celebrates the glory of a good name after death, that ridicules the futile arrogance of birth, that recommends the innocent amusement of letters, and insensibly prepares the mind for that humanity it inculcates, such a kind of poetry may chance to please; and if it please, should seem to be of service.

As to the style of Elegy, it may be well enough determined from what has gone before. It should imitate the voice and language of grief; or if a metaphor of dress be more agreeable, it should be simple and disfuse, and slowing as a mourner's veil. A versification therefore is desirable, which, by indulging a free and unconstrained expression, may admit of that simplicity which Elegy requires.

Heroic metre, with alternate rhyme, seems well enough adapted to this species of poetry; and however exceptionable, upon other occasions, its inconveniences appear to lose their weight in shorter Elegies; and its advantages seem to acquire an additional importance. The world has an admirable example of its beauty in a collection of Elegies not long since published; the product of a gentleman of the most exact taste, and whose untimely death merits all the tears that Elegy can shed.

It is not impossible that some may think this metre too lax and prosaic: Others, that even a more dissolute variety of numbers may have superior advantages. And in favour of these last, might be produced the example of Milton in his Lycidas, together with one or two recent and beautiful imitations of his versification in that monody. But this kind of argument, I am apt to think, must prove too much; since the

N. B. This preface was written near twenty years ago.

writers I have in view feem capable enough of recommending any metre they shall choose; though it must be owned also, that the choice they make of any, is at the same time the strongest presumption in its favour.

Perhaps it may be no great difficulty to compromife the dispute. There is no one kind of metre that is distinguished by rhymes, but is liable to some objection or other. Heroic verse, where every second line is terminated by a rhyme, (with which the judgment requires that the sense should in some measure also terminate), is apt to render the expression either scanty or constrained. And this is sometimes observable in the writings of a poet lately deceased; though I believe no one ever threw so much sense together with so much ease into a couplet as Mr Pope. But as an air of constraint too often accompanies this metre, it seems by no means proper for a writer of Elegy.

The previous rhyme in Milton's Lycidas is very frequently placed at such a distance from the following, that it is often dropt by the memory (much better employed in attending to the sentiment) before it be brought to join its partner: And this seems to be the greatest objection to that kind of versification. But then the peculiar ease and variety it admits of, are no doubt sufficient to overbalance the objection, and to give it the preference to any other, in an elegy of

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The chief exception to which ftanza, of all kinds, is liable, is, that it breaks the fense too regularly when it is continued through a long poem. And this may be perhaps the fault of Mr Waller's excellent panegyric. But if this fault be less discernible in smaller compositions, as I suppose it is, I flatter myself, that the advantages I have before mentioned resulting from alternate rhyme,

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(with which stanza is, I think, connected), may, at least in shorter Elegies, be allowed to outweigh

its imperfections.

I shall say but little of the different kinds of Elegy. The melancholy of a lover is different, no doubt, from what we feel on other mixed occasions. The mind in which love and grief at once predominate is softened to an excess. Love-elegy therefore is more negligent of order and design, and, being addressed chiefly to the ladies, requires little more than tenderness and perspicuity. Elegies that are formed upon promiscuous incidents, and addressed to the world in general, inculcate some sort of moral, and admit a different degree of reasoning, thought, and order.

The author of the following Elegies entered on his fubjects occasionally, as particular incidents in life suggested, or dispositions of mind recommended them to his choice. If he describes a rural landscape, or unfolds the train of fentiments it inspired, he fairly drew his picture from the fpot, and felt very fensibly the affection he communicates. If he fpeaks of his humble shed, his flocks and his fleeces, he does not counterfeit the scene; who having (whether through choice or necessity, is not material) retired betimes to country folitudes, and fought his happiness in rural employments, has a right to confider himself as a real shepherd. The flocks, the meadows, and the grottos, are his own, and the embellishment of his farm his fole amusement. As the sentiments therefore were inspired by nature, and that in the earlier part of his life, he hopes they will retain a natural appearance; diffusing at least fome part of that amusement, which he freely acknowledges he received from the composition of them.

There

There will appear perhaps a real inconfishency in the moral tenour of the several elegies; and the subsequent ones may sometimes seem a recantation of the preceding. The reader will scarcely impute this to oversight; but will allow, that men's opinions, as well as tempers, vary; that neither public nor private, active nor speculative life, are unexceptionably happy; and, consequently, that any change of opinion concerning them may afford an additional beauty to poetry, as it gives us a

more striking representation of like.

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If the author has hazarded, throughout, the use of English or modern allusions, he hopes it will not be imputed to an entire ignorance, or to the least disesteem of the ancient learning. He has kept the ancient plan and method in his eye, though he builds his edifice with the materials of his own notion. In other words, through a fondness for his native country, he has made use of the flowers it produced, though, in order to exhibit them to the greater advantage, he has endeavoured to weave his garland by the best model he could find; with what fuccefs, beyond his own amusement, must be left to judges less partial to him than either his acquaintance or his friends.—If any of those should be so candid as to approve the variety of subjects he has chosen, and the tenderness of fentiment he has endeavoured to imprefs, he begs the metre also may not be too fuddenly condemned. The public ear, habituated of late to a quicker measure, may perhaps consider this as heavy and languid; but an objection of that kind may gradually lose its force, if this measure should be allowed to fuit the nature of Elegy.

If it should happen to be considered as an objection with others, that there is too much of a moral cast diffused through the whole; it is replied, that

he endeavoured to animate the poetry so far as not to render this objection too obvious, or to risk excluding the fashionable reader; at the same time never deviating from a fixed principle, that poetry without morality is but the blossom of a fruit-tree. Poetry is indeed like that species of plants which may bear at once both fruits and blossoms; and the tree is by no means in perfection without the former, however it may be embellished by the flowers which surround it.

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ELEGY

### ELEGY I.

445...445....445....445....445....445....445....445....445

He arrives at his retirement in the country, and takes occasion to expatiate in praise of simplicity. To a friend.

FOR rural virtues, and for native skies,
I bade Augusta's venal sons farewell;
Now, mid the trees, I see my smoke arise,
Now hear the fountains bubbling round my cell.

O may that genius which fecures my rest, Preserve this villa for a friend that's dear! Ne'er may my vintage glad the fordid breast! Ne'er tinge the lip that dares be unfincere!

Far from these paths, ye faithless friends, depart!
Fly my plain board, and dread my hostile name!
Hence! the faint verse that slows not from the heart,
But mourns in labour'd strains the price of fame!

O lov'd simplicity! be thine the prize!

Assiduous art correct her page in vain!

His be the palm, who, guiltless of disguise,

Contemns the pow'r, the dull resource to feign!

Still may the mourner, lavish of his tears
For lucre's venal meed, invite my scorn!
Still may the bard dissembling doubts and fears,
For praise, for flatt'ry fighing, figh forlorn!

Soft as the line of love-fick Hammond flows,
'Twas his fond heart effus'd the melting theme:
Ah! never could Aonia's hill disclose
So fair a fountain, or so lov'd a stream.

Ye loveless bards! intent with artful pains
To form a figh, or to contrive a tear!
Forego your Pindus, and on —'s plains
Survey Camilla's charms, and grow fincere.

But thou, my friend! while in thy youthful foul.
Love's gentle tyrant feats his awful throne,
Write from thy bosom—let not art controul
The ready pen that makes his edicts known.

Pleasing when youth is long expir'd, to trace
The forms our pencil or our pen design'd!

Such was our youthful air, and shape, and face!

Such the soft image of our youthful mind!

Soft whilft we fleep beneath the rural bow'rs,

The Loves and Graces steal unseen away;

And where the turf diffus'd its pomp of flow'rs,

We wake to wint'ry scenes of chill decay!

Curse the sad fortune that detains thy fair;
Praise the soft hours that gave thee to her arms;
Paint thy proud scorn of ev'ry vulgar care,
When hope exalts thee, or when doubt alarms.

Where with OEnone thou hast worn the day
Near fount or stream, in meditation rove;
If in the grove OEnone lov'd to stray,
The faithful muse shall meet thee in the grove.

#### ELEGY II.

On posthumous reputation. To a friend.

Grief of griefs! that Envy's frantic ire Should rob the living virtue of its praise! O foolish Muses! that with zeal aspire To deck the cold insensate shrine with bays!

When the free spirit quits her humble frame,
To tread the skies with radiant garlands crown'd,
Say, will she hear the distant voice of Fame?
Or hearing, fancy sweetness in the sound?
Perhaps

Perhaps ev'n Genius pours a slighted lay; Perhaps ev'n Friendship sheds a fruitless tear; Ev'n Lyttelton but vainly trims the bay, And fondly graces Hammond's mournful bier.

Tho' weeping virgins haunt his favour'd urn,
Renew their chaplets, and repeat their fighs;
Tho' near his tomb Sabæan odours burn,
The loit'ring fragrance will it reach the skies?

No, should his Delia votive wreaths prepare,

Delia might place the votive wreaths in vain:

Yet the dear hope of Delia's future care

Once crown'd his pleasures, and dispell'd his pain.

Yes—the fair prospect of furviving praise Can ev'ry sense of present joys excel: For this, great Adrian chose laborious days; Thro' this, expiring, bade a gay farewell.

Shall then our youths, who fame's bright fabric raife,
To life's precarious date confine their care?
O teach them you, to spread the facred base,
To plan a work thro' latest ages fair!

Is it fmall transport, as with curious eye
You trace the story of each Attic sage,
To think your blooming praise shall time defy:
Shall wast like odours thro' the pleasing page?

To mark the day when, thro' the bulky tome, Around your name the varying style refines! And readers call their lost attention home, Led by that index where true genius shines?

Ah let not Britons doubt their focial aim,
Whose ardent bosoms catch this ancient fire!
Cold int'rest melts before the vivid slame,
And patriot ardours but with life expire!

ELE-

### ELEGY III.

On the untimely death of a certain learned acquaint-

IF proud Pygmalion quit his cumbrous frame, Funereal pomp the scanty tear supplies; Whilst heralds loud with venal voice proclaim, Lo! here the brave and the puissant lies.

When humbler Alcon leaves his drooping friends,
Pageant nor plume diftinguish Alcon's bier;
The faithful muse with votive song attends,
And blots the mournful numbers with a tear.

He little knew the fly penurious art,
That odious art which fortune's fav'rites know;
Form'd to bestow, he felt the warmest heart,
But envious fate forbade him to bestow.

He little knew to ward the fecret wound;
He little knew that mortals could enfnare;
Virtue he knew: the noblest joy he found,
To fing her glories, and to paint her fair:

Ill was he skill'd to guide his wand'ring sheep, And unforeseen disaster thinn'd his fold; Yet at another's loss the swain would weep, And for his friend his very crook were sold.

Ye fons of wealth: protect the muse's train;
From winds protect them, and with food supply;
Ah! helpless they to ward the threaten'd pain!
The meagre famine, and the wint'ry sky!

T.

He lov'd a nymph: Amidst his slender store
He dar'd to love, and Cynthia was his theme;
He breath'd his plaints along the rocky shore,
They only echo'd o'er the winding stream.

His nymph was fair; the sweetest bud that blows Revives less lovely from the recent show'r; So Philomel enamour'd eyes the rose; Sweet bird! enamour'd of the sweetest flow'r!

He lov'd the muse; she taught him to complain; He saw his tim'rous loves on her depend; He lov'd the muse, although she taught in vain; He lov'd the muse, for the was virtue's friend.

She guides the foot that treads on Parian floors; She wins the ear when formal pleas are vain; She tempts patricians from the fatal doors Of Vice's brothel, forth to Virtue's fane.

He wish'd for wealth, for much he wish'd to give;
He griev'd that Virtue might not wealth obtain;
Piteous of woes, and hopeless to relieve,
The pensive prospect sadden'd all his strain.

I saw him faint! I saw him sink to rest!

Like one ordain'd to swell the vulgar throng;

As though the virtues had not warm'd his breast,

As though the muses not inspir'd his tongue.

I faw his bier ignobly cross the plain;
Saw peasant hands the pious rite supply;
The gen'rous rustics mourn'd the friendly swain,
But pow'r and wealth's unvarying cheek was dry!

Such Alcon fell; in meagre want forlorn!
Where were ye then, ye pow'rful patrons, where?
Would ye the purple should your limbs adorn,
Go wash the conscious blemish with a tear.

### ELEGY IV.

\*

### Ophelia's urn. To Mr G ......

Through the dim veil of evining's dusky shade, Near some lone fane, or yew's funereal green, What dreary forms has magic Fear survey'd!

What shrouded spectres Superstition seen!

But you secure shall pour your sad complaint, Nor dread the meagre phantom's wan array; What none but Fear's officious hand can paint, What none but Superstition's eye survey.

The glimm'ring twilight and the doubtful dawn Shall fee your step to these sad scenes return: Constant, as crystal dews impearl the lawn, Shall Strephon's tear bedew Ophelia's urn.

Sure nought unhallow'd shall presume to stray Where sleep the relics of that virtuous maid: Nor aught unlovely bend its devious way, Where soft Ophelia's dear remains are laid.

Haply thy muse, as with unceasing sighs
She keeps late vigils on her urn reclin'd,
May see light groups of pleasing visions rise;
And phantoms glide, but of celestial kind.

Then Fame, her clarion pendent at her fide,
Shall feek forgiveness of Ophelia's shade;
"Why has such worth without distinction dy'd,
"Why, like the deserts lily, bloom'd to fade?"

Then young fimplicity, averse to feign,
Shall unmolested breathe her softest figh:
And Candour with unwonted warmth complain,
And Innocence indulge a wailful cry.

de,

en,

Then Elegance, with coy judicious hand, Shall cull fresh flow'rets for Ophelia's tomb! And Beauty chide the fate's severe command, That shew'd the frailty of so fair a bloom!

And Fancy then, with wild ungovern'd wo, Shall her lov'd pupil's native taste explain: For mournful sable all her hues forego, And ask sweet solace of the muse in vain!

Ah! gentle forms, expect no fond relief;
Too much the facred nine their loss deplore:
Well may ye grieve, nor find an end of grief—
Your best, your brightest fav'rite is no more:

### 

### ELEGY V.

He compares the turbulence of love with the tranquillity of friendship. To Melissa, his friend.

From Love, from angry Love's inclement reign I pass a while to Friendship's equal skies; Thou, gen'rous maid, reliev'st my partial pain, And cheer'st the victim of another's eyes.

'Tis thou, Melissa, thou deserv'st my care:
How can my will and reason disagree?
How can my passion live beneath despair?
How can my bosom sigh for aught but thee?

Ah, dear Melissa! pleas'd with thee to rove, My soul has yet surviv'd its dririest time; Ill can I bear the various clime of love! Love is a pleasing, but a various clime!

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So smiles immortal Maro's fav'rite shore,

Parthenope, with ev'ry verdure crown'd!

When strait Vesuvio's horrid caldrons roar,

And the dry vapour blasts the regions round.

Oh blisful regions! oh unrival'd plains!
When Maro to these fragrant haunts retir'd!
Oh fatal realms! and oh accurs'd domains!
When Pliny 'mid sulphureous clouds expir'd!

So smiles the surface of the treach'rous main, As o'er its waves the peaceful halcyons play; When soon rude winds their wonted rule regain, And sky and ocean mingle in the fray.

But let or air contend, or ocean rave, Ev'n hope subside amid the billows tost; Hope, still emergent, still contemns the wave, And not a feature's wonted smile is lost.

### ELEGY VI.

<del>\*\*\*\*</del>

To a lady on the language of birds.

Ome then, Dione, let us range the grove,
The science of the feather'd choirs explore;
Hear linnets argue, larks descant of love,
And blame the gloom of solitude no more.

My doubt fubfides—'tis no Italian fong,
Nor senseless ditty, cheers the vernal tree;
Ah! who that hears Dione's tuneful tongue,
Shall doubt that music may with sense agree?

And come, my muse! that lov'st the sylvan shade,
Evolve the mazes, and the mist dispel;
Translate the song; convince my doubting maid,
No solemn dervise can explain so well.—
Pensive

Pensive beneath the twilight-shades I sat,
The slave of hopeless vows, and cold disdain!
When Philomel address'd his mournful mate,
And thus I constru'd the mellistuent strain.

"Sing on, my bird—the liquid notes prolong, At ev'ry note a lover sheds his tear; Sing on, my bird—'tis Damon hears the song; Nor doubt to gain applause, when lovers hear.

He the fad fource of our complaining knows;
A foe to Tereus, and to lawless love!
He mourns the story of our ancient woes:
Ah! could our music his complaints remove!

Yon plains are govern'd by a peerless maid; And see, pale Cynthia mounts the vaulted sky, A train of lovers court the checquer'd shade; Sing on, my bird, and hear thy mate's reply.

Ere while no shepherd to these woods retir'd;
No lover bless'd the glow-worm's pallid ray;
But ill-star'd birds that list'ning not admir'd,
Or list'ning envy'd our superior lay.

Cheer'd by the fun, the vaffals of his pow'r,
Let fuch by day unite their jarring ftrains:
But let us choose the calm, the filent hour,
Nor want fit audience while Dione reigns."

# ELEGY VII.

He describes his vision to an acquaintance.

Catera per terras omnes animalia, &c. Virg.

O'N distant heaths, beneath autumnal skies, -Pensive I saw the circling shades descend; Weary and faint I heard the storm arise, While the sun vanish'd like a faithless friend;

B. 3

No:

No kind companion led my steps aright,
No friendly planet lent its glimm'ring ray;
Ev'n the lone cot refus'd its wonted light,
Where toil in peaceful slumber clos'd the day.

Then the dulf bell had giv'n a pleasing found;
The village-cur 'twere transport then to hear;
In dreadful silence all was hush'd around,
While the rude storm alone distress'd mine ear,

As led by Orwell's winding banks I stray'd,
Where tow'ring Wolfey breath'd his native air,
A sudden lustre chas'd the stitting shade,
The founding winds were huth'd, and all was fair.

Instant a graceful form appear'd confest;
White were his locks, with awful scarlet crown'd,
And livelier far than Tyrian seem'd his vest,
That with the glowing purple ting'd the ground.

"Stranger," he faid, "amid this pealing rain,
Benighted, lonefome, whither wouldst thou stray?

Does wealth or pow'r thy weary step constrain?

Reveal thy wish, and let me point the way.

For know, I trode the trophy'd paths of pow'r;
Felt ev'ry joy that fair ambition brings;
And left the lonely roof of yonder bow'r,
To tand beneath the canopies of kings.

I bade low hinds the tow'ring ardour share;
Nor meanly rose to bless myself alone:
I fnatch'd the shepherd from his sleecy care,
And bade his wholesome distate guard the throne.

Low at my feet the suppliant peer I saw;
I saw proud empires my decision wait;
My will was duty, and my word was law,
My smile was transport, and my frown was fate."

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I.

Ah me! faid I, nor pow'r I feek, nor gain;
Nor urg'd by hope of fame these toils endure;
A simple youth, that feels a lover's pain,
And from his friend's condolence hopes a cure.

He, the dear youth, to whose abodes I roam,
Nor can mine honours nor my fields extend;
Yet for his sake I leave my distant home,
Which oaks embosom, and which hills defend.

Beneath that home I scorn the wint'ry wind;
The spring, to shade me, robes her fairest tree:
And if a friend my grass-grown threshold find,
O how my lonely cot resounds with glee!

Yet tho' averse to gold in heaps amast, I wish to bless, I languish to bestow; And tho' no friend to Fame's obstrep'rous blast, Still to her dulcet murmurs not a foe.

Too proud with fervile tone to deign address,

Too mean to think that honours are my due;

Yet should some patron yield my stores to bless,

I sure should deem my boundless thanks were few.

But tell me, thou! that like a meteor's fire Shott'st blazing forth, disdaining dull degrees, Should I to wealth, to same, to pow'r aspire, Must I not pass more rugged paths than these?

Must I not groan beneath a guilty load,
Praise him I scorn, and him I love betray?

Does not felonious envy bar the road?

Or falsehood's treach'rous foot beset the way?

Say, should I pass thro' Favour's crouded gate,
Must not fair Truth inglorious wait behind?
Whilst Lapproach the glitt'ring scenes of state,
My best companion no admittance find?

Nurs'd

Bowelle a citer the death of gir Popper

Nurs'd in the shades by freedom's lenient care,
Shall I the rigid sway of Fortune own?
Taught by the voice of pious Truth, prepare
To spurn an altar, and adore a throne?

And when proud Fortune's ebbing tide recedes,
And when it leaves me no unshaken friend,
Shall I not weep that e'er I left the meads,
Which oaks embosom, and which hills defend?

Oh! if these ills the price of pow'r advance, Check not my speed where social joys invite! The troubled vision cast a mournful glance, And sighing vanish'd in the shades of night.

#### ELEGY VIII.

He describes his early love of poetry, and its confequences. Fo Mr G-. \* 1745.

A H me! what envious magic thins my fold?
What mutter'd spell retards their late increase?
Such less'ning fleeces must the swain behold,
That e'er with Doric pipe essays to please.

I faw my friends in ev'ning circles meet;
I took my vocal reed, and tun'd my lay:
I heard them fay my vocal reed was sweet;
Ah fool! to credit what I heard them fay!

Ill-fated bard! that seeks his skill to show,
Then courts the judgment of a friendly ear!
Not the poor vet'ran, that permits his foe
To guide his doubtful step, has more to fear.

<sup>.</sup> N. B. Written after the death of Mr Pope.

Nor could my G— mistake the critic's laws,
Till pious Friendship mark'd the pleasing way.
Welcome such error! ever bless'd the cause!
Ev'n tho' it led me boundless leagues astray!

Couldst thou reprove me, when I nurs'd the slame? On list'ning Cherwell's ofier banks reclin'd, While foe to fortune, unseduc'd by same, I sooth'd the bias of a careless mind.

Youth's gentle kindred, health and love, were met; What though in Alma's guardian arms I play'd? Now shall the muse these vacant hours forget? Or deem that bliss by solid cares repaid?

Thou know'st how transport thrills the tender breast,
Where love and fancy fix their op'ning reign;
How nature shines in livelier colours drest,
To bless their union, and to grace their train.

So first when Phæbus met the Cyprian queen, And favour'd Rhodes beheld their passion crown'd, Unusual flow'rs enrich'd the painted green, And swift spontaneous roses blush'd around.

Now fadly lorn, from Twitnam's widow'd bow'r,
The drooping muses take their casual way;
And where they stop, a flood of tears they pour;
And where they weep, no more the fields are gay!

Where is the dappled pink, the sprightly rose?
The cowslip's golden cup no more I see:
Dark and discolour'd ev'ry flow'r that blows,
To form the garland, Elegy! for thee!—

Enough of tears has wept the virtuous dead;
Ah might we now the pious rage controul!
Hush'd be my grief ere ev'ry smile be sled,
Ere the deep swelling sigh subvert the soul!

If near some trophy spring a stripling bay,
Pleas'd we behold the graceful umbrage rise;
But soon too deep it works its baneful way,
And low on earth the prostrate \* ruin lies.

### ELEGY IX.

He describes his disinterestedness to a friend.

I Ne'er must tinge my lip with Celtic wines; The pomp of India must I ne'er display; Nor boast the produce of Peruvian mines, Nor with Italian sounds deceive the day.

Down yonder brook my crystal bev'rage flows; My grateful sheep their annual sleeces bring; Fair in my garden buds the damask rose, And from my grove I hear the throstle sing.

My fellow-swains I avert your dazzled eyes;
In vain allur'd by glitt'ring spoils they rove;
The fates ne'er meant them for the shepherd's prize,
Yet gave them ample recompence in love.

They gave you vigour from your parent's veins;
They gave you toils, but toils your finews brace;
They gave you nymphs that own their am'rous pains,
And shades, the refuge of the gentle race.

To carve your loves, to paint your mutual flames, See! polish'd fair, the beech's friendly rind! To fing fost carols to your lovely dames, See vocal grotts and echoing vales assign'd!

• Alludes to what is reported of the bay-tree, that if it is planted too near the walls of an edifice, its roots will work their way underneath, till they defroy the foundation.

Wouldst

Wouldst thou, my Strephon, Love's delighted slave!
Though fure the wreaths of chivalry to share,
Forego the ribbon thy Matilda gave,
And giving bade thee in remembrance wear?

Ill fare my peace, but ev'ry idle toy,
If to my mind my Delia's form it brings,
Has truer worth, imparts fincerer joy,
Than all that bears the radiant stamp of kings.

O my foul weeps, my breast with anguish bleeds, When love deplores the tyrant pow'r of gain! Disdaining riches as the futile weeds, I rise superior, and the rich disdain.

Oft from the stream, slow wand'ring down the glade, Pensive I hear the nuptial peal rebound; "Some miser weds," I cry, 'the captive maid, And some fond lover sickens at the sound."

Not Somerville, the muse's friend of old, Though now exalted to you ambient sky, So shunn'd a soul distain'd with earth and gold, So lov'd the pure, the gen'rous breast, as I.

Scorn'd be the wretch that quits his genial bowl,
His loves, his friendships, ev'n his self, resigns;
Perverts the sacred instinct of his soul,
And to a ducat's dirty sphere confines.

But come, my friend, with taste, with science blest, Ere age impair me, and ere gold allure; Restore thy dear idea to my breast, The rich deposite shall the shrine secure.

Let others toil to gain the fordid ore,

The charms of independence let us fing;

Bless'd with thy friendship, can I wish for more!

I'll spurn the boasted wealth of \* Lydia's king.

<sup>·</sup> Cræfus.

# ELEGY X.

To Fortune, suggesting his motive for repining at her dispensations.

Ask not the cause why this rebellious tongue Loads with fresh curses thy detested sway; Ask not, thus branded in my softest song, Why stands the flatter'd name which all obey?

Tis not that in my shade I lurk forlorn,
Nor see my roof on Parian columns rise;
That on this breast no mimic star is borne,
Rever'd, ah! more than those that light the skies.

Tis not that, on the turf fupinely laid,
I fing or pipe but to the flocks that graze:
And, all inglorious in the lonefome fhade,
My finger stiffens, and my voice decays.

Not that my fancy mourns thy stern command, When many an embryo dome is lost in air; While guardian prudence checks my eager hand, And, ere the turf is broken, cries, "Forbear.

" Forbear, vain youth! be cautious, weigh thy gold,
" Nor let you rifing column more aspire;

"Ah! better dwell in ruins, than behold
"Thy fortunes mould'ring, and thy domes entire.

"Honorio built, but dar'd my laws defy;
"He planted, scornful of my sage commands;

"The peach's vernal bud regal'd his eye,
"The fruitage ripen'd for more frugal hands."

See the small stream that pours its morm'ring tide O'ersome rough rock that would its wealth display, Displays it aught but penury and pride?

Ah! construe wisely what such murmurs say.

How

How would fome flood, with ampler treasures blest,
Disdainful view the scantling drops distill!
How must \* Velino shake his reedy crest!
How ev'ry cygnet mock the boastive rill!

Fortune, I yield! and see, I give the sign;
At noon the poor mechanic wanders home;
Collects the square, the level, and the line,
And with retorted eye forsakes the dome.

Yes, I can patient view the shadeless plains; Can unrepining leave the rising wall; Check the fond love of art that fir'd my veins, And my warm hopes in full pursuit recall.

Descend, ye storms! destroy my rising pile; Loos'd be the whirlwinds unremitting sway; Contented I, although the gazer smile To see it scarce survive a winter's day.

Let some dull dotard bask in thy gay shrine,
As in the sun regales his wanton herd;
Guiltless of envy, why should I repine,
That his rude voice, his grating reed's preferr'd?

Let him exult, with boundless wealth supply'd, Mine and the swain's reluctant homage share; But ah! his tawdry shepherdess's pride, Gods! must my Delia, must my Delia bear?

Must Delia's softness, elegance, and ease, Submit to Marian's dress? to Marian's gold? Must Marian's robe from distant India please? The simple sleece my Delia's limbs infoid?

"Yet fure on Delia feems the ruffet fair;
"Ye glitt'ring daughters of difguife, adieu!"
So talk the wife, who judge of shape and air;
But will the rural thane decide so true?

A river in Italy, that falls an hundred yards perpendicular C Ah!

Ah! what is native worth esteem'd of clowns?

'Tis thy false glare, O Fortune! thine they see:

'Tis for my Delia's sake I dread thy frowns,

And my last gasp shall curses breathe on thee.



#### ELEGY XI.

He complains how foon the pleasing novelty of life is over. To Mr J—.

A H me, my friend! it will not, will not last!
This fairy scene, that cheats our youthful eyes!
The charm dissolves; th' aereal music's past;
The banquet ceases, and the vision slies.

Where are the splendid forms, the rich perfumes, Where the gay tapers, where the spacious dome? Vanish'd the costly pearls, the crimson plumes, And we, delightless, left to wander home!

Vain now are books, the fages wisdom vain!
What has the world to bribe our steps astray?
Ere reason learns by study'd laws to reign,
The weaken'd passions, self-subdu'd, obey!

Scarce has the fun fev'n annual courses roll'd, Scarce shewn the whole that fortune can supply; Since not the miser so cares'd his gold, As I, for what it gave, was heard to sigh.

On the world's stage I wish'd some sprightly part
To deck my native sleece with tawdry lace;
'Twas life, 'twas taste, and—oh my foolish heart!
Substantial joy was fix'd in pow'r and place.
And

And you, ye works of art! allur'd mine eye,
The breathing picture, and the living stone:
"Tho' gold, tho' splendour, heav'n and fate deny,
"Yet might I call one Titian stroke my own!"

Smit with the charms of fame, whose lovely spoil, The wreath, the garland, fire the poet's pride, I trimm'd my lamp, consum'd the midnight oil— But soon the paths of health and fame divide!

Oft too I pray'd, 'twas nature form'd the pray'r,
To grace my native scenes, my rural home;
To see my trees express their planter's care,
And gay, on Attic models, raise my dome.

But now 'tis o'er, the dear delution's o'er!

A ftagnant breezless air becalms my foul:

A fond aspiring candidate no more,

I scorn the palm, before I reach the goal.

O youth! enchanting stage, profusely bless'd! Bliss ev'n obtrusive courts the frolic mind; Of health neglectful, yet by health caress'd; Careless of favour, yet secure to find.

Then glows the breast, as op'ning roses fair; More free, more vivid than the linnet's wing; Honest as light, transparent ev'n as air, Tender as buds, and lavish as the spring.

Not all the force of manhood's active might, Not all the craft to subtle age assign d, Not science shall extort that dear delight, Which gay delusion gave the tender mind.

Adieu foft raptures! transports void of care!
Parent of raptures, dear deceit, adieu!
And you, her daughters, pining with despair,
Why, why so soon her fleeting steps pursue!

C 2

Tedious

Tedious again to curse the drizzling day!

Again to trace the wint'ry tracks of snow!

Or, sooth'd by vernal airs, again survey

The felf-same hawthorns bud, and cowflips blow !

O life! how foon of ev'ry bliss forlorn?
We start false joys, and urge the devious race:
A tender prey, that cheers our youthful morn,
Then sinks untimely, and defrauds the chace.

### ELEGY XII.

#### His Recantation.

No more with awkward fallacy complains, How ev'ry fervour from my bosom sies, And reason in her lonesome palace reigns.

Ere the chill winter of our days arrive,

No more she paints the breast from passion free;

I feel, I feel one loit'ring wish survive—

Ah need I, Florio, name that wish to thee?

The star of Venus ushers in the day,

The first, the loveliest of the train that shine!

The star of Venus lends her brightest ray,

When other stars their friendly beams resign.

Still in my breast one fost desire remains,
Pure as that star, from guilt, from int'rest free,
His gentle Delia tript across the plains,
And need I, Florio, name that wish to thee?

While, cloy'd to find the scenes of life the same,
I tune with careless hand my languid lays;
Some secret impulse wakes my former slame,
And fires my strain with hope of brighter days.

I flept not long beneath you rural bow'rs; And lo! my crook with flow'rs adorn'd I fee: Has gentle Delia bound my crook with flow'rs. And need I. Florio, name my hopes to thee?

### ELEGY XIII.

To a friend, on some slight occasion estranged from him.

TEalth to my friend, and many a cheerful day Around his feat may peaceful fhades abide! Smooth flow the minutes, fraught with smiles, away, And, till they crown our union, gently glide.

Ah me! too fwiftly fleets our vernal bloom! Loft to our wonted friendship, loft to joy! Soon may thy breast the cordial wish resume, Ere wint'ry doubt its tender warmth deftroy.

Say, were it ours, by Fortune's wild command, By chance to meet beneath the Torrid Zone; Wouldst thou reject thy Damon's plighted hand? Wouldst thou with scorn thy once lov'd friend difown?

Life is that stranger land, that alien clime: Shall kindred fouls forego their focial claim? Launch'd in the vast abyss of space and time, Shall dark fuspicion quench the gen'rous flame?

Myriads of fouls, that knew one parent mold, See fadly fever'd by the laws of chance! Myriads, in time's perennial lift enroll'd, Forbid by fate to change one transient glance!

But we have met-where ills of ev'ry form, Where paffions rage, and hurricanes deteend: Say, shall we nurse the rage, affist the storm? And guide them to the bosom-of a friend?

Yes, we have met—thro' rapine, fraud, and wrong:
Might our joint aid the paths of peace explore!
Why leave thy friend amid the boist'rous throng,
Ere death divide us, and we part no more?

For oh! pale fickness warns thy friend away!

For me no more the vernal roses bloom!

I see stern fate his ebon wand display,

And point the wither'd regions of the tomb.

Then the keen anguish from thine eye shall start,
Sad as thou follow'st my untimely bier;
"Fool that I was—if friends so soon must part,

" To let suspicion intermix a fear."

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### ELEGY XIV.

Declining an invitation to visit foreign countries, he takes occasion to intimate the advantages of his own.

### To Lord Temple.

While others lost to friendship, lost to love, Waste their best minutes on a foreign strand, Be mine, with *British* nymph or swain to rove, And court the genius of my native land.

Deluded youth! that quits these verdant plains,
To catch the follies of an alien soil!
To win the vice his genuine soul disdains,
Return exultant, and import the spoil!

In vain he boasts of his detested prize;
No more it blooms to British climes convey'd,
Cramp'd by the impulse of ungenial skies,
See its fresh vigour in a moment fade!

Th' exotic folly knows its native clime;
An awkward stranger, if we wast it o'er;
Why then these toils, this costly waste of time,
To spread soft poison on our happy shore?

I covet not the pride of foreign dooms; In fearch of foreign modes I fcorn to rove; Nor for the worthless bird of brighter plumes, Would change the meanest warbler of my grove.

No diftant clime shall fervile airs impart, Or form these limbs with pliant ease to play; Trembling I view the Gaul's illusive art, That steals my lov'd rusticity away.

Tis long fince freedom fled th' Hesperian clime;
Her citron groves, her flow'r-embroider'd shore;
She saw the British oak aspire sublime,
And soft Campania's olive charms no more.

Let partial funs mature the western mine, To shed its lustre o'er th' *Iberian* maid; Mien, beauty, shape, O native foil, are thine; Thy peerless daughters ask no foreign aid.

Let \* Ceylon's envy'd plant perfume the seas,

Till torn to season the Batavian bowl;

Ours is the breast whose genuine ardours please,

Nor need a drug to meliorate the soul.

Let the proud foldan wound th' Arcadian groves, Or with rude lips th' Aonian fount profane; The muse no more by flow'ry Ladon roves, She seeks her Thomson on the British plain.

Tell not of realms by ruthless war dismay'd;
As hapless realms that war's oppression feel!
In vain may Austria boast her Noric blade,
If Austria bleed beneath her boasted steel.

<sup>\*</sup> The cinnamon.

Beneath her palm Idume vents her moan;
Raptur'd she once beheld its friendly shade!
And hoary Memphis boasts her tombs alone,
The mournful types of mighty pow'r decay'd!

No crescent here displays its baneful horns; No turban'd host the voice of truth reproves; Learning's free source the sage's breast adorns, And poets, not inglorious, chant their loves.

Boast, favour'd Media, boast thy slow'ry stores; Thy thousand hues by chymic suns refin'd; Tis not the dress or mien my soul adores, 'Tis the rich beauties of Britannia's mind.

While \* Grenville's breaft could virtue's stores afford,

What envy'd flota bore so fair a freight? The mine compar'd in vain its latent hoard, The gem its lustre, and the gold its weight.

Thee, Grenville, thee with calmest courage fraught,
Thee the lov'd image of thy native shore!
Thee by the virtue's arm'd, the graces taught,
When we shall cease to boast, or to deplore?

Prefumptuous war, which could thy life destroy,
What shall it now in recompence decree?
While friends that merit ev'ry earthly joy,
Feel ev'ry anguish; feel—the loss of thee.

Bid me no more a servile realm compare,
No more the muse of partial praise arraign;
Britannia sees no foreign breast so fair,
And if she glory, glories not in vain.

ELEGY

Written about the time of Captain Grenville's death.

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#### ELEGY XV.

In memory of a \* private family in Worcestershire.

FRom a lone tow'r with rev'rend ivy crown'd, The pealing bell awak'd a tender figh; Still, as the village caught the waving found, A swelling tear distream'd from ev'ry eye.

So droop'd, I ween, each Briton's breast of old, When the dull curfeu spoke, their freedom sled; For, sighing as the mournful accent roll'd, Our hope, they cry'd, our kind support is dead!

'Twas good Palemon—near a shaded pool,
A group of ancient elms umbrageous rose;
The flocking rooks, by instinct's native rule
This peaceful scene for their assylum chose.

A few small spires, to Gothic fancy fair, Amid the shades, emerging, struck the view; "Twas here his youth respir'd its earliest air; "Twas here his age breath'd out its last adieu.

One favour'd fon engag'd his tend'rest care;
One pious youth his whole affection crown'd:
In his young breast the virtues sprung so fair,
Such charms display'd, such sweets diffus'd around.

The Penns of Harborough; a place whose name, in the Saxon language, alludes to an arm. And there is a tradition that there was a battle fought, on the downs adjoining, betwint the Britons and the Romans,

But whilst gay transport in his face appears,
A noxious vapour clogs the poison'd sky;
Blasts the fair crop—the sire is drown'd in tears,
And, scarce surviving, sees his Cynthio die!

O'er the pale corfe we faw him gently bend; Heart-chill'd with grief—" My thread," he cry'd, " is fpun!

If Heav'n had meant I should my life extend, Heav'n had preserv'd my life's support, my son.

Smatch'd in thy prime, alas the stroke were mild!

Had my frail form obey'd the fate's decree!

Bless'd were my lot, O Cynthio! O my child!

Had Heav'n fo pleas'd, and I had dy'd for thee."

Five fleepless nights he stemm'd this tide of woes; Five irksome suns he saw, through tears, forlorn! On his pale corse the sixth sad morning rose; From yonder dome, the mournful bier was borne.

'Twas on those \* downs, by Roman hosts annoy'd,
Fought our bold fathers; rustic, unrefin'd!
Freedom's plain sons, in martial cares employ'd!
They ting'd their bodies, but unmask'd their mind.

Twas there, in happier times, this virtuous race, Of milder merit, fix'd their calm retreat; War's deadly crimfon had forfook the place, And freedom fondly lov'd the chosen feat.

No wild ambition fir'd their tranquil breaft,
To swell with empty sounds a spotless name;
If fost ring skies, the sun, the show'r were blest,
Their bounty spread; their fields extent the same.

Those fields, profuse of raiment, food, and fire,
They scorn'd to lessen, careless to extend:
Bade luxury to lavish courts aspire,
And avarice to city breasts descend.

<sup>.</sup> Harborough Downs.

None to a virgin's mind preferr'd her dower; To fire with vitious hopes a modest heir: The fire, in place of titles, wealth, or power, Assign'd him virtue; and his lot was fair.

They spoke of Fortune, as some doubtful dame, That sway'd the natives of a distant sphere; From lucre's vagrant sons had learn'd her same, But never wish'd to place her banners here.

Here youth's free spirit, innocently gay,
Enjoy'd the most that innocence can give;
Those wholesome sweets, that border virtue's way;
Those cooling fruits, that we may taste and live.

Their board no strange ambiguous viand bore; From their own streams their choicer fare they drew,

To lure the scaly glutton to the shore, The sole deceit their artless bosom knew!

Sincere themselves, ah too secure to find The common bosom, like their own, sincere! 'Tis its own guilt alarms the jealous mind; 'Tis her own poison bids the viper fear.

Sketch'd on the lattice of th' adjacent fane,
Their fuppliant bufts implore the reader's pray'r;
Ah gentle fouls! enjoy your blifsful reign,
And let frail mortals claim your guardian care.

For fure, to blisful realms the fouls are flown,
That never flatter'd, injur'd, cenfur'd, strove;
The friends of science! music, all their own;
Music, the voice of virtue, and of love!

The journeying peafant, thro' the fecret shade,
Heard their soft lyres engage his list'ning ear;
And haply deem'd some courteous angel play'd;
No angel play'd—but might with transport hear.
For

For these the sounds that chase unholy strife!
Solve envy's charm, ambition's wretch release!
Raise him to spurn the radiant ills of life,
To pity pomp, to be content with peace.

Farewell, pure spirits! vain the praise we give, The praise you sought from lips angelic flows; Farewell! the virtues which deserve to live, Deserve an ampler blis than life bestows.

Last of his race, Palemon, now no more
The modest merit of his line display'd;
Then pious Hough Vigornia's mitre wore—
Soft sleep the dust of each deserving shade.



### ELEGY XVI.

He suggests the advantages of birth to a person of merit, and the folly of a superciliousness that is built upon that sole foundation.

When genius grac'd with lineal splendour glows, When title shines, with ambient virtues crown'd;

Like fome fair almond's flow'ry pomp it shews, The pride, the perfume of the regions round.

Then learn, ye fair! to foften splendour's ray; Endure the swain, the youth of low degree; Let meekness join'd its temp'rate beam display; 'Tis the mild verdure that endears the tree.

Pity the fandal'd fwain, the shepherd's boy;
He sight to brighten a neglected name;
Foe to the dull appulse of vulgar joy,
He mourns his lot; he wishes, merit's fame.

In vain to groves and pathless vales we fly;
Ambition there the bow'ry haunt invades;
Fame's awful rays fatigue the courtier's eye,
But gleam still lovely thro' the checquer'd shades.

Vainly, to guard from love's unequal chain, Has fortune rear'd us in the rural grove; Should \*\*\*\*'s eyes illume the defart plain, Ev'n I may wonder, and ev'n I must love.

Nor unregarded fighs the lowly hind;
Though you contemn, the gods respect his vow;
Vindictive rage awaits the scornful mind,
And vengeance, too severe! the gods allow.

On Sarum's plain I met a wand'ring fair;
The look of forrow, lovely still she bore:
Loose flow'd the soft redundance of her hair,
And, on her brow, a flow'ry wreath she wore.

Oft stooping as she stray'd, she cull'd the pride Of ev'ry plain; she pillag'd ev'ry grove! The fading chaplet daily she supply'd, And still her hand some various garland wove.

Erroneous fancy shap'd her wild attire;
From Bethlem's walls the poor lymphatic stray'd;
Seem'd with her air her accent to conspire,
When, as wild fancy taught her, thus she said:

"Hear me, dear youth! oh hear an hapless maid. Sprung from the scepter'd line of ancient kings! Scorn'd by the world, I ask thy tender aid; Thy gentle voice shall whisper kinder things.

The world is frantic—fly the race profane—
Nor I, nor you, shall its compassion move;
Come friendly let us wander, and complain,
And tell me, shepherd! hast thou seen my love?

D

My love is young—but other loves are young; And other loves are fair, and so is mine: An air divine discloses whence he sprung; He is my love, who boasts that air divine.

No vulgar Damon robs me of my reft, Ianthe liftens to no vulgar vow;

A prince, from gods descended, fires her breast; A brilliant crown distinguishes his brow.

What, shall I stain the glories of my race?

More clear, more lovely bright than Hesper's beam!

The porc'lain pure with vulgar dirt debase?
Or mix with puddle the pellucid stream?

See thro' these veins the sapphire current shine!
'Twas Jove's own nectar gave th' ethereal hue:
Can base plebeian forms contend with mine!
Display the lovely white, or match the blue?

The painter strove to trace its azure-ray;
He chang'd his colours, and in vain he strove;
He frown'd—I smiling view'd the faint essay;
Poor youth, he little knew it flow'd from Jove.

Pitying his toil, the wondrous truth I told; How am'rous Jove trepann'd a mortal fair; How thro' the race the gen'rous current roll'd, And mocks the poet's art, and painter's care.

Yes, from the gods, from earliest Saturn, sprung Our sacred race; thro' demi-gods convey'd; And he, ally'd to Phæbus, ever young, My god-like boy, must wed their duteous maid.

Oft, when a mortal vow profanes my ear,
My fire's dread fury murmurs thro' the fky;
And should I yield,—his instant rage appears,
He darts th' uplifted vengeance—and I die.

Have

Have you not heard unwonted thunders roll!

Have you not feen more horrid lightnings glare!

'Twas then a vulgar love enfnar'd my foul;

'Twas then—I hardly 'fcap'd the fatal fnare.

'Twas then a peafant pour'd his am'rous vow,
All as I listen'd to his vulgar strain;—
Yet such his beauty—would my birth allow,
Dear were the youth, and blissful were the plain.

But oh! I faint! why wastes my vernal bloom,
In fruitless searches ever doom'd to rove!
My nightly dreams the toilsome path resume,
And I shall die—before I find my love.

When last I slept, methought my ravish'd eye
On distant heaths his radiant form survey'd;
Tho' night's thick clouds encompass'd all the sky,
The gems that bound his brow dispell'd the shade.

O how this bosom kindled at the fight!

Led by their beams I urg'd the pleasing chace;
Till, on a sudden, these with held their light—
All, all things envy the sublime embrace.

But now no more—behind the distant grove,
Wanders my destin'd youth, and chides my stay;
See, see! he grasps the steel—forbear my love—
Ianthe comes; thy princes hastes away."

Scornful she spoke, and, heedless of reply,
The lovely maniac bounded o'er the plain!
The piteous victim of an angry sky!
Ah me! the victim of her proud disdain!

## **\***\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*

### ELEGY XVII.

He indulges the suggestions of Spleen: An elegy to the Winds.

Et mulcere dedit mentes et tollere vento.

STern monarch of the winds, admit my pray'r!

A while thy fury check, thy storms confine!

No trivial blast impells the passive air,

But brews a tempest in a breast like mine.

What bands of black ideas spread their wings!
The peaceful regions of content invade!
With deadly poison taint the crystal springs!
With noisome vapour blast the verdant shade!

I know their leader, Spleen; and dread the sway Of rigid Eurus, his detested fire; Thro' one my blossoms and my fruits decay; Thro' one my pleasures and my hopes expire.

Like fome pale stripling, when his icy way
Relenting yields beneath the noon-tide beam,
I stand aghast; and chill'd with fear survey
How far I've tempted life's deceitful stream!

Where by remorfe impell'd, repuls'd by fears,
Shall wretched fancy a retreat explore?
She flies the fad prefage of coming years,
And forr'wing dwells on pleasures now no more!

Again with patrons and with friends she roves;
But friends and patrons never to return!
She sees the nymphs, the graces, and the loves,
But sees them weeping o'er Lucinda's urn.
She

She visits, Isis! thy forsaken stream,
Oh ill forsaken for Bæotian air!
She deems no flood restects so bright a beam,
No reed so verdant, and no flow'rs so fair.

She dreams beneath thy facred shades were peace,
Thy bays might ev'n the civil storm repell;
Reviews thy social bliss, thy learned ease,
And with no cheerful accent cries, Farewell!

Farewell, with whom to these retreats I stray'd!

By youthful sports, by youthful toils ally'd!

Joyous we sojourn'd in thy circ'ling shade,

And wept to find the paths of life divide.

She paints the progress of my rival's vow;
Sees ev'ry muse a partial ear incline;
Binds with luxuriant bays his favour'd brow,
Nor yields the refuse of his wreath to mine.

She bids the flatt'ring mirrour, form'd to please,
Now blast my hope, now vindicate despair;
Bids my fond verse the love-sick parley cease;
Accuse my rigid fate, acquit my fair.

Where circling rocks defend some pathless vale, Superfluous mortal, let me ever rove!

Alas! there echo will repeat the tale—

Where shall I find the filent scenes I love?

Fain would I mourn my luckless fate alone;,
Forbid to please, yet fated to admire;
Away my friends! my forrows are my own;
Why should I breathe around my sick defire?

Bear me, ye winds, indulgent to my pains,
Near fome fad ruin's ghaftly shade to dwell!
There let me fondly eye the rude remains,
And from the mould'ring refuse build my cell!

Genius of Rome! thy prostrate pomp display!

Trace ev'ry dismar proof of fortune's pow'r;

Let me the wreck of theatres survey,

Or pensive sit beneath some nodding tow'r.

D. 3

Or where fome duct, by rolling feafons worn, Convey'd pure streams to Rome's imperial wall, Near the wide breach, in silence let me mourn; Or tune my dirgies to the water's fall.

Genius of Carthage! paint thy ruin'd pride;
Tow'rs, arches, fanes, in wild confusion strown;
Let banish'd \* Marius, low'ring by thy side,
Compare thy sickle fortunes with his own.

Ah no! thou monarch of the storms! forbear;
My trembling nerves abhor thy rude controul;
And scarce a pleasing twilight soothes my care,
Ere one vast death like darkness shocks my soul.

Forbear thy rage—on no perennial base
Is built frail fear, or hope's deceitful pile:
My pains are fled—my joy resumes its place,
Should the sky brighten, or Melissa smile.

### \*<del>\*</del>\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*

### ELEGY XVIII.

He repeats the song of Colin, a discerning shepherd; lamenting the state of the woollen manufactory.

Ergo omni studio glaciem ventosque nivales, Quo minus est illis curæ mortalis egestas, Avertes: victumque feres. Virg.

TEar Avon's bank, on Arden's flow'ry plain,
A † tuneful shepherd charm'd the list'ning
wave;

And funny Cotfol' fondly lov'd the strain; Yet not a garland crowns the shepherd's grave!

<sup>\*</sup> Inopemque vitam in tugurio ruinarum Carthaginensium tol ravit, cum Marius inspiciens Carthaginem, illa intuens Marium a ter alteri possent esse solutio. Liv. † Mr Somerville.

Oh lost Ophelia! smoothly flow'd the day,
To feel his music with my flames agree!
To taste the beauties of his melting lay,
To taste, and fancy it was dear to thee!

When, for his tomb, with each revolving year,
I steal the musk-rose from the scented brake,
I strew my cowssips, and I pay my tear,
I'll add the myrtle for Ophelia's sake.

Shiv'ring beneath a leafless thorn he lay, When death's chill rigour seiz'd his flowingtongue;

The more I found his falt'ring notes decay, The more pathetic truth fublim'd the fong.

"Adieu my flocks," he faid! "my wonted care By funny mountain, or by verdant shore! May some more happy hand your fold prepare, And may you need your Colin's crook no more.

And you, ye shepherds! lead my gentle sheep;
To breezy hills, or leafy shelters lead;
But if the sky with show'rs incessant weep,
Avoid the putrid moisture of the mead.

Where the wild thyme perfumes the purpl'd heath,
Long loit'ring there your fleecy tribes extend—
But what avail the maxims I bequeath!
The fruitless gift of an officious friend!

Ah! what avails the tim'rous lambs to guard,
Tho' nightly cares with daily labours join!
If foreign floth obtain the rich reward,
If Gallia's craft the pond'rous fleece purloin!

Was it for this, by constant vigils worn,
I met the terrors of an early grave?
For this, I led them from the pointed thorn?
For this I bath'd 'em in the lucid wave?

Ah heedles Albion! too benignly prone. Thy blood to lavish, and thy wealth resign! Shall ev'ry other virtue grace thy throne, But quick-ey'd prudence never yet be thine?

From the fair natives of this peerless hill

Thou gav'st the sheep that browze Iberian plains:

Their plaintive cries the faithless region fill,

Their fleece adorns an haughty foe's domains.

Ill-fated flocks! from cliff to cliff they stray;
Far from their dams, their native guardians far!
Where the fost shepherd, all the livelong day,
Chants his proud mistress to his hoarse guitar.

But Albion's youth her native fleece despise; Unmov'd they hear the pining shepherd's moan; In silky folds each nervous limb disguise, Allur'd by ev'ry treasure but their own.

Oft have I hurry'd down the rocky steep,
Anxious, to see the wint'ry tempest drive;
Preserve, said I, preserve your sleece, my sheep!
Ere long will Phillis, will my love arrive.

Ere long she came: ah! wo is me, she came!
Rob'd in the Gallic loom's extraneous twine:
For gifts like these they give their spotless fame,
Resign their bloom, their innocence resign.

Will no bright maid, by worth, by titles known, Give the rich growth of British hills to fame?

And let her charms and her example own

That virtue's dress, and beauty's are the same?

Will no fam'd chief support this gen'rous maid;
Once more the patriot's arduous path resume?
And, comely from his native plains array'd,
Speak suture glory to the British loom?

What pow'r unseen my ravish'd fancy fires?

I pierce the dreary shade of future days;

Sure 'tis the genius of the land inspires,

To breathe my latest breath in \* \* \* praise.

O might my breath for \* \* \* praise suffice, How gently should my dying limbs repose! O might his future glory bless mine eyes, My ravish'd eyes! how calmly would they close!

\* \* \* was born to fpread the gen'ral joy;
By virtue rapt, by party uncontroul'd;
Britons for Britain shall the crook employ:
Britons for Britain's glory shear the fold."

### ELEGY XIX.

Written in Spring 1743.

A Gain the lab'ring hind inverts the foil;
Again the merchant ploughs the tumid wave;
Another fpring renews the foldier's toil,
And finds me vacant in the rural cave.

As the foft lyre display'd my wonted loves, The pensive pleasure and the tender pain, The fordid Alpheus hurry'd thro' my groves; Yet stopt to vent the distates of disdain.

He glanc'd contemptuous o'er my ruin'd fold; He blam'd the graces of my fav'rite bow'r; My breast, unsully'd by the lust of gold; My time, unlavish'd in pursuit of pow'r.

Yes, Alpheus! fly the purer paths of fate:
Abjure these scenes from venal passions free;
Know, in this grove, I vow'd perpetual hate,
War, endless war, with lucre and with thee.

Here nobly zealous, in my youthful hours, I dress'd an altar to *Thalia*'s name: Here, as I crown'd the verdant shrine with flow'rs, Soft on my labours stole the smiling dame.

Damon,

Damon, she cry'd, if pleas'd with honest praise,
Thou court success by virtue or by song,
Fly the false dictates of the venal race;
Fly the gross accents of the venal tongue.

Swear that no lucre shall thy zeal betray; Swerve not thy foot with Fortune's vot'ries more; Brand thou their lives, and brand their lifeless day— The winning phantom urg'd me, and I swore.

Forth from the rustic altar swift I stray'd,

"Aid my firm purpose, ye celestial pow'rs!

Aid me to quell the fordid breast," I said;

And \* threw my jav'lin tow'rds their hostile tow'rs.

Think not regretful I furvey the deed,
Or added years no more the zeal allow;
Still, still observant to the grove I speed,
The shrine embellish, and repeat the vow.

Sworn from his cradle Rome's relentless foe; Such gen'rous hate the + Punic champion bore; Thy lake, O Thrasimene! beheld it glow, And Canna's walls, and Trebia's crimson shore.

But let grave annals paint the warriour's fame; Fair shine his arms, in history enroll'd; Whilst humbler lyres his civil worth proclaim, His nobler hate of avarice and gold,—

Now Punic pride its final eve furvey'd; Its hofts exhausted, and its fleets on fire; Patient the victor's lurid frown obey'd, And saw th' unwilling elephants retire.

But when their gold depress'd the yielding scale,
Their gold in pyramidic plenty pil'd,
He saw th' unutterable grief prevail;
He saw their tears, and, in his sury, smil'd.

+ Hannibal.

<sup>\*</sup> The Roman ceremony in declaring war.

What

Think not, he cry'd, ye view the smiles of ease,
Or this firm breast disclaims a patriot's pain;
I smile, but from a soul estrang'd to peace,
Frantic with grief, delirious with disdain!

But were it cordied, this detested smile, Seems it less timely than the grief ye show! O sons of Carthage! grant me to revile The fordid source of your indecent wo!

Why weep ye now! ye faw with tearless eye
When your fleet perish'd on the Punic wave:
Where lurk'd the coward tear, the lazy sigh,
When Tyre's imperial state commenc'd a slave?

'Tis past—O Carthage! vanquish'd! honour'd shade!
Go, the mean forrows of thy sons deplore:
Had freedom shar'd the vow to fortune paid,
She ne'er, like fortune, had forsook thy shore."

He ceas'd—abash'd the conscious audience hear; Their pallid cheeks a crimson blush unfold; Yet o'er that virtuous blush distreams a tear, And falling moistens their abandon'd gold \*.

### ELEGY XX.

He compares his humble fortune with the distress of others; and his subjection to Delia, with the miserable servitude of an African slave.

WHY droops this heart, with fancy'd woes for-

Why finks my foul beneath each wint'ry fky? What pensive crouds, by ceaseless labours worn, What myriads, wish to be as bless'd as I!

<sup>\*</sup> By the terms forced upon the Carthaginians by Scipio, they were to deliver up all the elephants, and to pay near two millions Sterling.

What the my roofs devoid of pomp arife,
Nor tempt the proud to quit his destin'd way?
Nor costly art my flow'ry dales disguise,
Where only simple friendship deigns to stray?

See the wild fons of Lapland's child domain,
That scoop their couch beneath the drifted snows!
How void of hope they ken the frozen plain,
Where the sharp east for ever, ever blows!

Slave tho' I be, to *Delia*'s eyes a flave, My *Delia*'s eyes endear the bands I wear; The figh fhe causes well becomes the brave, The pang she causes, 'tis ev'n bliss to bear.

See the poor native quit the Lybian shores,
Ah! not in love's delightful fetters bound!
No radiant smile his dying peace restores,
Nor love, nor same, nor friendship heals his wound.

Let vacant bards display their boasted woes, Shall I the mockery of grief display? No, let the muse his piercing pangs disclose, Who bleeds and weeps his sum of life away?

On the wild beach in mournful guise he stood, Ere the shrill boatswain gave the hated sign; He dropt a tear unseen into the flood; He stole one secret moment to repine.

Yet the muse listen'd to the plaints he made; Such moving plaints as nature could inspire; To me the muse his tender plea convey'd, But smooth'd, and suited to the sounding lyre.

"Why am I ravish'd from my native strand?
What savage race protects this impious gain?
Shall foreign plagues infest this teeming land,
And more than sea-born monsters plough the
main?

Here

Here the dire locusts horrid swarms prevail; Here the blue asps with livid poison swell; Here the dry dipsa writhes his sinuous mail; Can we not here, secure from envy, dwell?

When the grim lion urg'd his cruel chace, When the stern panther fought his midnightprey,

What fate reserv'd me for this \* Christian race?
O race more polish'd, more severe than they!

Ye prouling wolves, purfue my latest cries!
Thou hungry tyger, leave thy reeking den!
Ye sandy wastes, in rapid eddies rise!
O tear me from the whips and scorns of men!

Yet in their face superior beauty glows; Are smiles the mien of rapine and of wrong? Yet from their lip the voice of mercy flows, And ev'n religion dwells upon their tongue.

Of blissful haunts they tell, and brighter climes, Where gentle minds convey'd by death repair, But stain'd with blood, and crimson'd o'er with crimes, Say, shall they merit what they paint so fair?

No, careless, hopeless of those fertile plains, Rich by our toils, and by our forrows gay, They ply our labours, and enhance our pains, And feign these distant regions to repay.

For them our tusky elephant expires;
For them we drain the mine's embowel'd gold;
Where rove the brutal nations wild desires?—
Our limbs are purchas'd, and our life is fold!

Yet shores there are, bless'd shores for us remain, And favour'd isles with golden fruitage crown'd, Where tusted flow'rets paint the verdant plain, Where ev'ry breeze shall med'cine ev'ry wound.

<sup>\*</sup> Spoke by a Savage.

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There the stern tyrant that embitters life, Shall, vainly suppliant, spread his asking hand; There shall we view the billow's raging strife, Aid the kind breast, and wast his boat to land.



### ELEGY XXI.

Taking a view of the country from his retirement, he is led to meditate on the character of the ancient Britons. Written at the time of a rumoured tax upon luxury, 1746.

Thus Damen fung—What though unknown to praise

Umbrageous coverts hide my muse and me; Or 'mid the rural shepherds, slow my days, Amid the rural shepherds, I am free.

To view fleek vaffals croud a stately hall, Say, should I grow myself a solemn flave? To find thy tints, O Titian! grace my wall, Forego the flow'ry fields my fortune gave?

Lord of my time, my devious path I bend, Thro' fringy woodland, or smooth shaven lawn; Or penfile grove, or airy cliff ascend, And hail the scene by nature's pencil drawn.

Thanks be to fate—though nor the racy vine,
Nor fatt'ning olive clothe the fields I rove,
Sequester'd shades, and gurgling founts are mine,
And ev'ry sylvan grot the muses love.

Here if my vista point the mould'ring pile,
Where hood and cowl devotion's aspect wore,
I trace the tott'ring reliques with a smile,
To think the mental bondage is no more!
Pleas'd,

XI.

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Pleas'd, if the glowing landscape wave with corn Or the tall oaks, my country's bulwark, rise; Pleas'd, if mine eye, o'er thousand valleys borne, Discern the Cambrian hills support the skies.

And see Plinlimmon! ev'n the youthful sight
Scales the proud hills ethereal cliffs with pain!
Such Caer-earadec! thy stupendous height,
Whose ample shade obscures th' Iernian main.

Bleak, joyless regions! where, by science fir'd, Some prying sage his lonely step may bend; There, by the love of novel plants inspir'd, Invidious view the clam'ring goats ascend.

Yet for those mountains, clad with lasting snow,
The free-born Britan left his greenest mead;
Receding sullen from his mightier foe,
For here he saw fair Liberty recede.

Then if a chief perform'd a patriot's part,
Sustain'd her drooping sons, repell'd her foes,
Above or Persian luxe, or Attic art,
The rude majestic monument arose.

Progressive ages carol'd forth his fame; Sires, to his praise, attun'd their children's tongue; The hoary druid fed the gen'rous flame, While, in such strains, the rev'rend wizard sung.

Go forth, my fons!—for what is vital breath, Your gods expell'd, your liberty refign'd?
Go forth, my fons!—for what is instant death
To fouls secure perennial joys to find?

For scenes there are, unknown to war or pain,
Where drops the balm that heals a tyrant's wound;
Where patriots, blest with boundless freedom, reign,
With misletoe's mysterious garlands crown'd.

Such are the names that grace your mystic songs;
Your solemn woods resound their martial fire;
To you, my sons, the ritual meed belongs,
Ir in the cause you vanquish, or expire.

E 2

Hark!

Hark! from the facred oak that crowns the groves
What awful voice my raptur'd bosom warms!
This is the favour'd moment Heav'n approves,
Sound the shrill trump; this instant, sound to arms."

Theirs was the science of a martial race,

To shape the lance, or decorate the shield;

Ev'n the fair virgin stain'd her native grace,

To give new horrors to the tented field.

Now, for some cheek where guilty blushes glow, For some false Florimel's impure disguise, The listed youth, nor war's loud signal know, Nor virtue's call, nor fame's imperial prize.

Then if foft concord lull'd their fears to fleep, Inert and filent flept the manly car; But rush'd horrific o'er the fearful steep, If freedom's awful clarion breath'd to war.

Now the fleek courtier, indolent and vain, Thron'd in the splendid carriage glides supine; To taint his virtue with a foreign strain, Or at a fav'rite's board his faith resign.

Leave then, O Luxury! this happy foil!

Chafe her, Britannia, to fome hostile shore!

Or \* fleece the baneful pest with annual spoil,

And let thy virtuous offspring weep no more.



## ELEGY XXII.

Written in the year ---, when the rights of sepulture were so frequently violated.

SAY, gentle fleep, that lov'ft the gloom of night, Parent of dreams! thou great magician, fay, Whence my late vision thus endures the light; Thus haunts my fancy thro' the glare of day.

Alludes to a tax upon luxury, then in debate.

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ns."

The filent moon had feal'd the vaulted skies,
And anxious care resign'd my limbs to rest;
A sudden lustre struck my wond'ring eyes,
And Sylvia stood before my couch confest.

Ah! not the nymph fo blooming and so gay,
That led the dance beneath the festive shade!
But she that, in the morning of her day,
Intomb'd beneath the grass-green sod was laid.

No more her eyes their wonted radiance cast;
No more her breast inspir'd the lover's slame,
No more her cheek the Pastan rose surpast;
Yet seem'd her lip's ethereal smile the same.

Nor fuch her hair as deck'd her living face;
Nor fuch her voice as charm'd the litt'ning croud;
Nor fuch her drefs as heighten'd ev'ry grace;
Alas! all vanish'd for the mournful shroud!

Yet seem'd her lip's ethereal charm the same; That dear distinction ev'ry doubt remov'd; Perish the lover, whose imperfect slame Forgets one feature of the nymph he lov'd.

"Damon," fhe faid, "mine hour allotted flies;
Oh! do not waste it with a fruitless tear!
Tho' griev'd to see thy Sylvia's pale disguise,
Suspend thy forrow, and attentive hear.

So may thy muse with virtuous same be blest! So be thy love with mutual love repaid! So may thy bones in sacred silence rest, Fast by the relics of some happier maid!

Thou know'ft, how ling'ring on a distant shore Disease invidious nipt my slow'ry prime; And oh! what pangs my tender bosom tore, To think I ne'er must view my native clime!

No friend was near to raise my drooping head;
No dear companion wept to see me die;
Lodge me within my native soil, I said;
Where my fond parents honour'd resics lie:

E 3

The

Tho' now debarr'd of each domestic tear; Unknown, forgot, I meet the fatal blow; There many a friend shall grace my woful bier, And many a figh shall rife, and tear shall flow.

I spoke, nor fate forbore his trembling spoil; Some venal mourner lent his careless aid; And soon they bore me to my native soil, Where my fond parents dear remains were laid.

'Twas then the youths, from ev'ry plain and grove, Adorn'd with mournful verse thy Sylvia's bier; 'Twas then the nymphs their votive garlands wove, And strew'd the fragrance of the youthful year.

But why, alas! the tender scene display?

Could Damon's foot the pious path decline?

Ah no! 'twas Damon sirst attun'd his lay,

And sure no sonnet was so dear as thine.

Thus was I bosom'd in the peaceful grave;
My placid ghost no longer wept its doom;
When savage robbers ev'ry fanction brave,
And with outrageous guilt defraud the tomb!

Shall my poor corfe, from hostile realms convey'd,
Lose the cheap portion of my native sands?

Or, in my kindred's dear embraces laid,
Mourn the vile ravage of barbarian hands?

Say, would thy breast no death-like torture feel,
To see my limbs the felon's grip obey?
To see them gash'd beneath the daring steel?
To crouds a spectre, and to dogs a prey?

If Pean's fons these horrid rites require,
If health's fair science be by these refin'd,
Let guilty convicts for their use expire,
And let their breathless corse avail mankind.

Yet hard it seems, when guilt's last fine is paid,
To see the victim's corse deny'd repose!
Now, more severe! the poor offenceless maid
Dreads the dire outrage of inhuman foes.

Where

I.

How

Where is the faith of ancient Pagans fled?
Where the fond care the wand'ring manes claim?
Nature, instinctive, cries, Protect the dead,
And sacred be their ashes, and their fame.

Arife, dear youth! ev'n now the danger calls; Ev'n now the villain fnuffs his wonted prey; See! see! I lead thee to yon' facred walls— Oh! fly to chase these human wolves away."



#### ELEGY XXIII.

Reflections suggested by his situation.

BOrn near the scene for \* Kenelm's fate renown'd,

I take my plaintive reed, and range the grove,
And raise my lay, and bid the rocks resound
The savage force of empire, and of love.

Fast by the centre of yon' various wild,
Where spreading oaks embow'r a Gothic fane;
Kendrida's arts a brother's youth beguil'd;
There nature urg'd her tend'rest pleas in vain.

Soft o'er his birth, and o'er his infant-hours, Th'ambitious maid could ev'ry care employ; Then with assiduous fondness cropt the slow'rs, To deck the cradle of the princely boy.

But foon the bosom's pleasing calm is flown; Love fires her breast; the sultry passions rise; A favour'd lover seeks the Mercian throne, And views her Kenelm with a rival's eyes.

<sup>\*</sup> Kenelm in the Saxan heptarchy was heir to the kingdom of Mercia; but being very young at his father's death, was, by the artifices of his fifter and her lover, deprived of his crown and life together. The body was found in a piece of ground near the top of Clent hill, exactly facing Mr Shenstene's house: near which place a church was afterwards erected to his memory, still used for divine worship, and called St Kenelm's. See Plot's History of Stafordshire.

How kind were fortune, and how just were fate,
Would fate or fortune Mercia's heir remove!
How fweet to revel on the couch of state!
To crown at once her lover, and her love!

See, garnish'd for the chace, the fraudful maid;
To these lone hills direct his devious way;
The youth, all prone, the sister guide obey'd,
Ill-fated youth! himself the destin'd prey.

But now, nor shaggy hill, nor pathless plain, Forms the lone refuge of the filvan game; Since Lyttleton has crown'd the sweet domain With softer pleasures, and with fairer same.

Where the rough bowman urg'd his heedlong steed,
Immortal bards, a polish'd race, retire;
And where hoarse scream'd the strepent horn, sucThe melting graces of no vulgar lyre. [ceed

See Thomson, loit'ring near some limped well,
For Britain's friend the verdant wreath prepare!
Or, studious of revolving seasons, tell
How peerless Lucia made all seasons fair!

See \* \* \* \* \* \* from civic garlands fly,

And in these groves indulge his tuneful vein!

Or from yon' summit, with a guardian's eye,

Observe how freedom's hand attires the plain!

Here Pope!—ah never must that tow'ring mind
To his lov'd haunts, or dearer friend, return!
What art! what friendships! oh! what same
refign'd!

-In yonder glade I trace his mournful urn.

Where is the breast can rage or hate retain,
And these glad streams and smiling lawns behold?
Where is the breast can hear the woodland strain,
And think fair freedom well exchanged for gold?
Through

Through these soft shades delighted let me stray, While o'er my head forgotten suns descend! Through these dear valleys bend my casual way, Till setting life a total shade extend!

Here far from courts, and void of pompous cares,
I'll muse how much I owe mine humbler fate;
Or shrink to find how much ambition dares,
To shine in anguish, and to grieve in state!

Canst thou, O sun! that spotless throne disclose, Where her bold arm has left no sanguine stain? Where, shew me where, the lineal sceptre glows, Pure, as the simple crook that rules the plain?

Tremendous pomp! where hate, distrust, and fear, In kindred bosoms solve the social tie; There not the parents smile is half sincere, Nor void of art the consort's melting eye.

There with the friendly wish, the kindly slame,
No face is brighten'd, and no bosoms beat;
Youth, manhood, age, avow one fordid aim,
And ev'n the beardless lip essays deceit.

There coward rumours walk their murd'rous round; The glance that more than rural blame inftills; Whispers, that ting'd with friendship doubly wound, Pity that injures, and concern that kills.

There anger whets, but love can ne'er engage;
Careffing brothers part but to revile;
There all men fmile, and prudence warns the wife,
To dread the fatal stroke of all that smile.

There all are rivals! fifter, fon, and fire,
With horrid purpose hug destructive arms;
There soft-ey'd maids in murd'rous plots conspire,
And scorn the gentler mischief of their charms.

Let fervile minds one endless watch endure;
Day, night, nor hour, their anxious guard refign;
But lay me, fate! on flow'ry bank, secure,
Tho' my whole soul be, like my limbs, supine.

Yet, may my tongue disdain a vassal's care;
My lyre resound no prostituted lays;
More warm to merit, more elate to wear
The cap of freedom, than the crown of bays.

Sooth'd by the murmurs of my pebbled flood, I wish it not o'er golden sands to flow; Cheer'd by the verdure of my spiral wood, I scorn the quarry, where no shrub can grow,

No midnight-pangs the shepherd's peace pursue;
His tongue, his hand attempts no secret wound;
He sings his Delia, and if she be true,
His love at once, and his ambition's crown'd.

## ELEGY XXIV.

He takes occasion from the fate of Eleanor of Bretagne \*, to suggest the impersect pleasures of a solitary life.

When beauty mourns by fate's injurious doom, Hid from the cheerful glance of human eye; When nature's pride inglorious waits the tomb, Hard is that heart which checks the rifing figh.

Fair Eleanora! would no gallant mind
The cause of love, the cause of justice own!
Matchless thy charms, and was no life resign'd
To see them sparke from their native throne?

Or had fair freedom's hand unveil'd thy charms,
Well might fuch brows the regal gem refign;
Thy radiant mien might fcorn the guilt of arms,
Ye. Albion's awful empire yield to thine.

Eleanor of Bretagne, the lawful heires of the English crowns upon the death of Arthur, in the reign of King John. She was estimated the beauty of her time, was imprisoned forty years (till the time of her death) in Bristol castle.

O shame of Britons! in one sullen tow'r She wet with royal tears her daily cell; She found keen anguish ev'ry rose devour; They sprung, they shone, they saded, and they fell.

Thro' one dim lattice fring'd with ivy round, Succeffive funs a languid radiance threw; To paint how fierce her angry guardian frown'd, To mark how fast her waning beauty slew.

This age might bear; then fated fancy palls,
Nor warmly hopes what fplendour can supply;
Fond youth incessant mourns, if rigid walls
Restrain its list ning ear, its curious eye.

Believe me \* \* \* \* the pretence is vain!

This boafted calm that smooths our early days,

For never yet could youthful mind restrain

Th' alternate pant for pleasure and for praise.

Ev'n me, by shady oak, or limpid spring, Ev'n me, the scenes of polish'd life allure; Some genius whispers, "Life is on the wing, And hard his lot that languishes obscure.

What tho' thy riper mind admire no more—
The shining cincture, and the broider'd fold
Can pierce like light'ning thro' the figur'd ore,
And melt to dross the radiant forms of gold.

Furs, ermines, rods may well attract thy fcorn;
The futile prefents of capricious pow'r!
But wit, but worth, the public sphere adorn,
And who but envies then the social hour?

Can virtue, careless of her pupil's meed,
Forget how \* \* \* sustains the shepherd's cause?
Content in shades to tune a lonely reed,
Nor join the sounding pæan of applause?

For public haunts impell'd by Britain's weal, See Grenville quit the muse's fav'rite ease; And shall not swains admire his noble zeal? Admiring praise, admiring strive to please? Life, says the sage, affords no blis sincere; And courts, and cells in vain our hopes renew: But ah! where Grenville charms the lift'ning ear, 'Tis hard to think the cheerless maxim true.

The groves may fmile; the rivers gently glide; Soft thro' the vale refound the lonesome lay; Ev'n thickets yield delight, if tafte preside, But can they please, when Lyttleton's away?

Pure as the swain's the breast of \* \* \* glows, Ah! were the shepherd's phrase, like his, refin'd; But, how improv'd the gen'rous dictate flows Thro' the clear medium of a polish'd mind!

Happy the youths who warm with Britain's love, Her inmost wish in \* \* \* periods hear! Happy that in the radiant circle move, Attendant orbs, where Lonfdale gilds the fphere!

While rural faith, and ev'ry polish'd art, Each friendly charm in \* \* \* confpire, From public scenes all pensive must you part: All joyless to the greenest fields retire!

Go, plaintive youth! no more by fount or ftream Like some lone halcyon, social pleasure shun; Go dare the light, enjoy its cheerful beam, And hail the bright procession of the fun.

Then, cover'd by thy ripen'd shades, resume The filent walk; no more by passion tost: Then feek thy ruftic haunts; the dreary gloom, Where ev'ry art that colours life is loft."-

In vain! the lift ning muse attends in vain! Restraints in hostile bands her motions wait--Yet will I grieve, and fadden all my strain. When injur'd beauty mourns the muse's fate.

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## ELEGY XXV.

To Delia, with some flowers; complaining how much his benevolence suffers on account of his humble fortune.

Whate'er could fculpture's curious art employ, Whate'er the lavish hand of wealth can show'r, These would I give—and ev'ry gift enjoy, That pleas'd my fair—but fate denies the pow'r.

Bless'd were my lot, to feed the social fires!

To learn the latent wishes of a friend!

To give the boon his native taste admires,

And, for my transport, on his smile depend!

Bless'd too is he, whose ev'ning-ramble strays
Where droop the sons of indigence and care!
His little gifts their gladden'd eyes amaze,
And win, at small expence, their sondest pray'r!

And oh the joy! to fhun the confcious light,
To spare the modest blush; to give unseen!
Like show'rs that fall behind the veil of night,
Yet deeply tinge the smiling vales with green!

But happiest they, who drooping realms relieve!
Whose virtues in our cultur'd vales appear!
For whose sad fate a thousand shepherds grieve,
And fading fields allow the grief sincere.

To call lost worth from its oppressive shade;
To fix its equal sphere, and see it shine;
To hear it grateful own the gen'rous aid;
This, this is transport—but must ne'er be mine.

Faint

Faint is my bounded bliss; nor I refuse To range where daises open, rivers roll; While prose or song the languid hours amuse, And soothe the fond impatience of my soul.

A while I'll weave the roofs of jasmin bow'rs, And urge with trivial cares the loit'ring year, A while I'll prune my grove, protect my flow'rs, Then, unlamented, press an early bier!

Of those lov'd flow'rs the lifeless corse may share; Some hireling hand a fading wreath bestow; The rest will breathe as sweet, will grow as fair, As when their master smil'd to see them glow.

The fequent morn shall wake the silvan quire;
The kid again shall wanton ere 'tis noon;
Nature will smile, will wear her best attire;
O! let not gentle Delia smile so soon!

While the rude hearse conveys me slow away,
And careless eyes my vulgar fate proclaim,
Let thy kind tear my utmost worth o'erpay;
And, softly sighing, vindicate my fame.

O Delia! cheer'd by thy fuperior praise,
I bless the filent path the fates decree:
Pleas'd, from the list of my inglorious days,
To raze the moments crown'd with bliss, and thee.

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## ELEGY XXVI.

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Describing the sorrow of an ingenuous mind, on the melancholy event of a licentious amour.

WHY mourns my friend! why weeps his downcast eye?

That eye where mirth, where fancy us'd to shine? Thy cheerful meads reprove that swelling sigh; Spring ne'er enamel'd fairer meads than thine.

Art thou not lodg'd in fortune's warm embrace?

Wert thou not form'd by nature's partial care?

Bless'd in thy sons, and bless'd in ev'ry grace,

That wins the friend, or that enchants the fair?

Damon, said he, thy partial praise restrain;
Nor Damon's friendship can my peace restore;
Alas! his very praise awakes my pain,
And my poor wounded bosom bleeds the more.

For oh! that nature on my birth had frown'd!

Or fortune fix'd me to fome lowly cell!

Then had my bosom 'scap'd this fatal wound,

Nor had I bid these vernal sweets, farewell.

But led by fortune's hand, her darling child, My youth her vain licentious blifs admir'd; In fortune's train the fyren flatt'ry smil'd, And rashly hallow'd, all her queen inspir'd.

Of folly studious, ev'n of vices vain,
Ah vices! gilded by the rich and gay!
I chas'd the guileless daughters of the plain,
Nor dropt the chace till Jessy was my prey.

Poor artless maid! to stain thy spotless name, Expence, and art, and toil, united strove; To lure a breast that felt the purest flame, Sustain'd by virtue, but betray'd by love.

2 School'd

School'd in the science of love's mazy wiles,
I cloth'd each feature with affected scorn;
I spoke of jealous doubts, and sickle smiles,
And, feigning, left her anxious and forlorn.

Then, while the fancied rage alarm'd her care,
Warm to deny, and zealous to disprove;
I bade my words the wonted softness wear,
And seiz'd the minute of returning love.

To thee, my Damon, dare I paint the rest?
Will yet thy love a candid ear incline?
Assured that virtue, by misfortune prest,
Feels not the sharpness of a pang like mine.

Nine envious moons matur'd her growing shame; Ere while to flaunt it in the face of day; When scorn'd of virtue, stigmatiz'd by same, Low at my feet desponding Jessy lay.

"Henry," she said, "by thy dear form subdu'd, See the sad relics of a nymph undone! I find, I find this rising sob renew'd: I sigh in shades, and sicken at the sun.

Amid the dreary gloom of night, I cry,
When will the morn's once pleasing icenes return?
Yet what can morn's returning ray supply,
But foes that triumph, or but friends that mourn?

Alas! no more that joyous morn appears
That led the tranquil hours of spotless fame;
For I have steep'd a father's couch in tears,
And ting'd a mother's glowing cheek with shame

The vocal birds that raise their matin strain,
The sportive lambs increase my pensive moan;
All seem to chace me from the cheerful plain,
And talk of truth and innocence alone.

If through the garden's flow'ry tribes I stray,
Where bloom the jasmins that could once allure,
Hope not to find delight in us, they say,
For we are spotless, Jess; we are pure.

Ye

Ye flow'rs! that well reproach a nymph fo frail, Say, could ye with my virgin fame compare? The brightest bud that scents the vernal gale, Was not so fragrant, and was not so fair.

Now the grave old alarm the gentler young;
And all my fame's abhorr'd contagion flee;
Trembles each lip, and falters ev'ry tongue,
That bids the morn propitious smile on me:

Thus for your fake I shun each human eye;
I bid the sweets of blooming youth adieu;
To die I languish, but I dread to die,
Lest my sad fate should nourish pangs for you.

Raise me from earth; the pains of want remove,
And let me filent seek some friendly shore;
There only, banish'd from the form I love,
My weeping virtue shall relapse no more.

Be but my friend; I ask no dearer name;
Be such the meed of some more artful fair;
Nor could it heal my peace, or chase my shame,
That pity gave, what love refus'd to share.

Force not my tongue to ask its scanty bread;
Nor hurl thy Jessy to the vulgar crew;
Not such the parent's board at which I fed!
Not such the precept from his lips I drew!

Haply, when age has filver'd o'er my hair,
Malice may learn to fcorn fo mean a spoil;
Envy may slight a face no longer fair;
And pity, welcome, to my native foil."

She spoke—nor was I born of savage race;
Nor could these hands a niggard boon assign;
Grateful she class'd me in a last embrace,
And vow'd to waste her life in pray'rs for mine.

I faw her foot the lofty bark afcend;
I faw her breast with ev'ry passion heave;
I left her—torn from ev'ry earthly friend;
Oh! my hard bosom, which could bear to leave!

E 3. Briefe

Brief let me be; the fatal ftorm arose;
The billows rag'd; the pilot's art was vain;
O'er the tall mast the circling surges close;
My Jessy—floats upon the wat'ry plain!

And—see my youth's impetuous fires decay;
Seek not to stop reslection's bitter tear;
But warn the frolic, and instruct the gay,
From Jess floating on her wat'ry bier!

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ODES

# ODES, SONGS, BALLADS, &c.

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## RURAL ELEGANCE.

An Ode to the late Dutchefs of Somerfet.

Written in 1750.

WHILE orient skies restore the day,
And dew-drops catch the lucid ray;
Amid the sprightly scenes of morn,
Will aught the muse inspire?
Oh! peace to yonder clam'rous horn
That drowns the facred lyre!

Ye rural thanes that o'er the mossy down
Some panting, tim'rous hare pursue;
Does nature mean your joys alone to crown?
Say, does she smoothe her lawns for you?
For you does echo bid the rocks reply,
And, urg'd by rude constraint, resound the jovial cry?

See from the neighbouring hill, forlorn
The wretched fwain your fport furvey;
He finds his faithful fences torn,
He finds his labour'd crops a prey:

He sees his flock—no more in circles feed; Haply beneath your ravage bleed, And with no random curses loads the deed.

Nor yet, ye fwains, conclude
That nature fmiles for you alone;
Your bounded fouls, and your conceptions crude,
The proud, the felfish boast disown:
Yours be the produce of the foil;
O may it still reward your toil!
Nor ever the defenceless train
Of clinging infants, ask support in vain!

But tho' the various harvest gild your plains,.
Does the mere landscape feast your eye?

Or the warm hope of distant gains

Far other cause of glee supply?

Is not the red-streak's future juice

The source of your delight prosound;

Where Ariconium pours her gems prosuse,

Purpling a whole horizon round?

Athirst ye praise the limpid stream, 'tis true:
But tho', the pebbled shores among,
It mimic no unpleasing song,

The limpid fountain murmurs not for you.

Unpleas'd the fpring her flowery robe refume;
Unmov'd the mountain's airy pile,
The dappled mead without a fmile.
O let a rural confcious muse,
For well she knows, your froward sense accuse:
Forth to the solemn oak you bring the square,
And span the massy trunk, before you cry, 'tis fair.

Nor yet ye learn'd, nor yet ye courtly train,
If haply from your haunts ye stray
To waste with us a summer's day,
Exclude the taste of ev'ry swain,

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or something the training off.

Nor.

Nor our untutor'd sense disclaim:

Tis nature only gives exclusive right
To relish her supreme delight;
She, where she pleases kind or coy,
Who surnishes the scene, and forms us to enjoy.

Then hither bring the fair ingenuous mind,
By her auspicious aid refin'd;
Lo! not an hedge-row hawthorn blows,
Or humble hare-bell paints the plain,
Or valley-winds, or fountain flows,
Or purple heath is ting'd in vain:
For such the rivers dash the foaming tides,
The mountain swells, the dale subsides;
Ev'n thristless furze detains their wand'ring sight,
And the rough barren rock grows pregnant with
delight.

With what fuspicious fearful care
The fordid wretch secures his claim,
If haply some luxurious heir
Should alienate the fields that wear his name!
What scruples lest some future birth
Should litigate a span of earth! [prose,
Bonds, contracts, feossments, names unmeet for
The tow'ring muse endures not to disclose;
Alas! her unrevers'd decree,
More comprehensive and more free,
Her lavish charter, taste, appropriates all we see.

Let gondolas their painted flags unfold,
And be the folemn day enroll'd,
When, to confirm his lofty plea,
In nuptial fort; with bridal gold,
The grave Venetian weds the fea:
Each laughing muse derides the vow;
Ev'n Adria scorns the mock embrace,
To some lone hermit on the mountain's brow,
Allotted, from his natal hour,
With all her myrtle-shores in dow'r.

His

His breast to admiration prone, Enjoys the smile upon her face, Enjoys triumphant ev'ry grace, And finds her more his own.

Fatigu'd with form's oppressive laws,
When Somerset avoids the great;
When cloy'd with merited applause,
She seeks the rural calm retreat;
Does she not praise each mossy cell,
And feel the truth my numbers tell?
When deasen'd by the loud acclaim,
Which genius grac'd with rank obtains,
Could she not more delighted hear
Yon throstle chaunt the rising year?
Could she not spurn the wreaths of same,
To crop the primrose of the plains?
Does she not sweets in each fair valley find,
Lost to the sons of pow'r, unknown to half mankind?

Ah can she covet there to see
The splendid slaves, the reptile race,
That oil the tongue, and bow the knee,
That slight her merit, but adore her place?
Far happier, if aright I deem,
When from gay throngs, and gilded spires,
To where the lonely halcyons play,
Her philosophic step retires:
While, studious of the moral theme,
She to some smooth sequester'd stream
Likens the swain's inglorious day;
Pleas'd from the flow'ry margin to survey,
How cool, serene, and clear the current glides away.

Q blind to truth, to virtue blind, Who slight the sweetly-pensive mind! On whose fair birth the graces mild, And ev'ry muse prophetic smil'd.

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Not

Not that the poet's boasted fire Should fame's wide-echoing trumpet swell;

Or on the music of his lyre

Each future age with rapture dwell; The vaunted sweets of praise remove, Yet shall such bosoms claim a part In all that glads the human heart;

Yet these the spirits, form'd to judge and prove All nature's charms immense, and heav'n's unbounded love.

And oh! the transport, most ally'd to song,
In some fair villa's peaceful bound,
To catch soft hints from nature's tongue,
And bid Arcadia bloom around:
Whether we fringe the sloping hill,
Or smoothe below the verdant mead;
Whether we break the falling rill,
Or through meand'ring mazes lead;
Or in the borrid bramble's room

Or in the horrid bramble's room Bid careless groups of roses bloom; Or let some shelter'd lake serene

Reflect flow'rs, woods, and spires, and brighten all the scene.

O fweet disposal of the rural hour; O beauties never known to cloy!

While worth and genius haunt the favour'd bow'r,

And ev'ry gentle breast partakes the joy!
While charity at eve surveys the swain,
Enabled by these toils to chear
A train of helpless infants dear,
Speed whistling home across the plain:

Speed whiftling home across the plain; See vagrant luxury, her handmaid grown, For half her graceless deeds atone,

And hails the bounteous work, and ranks it with her own.

Why brand these pleasures with the name
Of soft, unsocial toils, of indolence and shame?
Search

Search but the garden, or the wood,
Let you admir'd carnation own,
Not all was meant for raiment, or for food,
Not all for needful use alone;
There while the seeds of future blossoms dwell,
'Tis colour'd for the fight, perfum'd to please the
smell.

Why knows the nightingale to fing?
Why flows the pine's nectareous juice?
Why fhines with paint the linnet's wing?
For fustenance alone? for use?
For preservation? Every sphere
Shall bid fair pleasure's rightful claim appear.
And sure there seem, of human kind,
Some born to shun the solemn strife;
Some for amusive tasks design'd,
To soothe the certain ills of life;
Grace its lone vales with many a budding rose,
New sounts of bliss disclose,
Call forth refreshing shades, and decorate repose.

From plains and woodlands; from the view Of rural nature's blooming face, Smit with the glare of rank and place, To courts the fons of fancy flew; There long had art ordain'd a rival feat; There had she lavish'd all her care To form a scene more dazzling fair. And call'd them from their green retreat To share her proud controul; Had giv'n the robe with grace to flow, Had taught exotic gems to glow; And, emulous of nature's pow'r, Mimick'd the plume, the leaf, the flow'r; Chang'd the complexion's native hue, Moulded each ruftic limb anew. And warp'd the very foul!

A while her magic strikes the novel eye, A while the fairy forms delight; And now aloof we seem to sly

On purple pinions thro' a purer sky, Where all is wondrous, all is bright: Now landed on some spangled shore,

A while each dazzled maniac roves By fapphire lakes, thro' em'rald groves.

Paternal acres please no more;

Adieu the fimple, the fincere delight—
Th' habitual fcene of hill and dale,
The rural herds, the vernal gale,
The tangled vetches purple bloom,
The fragrance of the bean's perfume,
Be their's alone who cultivate the foil,

And drink the cup of thirst, and eat the bread of toil.

But soon the pageant sades away!
'Tis nature only bears perpetual sway.
We pierce the counterfeit delight,
Fatigu'd with splendor's irksome beams.
Fancy again demands the sight
Of native groves, and wonted streams,

Pants for the scenes that charm'd her youthful eyes,

Where Truth maintains her court, and banishes disguise.

Then hither oft ye senators retire, With nature here high converse hold;

For who like Stamford her delights admire, Like Stamford shall with scorn behold

Th' unequal bribes of pageantry and gold;
Beneath the British oak's majestic shade,
Shall see fair Truth, immortal maid,
Friendship in artless guise array'd,
Honour, and Moral Beauty shine

With more attractive charms, with radiance more divine.

Yes, here alone did highest heav'n ordain
The lasting magazine of charms,
Whatever wins, whatever warms,
Whatever fancy seeks to share,
The great, the various, and the fair,
For ever should remain!

Her impulse nothing may restrain—
Or whence the joy 'mid columns, tow'rs,
 'Midst all the city's artful trim,
To rear some breathless vapid slow'rs,
 Or shrubs fuliginously grim:
From rooms of silken foliage vain,
To trace the dun far distant grove,
Where smit with undissembled pain,
The wood-lark mourns her absent love,
Borne to the dusty town from native air,
To mimic rural life, and soothe some vapour'd fair.

But how must faithless art prevail,
Should all who taste our joy sincere,
To virtue, truth, or science dear,
Forego a court's alluring pale,
For dimpled brook and leasy grove,
For that rich luxury of thought, they love!
Ah no, from these the public sphere requires
Example for its giddy bands;
From these impartial heav'n demands
To spread the slame itself inspires;

To fift opinion's mingled mass, Impress a nation's taste, and bid the sterling pass.

Happy, thrice happy they,
Whose graceful deeds have exemplary shone
Round the gay precincts of a throne,
With mild effective beams!
Who bands of fair ideas bring,
By solemn grott, or shady spring,
To join their pleasing dreams!

Theirs

Theirs is the rural bliss without alloy, They only that deserve, enjoy.

What the nor fabled dryad haunt their grove, Nor naiad near their fountains rove,

Yet all embody'd to the mental fight, A train of fmiling virtues bright Shall there the wife retreat allow,

Shall twine triumphant palms to deck the wanderer's brow.

And tho' by faithless friends alarm'd,

Art have with Nature wag'd presumptuous war;

By Seymour's winning influence charm'd,

In whom their gifts united shine,

No longer shall their counsels jar. Tis hers to mediate the peace:

Near Percy-lodge, with awe-struck mien, The rebel seeks her lawful queen,

And havock and contention cease.

I see the rival pow'rs combine,
And aid each other's fair design;

Nature exalt the mound where art shall build; Art shape the gay alcove, while nature paints the field.

Begin, ye fongsters of the grove! O warble forth your noblest lay; Where Somerfet vouchsafes to rove, Ye leverets freely sport and play.

— Peace to the strepent horn!

Let no harsh dissonance disturb the morn,

No sounds inelegant and rude

Her sacred solitudes profane!

Unless her candour not exclude

The lowly shepherd's votive strain,

Who tupes his read amidst his morel characters.

Who tunes his reed amidst his rural cheer, Fearful, yet not averse, that Somerset should hear.

## とれどとととなる。

## ODE to MEMORY, 1748.

Memory! celeftial maid!
Who glean'st the flow'rets cropt by time;
And, suffering not a leaf to fade,
Preserv'st the blossoms of our prime;
Bring, bring those moments to my mind
When life was new, and Lessia kind.

And bring that garland to my fight,
With which my favour'd crook she bound;
And bring that wreath of roses bright
Which then my festive temples crown'd.
And to my raptur'd ear convey
The gentle things she deign'd to say.

And sketch with care the muse's bow'r,
Where Is rolls her silver tide;
Nor yet omit one reed or flow'r
That shines on Cherwell's verdant side;
If so thou mayst those hours prolong,
When polish'd Lycon join'd my song.

The fong it 'vails not to recite—

But fure, to foothe our youthful dreams,
Those banks and streams appear'd more bright
Than other banks, than other streams:
Or by thy fost ning pencil shown,

Or by thy foft'ning pencil shown, Assume they beauties not their own?

And paint that fweetly vacant scene,
When, all beneath the poplar bough,
My spirits light, my soul serene,
I breath'd in verse one cordial vow;
That nothing should my soul inspire,
But friendship warm, and love entire.

Dull

Dull to the fense of new delight,
On thee the drooping muse attends;
As some fond lover, robb'd of sight,
On thy expressive pow'r depends;
Nor would exchange thy glowing lines,
To live the lord of all that shines.

But let me chase those vows away
Which at ambition's shrine I made;
Nor ever let thy skill display
Those anxious moments, ill repaid:
Oh! from my breast that season rase,
And bring my childhood in its place.

Bring me the bells, the rattle bring,
And bring the hobby I bestrode;
When pleas'd, in many a sportive ring,
Around the room I jovial rode:
Ev'n let me bid my lyre adieu,
And bring the whistle that I blew.

Then will I muse, and pensive say,
Why did not these enjoyments last?
How sweetly wasted I the day,
While innocence allow'd to waste?
Ambition's toils alike are vain,
But ah! for pleasure yield us pain.

# とととととのでのできる

## The Princess ELISABETH.

A Ballad, alluding to a story recorded of her, when she was prisoner at Woodstock, 1554.

WILL you hear how once repining Great Eliza captive lay?

Each ambitious thought refigning,

Foe to riches, pomp, and fway?

While

While the nymphs and swains delighted Tript around in all their pride; Envying joys by others slighted, Thus the royal maiden cry'd.

"Bred on plains, or born in valleys, Who would bid those scenes adieu? Stranger to the arts of malice, Who would ever courts pursue?

Malice never taught to treasure, Censure never taught to bear: Love is all the shepherd's pleasure; Love is all the damsel's care.

How can they of humble station Vainly blame the pow'rs above? Or accuse the dispensation Which allows them all to love?

Love like air is widely given;
Pow'r nor chance can these restrain;
Truest, noblest gifts of heaven!
Only purest on the plain!

Peers can no fuch charms discover, All in stars and garters drest, As, on Sundays, does the lover With his nosegay on his breast.

Pinks and roses in profusion, Said to fade when Chloe's near; Fops may use the same allusion; But the shepherd is sincere.

Hark to yonder milk-maid finging Cheerly o'er the brimming pail; Cowflips all around her fpringing Sweetly paint the golden vale.

Never yet did courtly maiden Move so sprightly, look so fair; Never breast with jewels laden Pour a song so void of care. Would indulgent Heav'n had granted Me fome rural damfel's part! All the empire I had wanted Then had been my shepherd's heart.

Then, with him, o'er hills and mountains, Free from fetters, might I rove:

Fearless taste the crystal fountains;

Peaceful sleep beneath the grove.

Rustics had been more forgiving;
Partial to my virgin bloom:
None had envy'd me when living;
None had triumph'd o'er my tomb."

## ODE to a Young Lady,

Somewhat too folicitous about her manner of expression.

Survey, my fair! that lucid stream Adown the smiling valley stray; Would art attempt, or fancy dream, To regulate its winding way?

So pleas'd I view thy shining hair In loose dishevel'd ringlets flow: Not all thy art, not all thy care Can there one single grace bestow.

Survey again that verdant hill,
With native plants enamel'd o'er;
Say, can the painter's utmost skill
Instruct one flow'r to please us more?

As vain it were, with artful dye,
To change the bloom thy cheeks disclose;
And oh may Laura, ere she try,
With fresh vermilion paint the rose.

Hark, how the wood-lark's tuneful throat
Can ev'ry study'd grace excel;
Let art constrain the rambling note,
And will she, Laura, please so well?

Oh ever keep thy native ease,

By no pedantic law confin'd!

For Laura's voice is form'd to please,

So Laura's words be not unkind.

# NANCY of the VALE.

## A BALLAD.

Nerine Galatea! thymo mihi dulcior Hybla! Candidior cygnis! hedera formosior alba!

THE western sky was purpled o'er
With ev'ry pleasing ray;
And slocks reviving felt no more
The sultry heats of day:

When from an hazle's artless bow'r Soft-warbled Strephon's tongue; He bless'd the scene, he bless'd the hour, While Nancy's praise he fung.

"Let fops with fickle falsehood range
The paths of wanton love,
While weeping maids lament their change,
And sadden ev'ry grove:

But endless bleffings crown the day
I saw fair Esbam's dale!
And ev'ry bleffing find its way
To Nancy of the Vale.

1222

'Twas from Avona's banks the maid Diffus'd her lovely beams; And ev'ry shining glance display'd The naiad of the streams.

Soft as the wild duck's tender young,
That float on Avon's tide;
Bright as the water-lily, fprung,
And glitt'ring near its fide.

Fresh as the bord'ring flow'rs, her bloom;
Her eye all mild to view;
The little halcyon's azure plume
Was never half so blue.

Her shape was like the reed so sleek, So taper, straight, and fair; Her dimpled smile, her blushing cheek, How charming sweet they were!

Far in the winding Vale retir'd,
This peerless bud I found;
And shadowing rocks, and woods conspir'd
To fence her beauties round.

That nature in fo lone a dell
Should form a nymph fo fweet!
Or fortune to her fecret cell
Conduct my wand'ring feet!

Gay lordlings fought her for their bride,
But she would ne'er incline:
"Prove to your equals true," she cry'd,
"As I will prove to mine.

Tis Strephon, on the mountain's brow, Has won my right good-will; To him I gave my plighted vow, With him I'll climb the hill."

Struck

Struck with her charms and gentle truth,
I clasp'd the constant fair;
To her alone I gave my youth,
And vow my future care.

And when this yow shall faithless prove, Or I those charms forego; The stream that saw our tender love, That stream shall cease to flow."

# ODE to INDOLENCE, 1750.

\*

A H! why for ever on the wing Perfifts my weary'd foul to roam? Why, ever cheated, firives to bring, Or pleasure or contentment home?

Thus the poor bird, that draws his name From paradife's honour'd groves, Careless fatigues his little frame, Nor finds the resting place he loves.

Lo! on the rural mossy bed

My limbs with careless ease reclin'd;

Ah, gentle Sloth! indusgent spread

The same soft bandage o'er my mind.

For why should ling'ring thought invade, Yet ev'ry worldly prospect cloy? Lend me, soft Sloth, thy friendly aid, And give me peace, debarr'd of joy.

Lov'st thou you calm and filent flood,
That never ebbs, that never flows;
Protected by the circling wood
From each tempestuous wind that blows.

An altar on its bank shall rise, Where oft thy vot'ry shall be found; What time pale autumn lulls the skies, And sick'ning verdure fades around.

Ye busy race, ye factious train, That haunt ambition's guilty shrine; No more perplex the world in vain, But offer here your vows with mine.

And thou, puissant queen! be kind:

If e'er I shar'd thy balmy pow'r;

If e'er I sway'd my active mind,

To weave for thee the rural bow'r;

Dissolve in sleep each anxious care;
Each unavailing sigh remove;
And only let me wake to share
The sweets of friendship and of love.

# ODE to HEALTH, 1730.

O Health, capricious maid!
Why dost thou shun my peaceful bow'r,
Where I had hope to share thy pow'r,
And bless thy lasting aid?

Since thou, alas! art flown,
It 'vails not whether muse or grace,
With tempting smile, frequent the place:
I sigh for thee alone.

Age not forbids thy stay;
Thou yet mightst act the friendly part;
Thou yet mightst raise this languid heart;
Why speed so swift away?

Thou fcorn'st the city-air;
I breathe fresh gales o'er furrow'd ground,
Yet hast not thou my wishes crown'd,
O false! O partial fair!

I plunge into the wave;
And though with purest hands I raise
A rural altar to thy praise,
Thou wilt not deign to save.

Amid my well-known grove, Where min'ral fountains vainly bear Thy boasted name, and titles fair, Why scorns thy foot to rove?

Thou hear'st the sportsman's claim; Enabling him, with idle noise, To drown the muse's melting voice, And fright the tim'rous game.

Is thought thy foe? adieu
Ye midnight lamps! ye curious tomes!
Mine eye o'er hills and valleys roams,
And deals no more with you.

Is it the clime you flee?
Yet, 'midft his unremitting fnows,
The poor Laponian's bosom glows;
And shares bright rays from thee.

There was, there was a time, When though I fcorn'd thy guardian care, Nor made a vow, nor faid a pray'r, I did not rue the crime.

Who then more blefs'd than I?
When the glad school-boy's task was done,
And forth, with jocund sp'rit, I run
To freedom and to joy?

How jovial then the day?
What fince have all my labours found,
Thus climbing life to gaze around,
That can thy loss repay?

Wert thou, alas! but kind,
Methinks no frown that fortune wears,
Nor lessen'd hopes, nor growing cares,
Could fink my chearful mind.

Whate'er

Whate'er my stars include;
What other breasts convert to pain,
My tow'ring mind shall soon disdain,
Should scorn—Ingratitude!

Repair this mould'ring cell,

And bless'd with objects found at home,

And envying none their fairer dome,

How pleas'd my foul should dwell!

Temp'rance should guard the doors;
From room to room should mem'ry stray,
And ranging all in neat array,
Enjoy her pleasing stores———

There let them rest unknown, The types of many a pleasing scene; But to preserve them bright or clean, Is thine, fair queen! alone.

# To a LADY of QUALITY,

Fitting up her LIBRARY, 1738.

A H! what is science, what is art,
Or what the pleasure these impart?
Ye trophies which the learn'd pursue
Through endless fruitless toils, adieu!

What can the tedious tomes bestow.
To soothe the miseries they show?
What, like the bliss for him decreed,
Who tends his flock, and tunes his reed!

Say, wretched fancy! thus refin'd From all that glads the simplest hind, How rare that object which supplies A charm for too discerning eyes!

The

The polish'd bard of genius vain, Endures a deeper sense of pain; As each invading blast devours The richest fruits, the fairest flow'rs.

Sages, with irksome waste of time,
The steep ascent of knowledge climb;
Then, from the tow'ring heights they scale,
Behold contentment range—the vale!

Yet why, Afteria, tell us why We fcorn the croud, when you are nigh: Why then does reason seem so fair, Why learning then deserve our care?

Who can unpleas'd your shelves behold, While you so fair a proof unfold, What force the brightest genius draws From polish'd wisdom's written laws?

Where are our humbler tenets flown? What strange perfection bids us own That bliss with toilsome science dwells, And happiest he, who most excells.

### UPON A

**\*** 

VISIT to the same in Winter, 1748.

ON fair Asteria's blissful plains,
Where ever-blooming fancy reigns,
How pleas'd we pass the winter's day,
And charm the dull-ey'd spleen away!

No linnet from the leafless bough, Pours forth her note melodious now; But all admire Afteria's tongue, Nor wish the linnet's vernal song. No flow'rs emit their transient rays: Yet sure Asteria's wit displays More various tints, more glowing lines, And with perennial beauty shines.

Tho' rifled groves, and fetter'd streams, But ill befriend a poet's dreams; Afteria's presence wakes the lyre, And well supplies poetic fire.

The fields have lost their lovely dye; No cheerful azure decks the sky; Yet still we bless the louring day; Asteria smiles—and all is gay.

Hence let the muse no more presume To blame the winter's dreary gloom; Accuse his loit'ring hours no more; But ah! their envious haste deplore!

For foon, from wit and friendship's reign, The social hearth, the sprightly vein, I go—to meet the coming year, On savage plains, and defarts drear!

I go—to feed on pleasures stown, Nor find the spring my loss atone! But 'mid the flow'ry sweets of May With pride recal this winter's day. \*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*

#### AN

Irregular O D E after SICKNESS, 1749.

- Melius, cum venerit ipfa, canemus.

Too long a stranger to repose,
At length from pain's abhorred couch I rose,
And wander'd forth alone;
To court once more the balmy breeze,
And catch the verdure of the trees,
Ere yet their charms were flown.

'Twas from a bank with pansies gay
I hail'd once more the cheerful day,
The sun's forgotten beams:
O sun! how pleasing were thy rays,
Reslected from the polish'd face
Of yon' resulgent streams!

Rais'd by the scene, my feeble tongue Essay'd again the sweets of song: And thus, in feeble strains and slow, The loit'ring numbers 'gan to slow.

"Come, gentle air! my languid limbs restore, And bid me welcome from the Stygian shore:

For fure I heard the tender fighs,
I feem'd to join the plaintive cries

Of hapless youths, who thro' the myrtle-grove Bewail for ever their unfinish'd love:

To that unjoyous clime,
Torn from the fight of these ethereal skies;
Debarr'd the lustre of their Delia's eyes;
And banish'd in their prime.

Come\*

Come, gentle air! and, while the thickets bloom, Convey the jasmin's breath divine,

Convey the woodbine's rich perfume, Nor spare the sweet-least eglantine.

And mayst thou shun the rugged storm. Till health her wonted charms explain,

With rural pleasure in her train, To greet me in her fairest form. While from this lofty mount I view

The fons of earth, the vulgar crew,

Anxious for futile gains beneath me stray,
And seek with erring step contentment's obvious
way.

Come, gentle air! and thou celestial muse, 'Thy genial flame infuse;

Enough to lend a pensive bosom aid, And gild retirement's gloomy shade; Enough to rear such rustic lays

As foes may flight, but partial friends will praise."

The gentle air allow'd my claim;
And, more to cheer my drooping frame,
She mix'd the balm of op'ning flow'rs;
Such as the bee, with chymic pow'rs,
From Hybla's fragrant hills inhales,
Or fcents Sabea's blooming vales.

But ah! the nymphs that heal the pensive mind, By prescripts more refin'd,

Neglect their votary's anxious moan:

Oh, how should they relieve!—the muses all were flown.

By flow'ry plain, or woodland shades, I fondly sought the charming maids; By woodland shades, or flow'ry plain, I sought them, faithless maids! in vain

When lo! in happier hour, I leave behind my native mead,

To range where zeal and friendship lead, To visit L\*\*\*\*'s honour'd bow'r. Ah foolish man! to seek the tuneful maids On other plains, or near less verdant shades!

Scarce have my footsteps press'd the favour'd ground,

When founds ethereal strike my ear;
At once celestial forms appear;
My fugitives are found!
The muses here attune their lyres,
Ah partial! with unwonted fires;
Here, hand in hand, with careless mien,
The sportive graces trip the green.

But whilft I wander'd o'er a scene so fair,
Too well at one survey I trace,
How ev'ry muse, and ev'ry grace,
Had long employ'd their care.

Lurks not a stone enrich'd with lively stain,
Blooms not a slow'r amid the vernal store,
Falls not a plume on India's distant plain,

Glows not a shell on Adria's rocky shore, But torn, methought, from native lands or seas, From their arrangement, gain fresh pow'r to please.

And fome had bent the wild'ring maze,
Bedeck'd with ev'ry shrub that blows;
And some entwin'd the willing sprays,
To shield th' illustrious dame's repose:
Other's had grac'd the sprightly dome,
And taught the portrait where to glow;
Others arrang'd the curious tome;
Or, 'mid the decorated space,
Assign'd the laurel'd bust a place,
And giv'n to learning all the pomp of show.
And now, from ev'ry task withdrawn,
They met and frisk'd it o'er the lawn.

Ah! wo is me, faid I; And \*\*\*'s hilly circuit heard my cry,

Have-

Have I for this, with labour strove,
And lavish'd all my little store
To fence for you my shady grove,
And scollop ev'ry winding shore;
And fringe with ev'ry purple rose,
The sapphire stream that down my valley slows?

Ah! lovely treach'rous maids! To quit unseen my votive shades, When pale disease, and tort'ring pain Had torn me from the breezy plain, And to a restless couch confin'd, Who ne'er your wonted tasks declin'd. She needs not your officious aid To swell the song, or plan the shade.

By genuine fancy fir'd, Her native genius guides her hand, And while the marks the fage command, More lovely fcenes her skill shall raise, Her lyre resound with nobler lays

Than ever you inspir'd.
Thus I my rage, and grief display;
But vainly blame, and vainly mourn,
Nor will a grace or muse return
Till Luxborough lead the way.



Written in a Flower-Book of my own colouring, designed for Lady Plymouth, 1753-4.

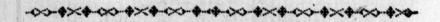
Debitæ nymphis opifex coronæ. Hor.

BRing, Flora, bring thy treasures here, The pride of all the blooming year;

And

And let me, thence, a garland frame,
To crown this fair, this peerless dame!
But ah! fince envious winter lours,
And Hewell meads refign their flow'rs,
Let art and friendship joint essay
Diffuse their flow'rets, in her way.
Not nature can herself prepare
A worthy wreath for Lessia's hair.

A worthy wreath for Lesbia's hair,
Whose temper, like her forehead, smooth,
Whose thoughts and accents form to sooth,
Whose pleasing mien, and make refin'd,
Whose artless breast, and polish'd mind,
From all the nymphs of plain or grove,
Deserv'd and won my Plymouth's love.



# ANACREONTIC. 1738.

Twas in a cool Aonian glade,
The wanton Cupid, fpent with toil,
Had fought refreshment from the shade;
And stretch'd him on the mossy foil.

A vagrant muse drew nigh, and found The subtle traitor fast asleep; And is it thine to snore profound, She said, yet leave the world to weep?

But hush—from this auspicious hour, The world, I ween, may rest in peace; And robb'd of darts, and stript of pow'r, Thy peevish petulance decrease.

Sleep on, poor child! whilft I withdraw,
And this thy vile artill'ry hide—
When the Castalian fount she saw,
And plung'd his arrows in the tide.

That magic fount—ill judging maid!
Shall cause you soon to curse the day.
You dar'd the shafts of love invade,
And gave his arms redoubled sway.

For in a stream so wondrous clear,
When angry Cupid searches round,
Will not the radiant points appear?
Will not the furtive spoils be found?

Too foon they were; and ev'ry dart,
Dipt in the muse's mystic spring,
Acquir'd new force to wound the heart,
And taught at once to love and sing.

Then farewell ye Pierian quire;
For who will now your altars throng?
From love we learn to swell the lyre;
And echo asks no sweeter fong.

# 

O D E. Written in 1739.

Urit spes animi creduta mutui.

Hon.

TWAS not by beauty's aid alone,
That love usurp'd his airy throne,
His boasted pow'r display'd:
'Tis kindness that secures his aim,
'Tis hope that feeds the kindling slame,
Which beauty first convey'd.

In Clara's eyes the lightnings view;
Her lips with all the rose's hue
Have all its sweets combin'd;
Yet vain the blush, and faint the fire,
Till lips at once, and eyes conspire
To prove the charmer kind——

H 2

Tho'

Tho' wit might gild the tempting snare, With softest accent, sweetest air, By envy's self admir'd; If Lesbia's wit betray'd her scorn, In vain might ev'ry grace adorn, What ev'ry muse inspir'd.

Thus airy Strephon tun'd his lyre—
He fcorn'd the pangs of wild defire,
Which love-fick swains endure:
Resolv'd to brave the keenest dart;
Since frowns could never wound his heart,
And siniles—must ever cure.

But ah! how false these maxims prove,
How frail security from love,
Experience hourly shows!
Love can imagin'd smiles supply,
On ev'ry charming lip and eye
Eternal sweets bestows.

In vain we trust the fair one's eyes; In vain the sage explores the skies, To learn from stars his fate: Till led by fancy wide astray, He finds no planet mark his way; Convinc'd and wise—too late.

As partial to their words we prove,
Then boldly join the lifts of love,
With tow'ring hopes supply'd:
So heroes, taught by doubtful shrines,
Mistook their deity's designs,
Then took the field—and dy'd.

### The DYING KID.

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Optima quaque dies miseris mortalibus avi Prima fugit —

VIRG.

A Tear bedews my Delia's eye,
To think you playful kid must die;
From crystal spring, and slow'ry mead,
Must, in his prime of life, recede!

Erewhile, in sportive circles round She saw him wheel, and frisk, and bound; From rock to rock pursue his way, And, on the fearful margin play.

Pleas'd on his various freaks to dwell, She faw him climb my ruftic cell; Thence eye my lawns with verdure bright, And feem all ravish'd at the fight.

She tells, with what delight he stood, To trace his features in the flood: Then skipt aloof with quaint amaze; And then drew near again to gaze.

She tells me how with eager speed He slew, to hear my vocal reed; And how, with critic face profound, And stedfast ear, devour'd the sound.

His ev'ry frolic, light as air,
Deferves the gentle Delia's care;
And tears bedew her tender eye,
To think the playful kid must die.——

But knows my Delia, timely wife, How foon this blameless æra slies? While violence and craft succeed; Unfair design, and ruthless deed! Soon would the vine his wounds deplore, And yield her purple gifts no more; Ah foon, eraz'd from ev'ry grove Were Delia's name, and Strephon's love.

No more those bow'rs might Strephon see, Where first he fondly gaz'd on thee; No more those beds of flow'rets find, Which for thy charming brows he twin'd.

Each wayward paffion foon would tear His bosom, now so void of care; And, when they left his ebbing vein, What, but insipid age, remain?

Then mourn not the decrees of fate, That gave his life fo fhort a date; And I will join my tend'rest sighs, To think that youth so swiftly slies!

SONGS, written chiefly between the years 1737 and 1742.

#### SONG I.

I Told my nymph, I told her true,
My fields were small, my flocks were few;
While fault'ring accents spoke my fear,
That Flavia might not prove sincere.

Of crops destroy'd by vernal cold, And vagrant sheep that left my fold; Of these she heard, yet bore to hear; And is not Flavia then sincere?

How chang'd by fortune's fickle wind, The friends I lov'd became unkind, She heard, and fhed a gen'rous tear; And is not Flavia then fincere?

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How, if she deign'd my love to bless, My Flavia must not hope for dress; This too she heard, and smil'd to hear; And Flavia sure must be sincere.

Go shear your flocks, ye jovial swains, Go reap the plenty of your plains; Despoil'd of all which you revere, I know my Flavia's love fincere.



### SONG II.

### The LANDSCAPE.

I-OW pleas'd within my native bow'rs
Erewhile I pass'd the day!
Was ever scene so deck'd with flow'rs?
Were ever flow'rs so gay?

How sweetly smil'd the hill, the vale, And all the landscape round! The river gliding down the dale! The hill with beeches crown'd!

But now, when urg'd by tender woes,
I fpeed to meet my dear,
That hill and stream my zeal oppose,
And check my fond career.

No more, fince Daphne was my theme, Their wonted charms I see: That verdant hill, and filver stream, Divide my love and me.

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#### SONG III.

Y E gentle nymphs, and gen'rous dames, That rule o'er ev'ry British mind; Be fure ye foothe their am'rous flames, Be fure your laws are not unkind.

For hard it is to wear their bloom
In unremitting fighs away:
To mourn the night's oppressive gloom,
And faintly bless the rising day.

And cruel 'twere a free-born swain, A British youth should vainly moan; Who, scornful of a tyrant's chain, Submits to yours, and yours alone.

Nor pointed spear, nor links of steel, Could e'er those gallant minds subdue, Who beauty's wounds with pleasure feel, And boast the fetters wrought by you.

# SONG IV.

### The SKY-LARK.

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O, tuneful bird, that glad'st the skies,
To Daphne's window speed thy way;
And there on quiv'ring pinions rise,
And there thy vocal art display.

And if she deign thy notes to hear,
And if she praise thy matin song,
Tell her the sounds that soothe her ear,
To Damon's native plains belong.

Tell her, in livelier plumes array'd,
The bird from *Indian* groves may shine;
But ask the lovely partial maid,
What are his notes compar'd to thine?

Then bid her treat you witless beau,
And all his flaunting race with scorn;
And lend an ear to Damon's wo,
Who sings her praise, and sings forlorn.

### SONG V.

Ah! ego non aliter tristes evincere morbos Optarem, quam te sic quoque velle putem.

ON ev'ry tree, in ev'ry plain,
I trace the jovial fpring in vain!
A fickly languor veils mine eyes,
And fast my waning vigour flies.

Nor flow'ry plain, nor budding tree, That smile on others, smile on me; Mine eyes from death shall court repose, Nor shed a tear before they close.

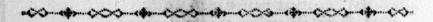
What bliss to me can seasons bring? Or, what the needless pride of spring? The cypress bough, that suits the bier, Retains its verdure all the year.

Tis true, my vine so fresh and fair, Might claim a while my wonted care; My rural store some pleasure yield; So white a slock, so green a field!

My friends, that each in kindness vie, Might well expect one parting sigh; Might well demand one tender tear; For when was Damon unsincere?

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But ere I ask once more to view Yon setting sun his race renew, Inform me, swains; my friends, declare, Will pitying Delia join the pray'r?



#### SONG VI.

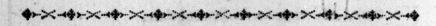
## The Attribute of VENUS.

YES, Fulvia is like Venus fair; Has all her bloom, and shape, and air: But still, to perfect ev'ry grace, She wants—the smile upon her face.

The crown majestic June wore; And Cynthia's brow the crescent bore, An helmet mark'd Minerva's mien, But smiles distinguish'd beauty's queen.

Her train was form'd of smiles and loves, Her chariot drawn by gentlest doves; And from her zone, the nymph may find, Tis beauty's province to be kind.

Then smile, my fair; and all whose aim Aspires to paint the Cyprian dame, Or bid her breathe in living stone, Shall take their forms from you alone.



## S O N G VII. 1744.

THE lovely Delia smiles again!
That killing frown has left her brow:
Can she forgive my jealous pain,
And give me back my angry vow!

Love is an April's doubtful day:
A while we see the tempest lour;
Anon the radiant heav'n survey,
And quite forget the slitting show'r.

The flow'rs that hung their languid head, Are burnish'd by the transient rains; The vines their wonted tendrils spread, And double verdure gilds the plains.

The fprightly birds, that droop'd no less Beneath the pow'r of rain and wind, In ev'ry raptur'd note express The joy I feel—when thou art kind.

# SONG VIII. 1742.

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When bright Roxana treads the green, In all the pride of dress and mien; Averse to freedom, love, and play, The dazzling rival of the day:
None other beauty strikes mine eye, The lilies droop, the roses die.

But when, disclaiming art, the fair Assumes a soft engaging air; Mild as the op'ning morn of May, Familiar, friendly, free, and gay; The scene improves, where-e'er she goes, More sweetly smile the pink and rose.

O lovely maid! propitious hear, Nor deem thy shepherd infincere; Pity a wild illusive flame That varies objects still the same: And let their very changes prove The never-varied force of love.

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SONG

## 5 O N G IX. 1743.

### VALENTINE'S DAY.

TIS faid, that under diftant skies, Nor you the fact deny, What first attracts an Indian's eyes Becomes his deity.

Perhaps a lily, or a role,

That shares the morning's ray,

May to the waking swain disclose

The regent of the day.

Perhaps a plant in yonder grove, Enrich'd with fragrant pow'r, May tempt his vagrant eyes to rove, Where blooms the fov'reign flow'r.

Perch'd on the cedar's topmost bough, And gay with gilded wings, Perchance the patron of his vow, Some artless linnet fings.

The fwain furveys her pleas'd, afraid, Then low to earth he bends; And owns upon her friendly aid, His health, his life, depends.

Vain futile idols, bird or flow'r,

To tempt a vot'ry's pray'r!——

How would his humble homage tow'r

Should he behold my fair!

Yes—might the Pagan's waking eyes
O'er Flavia's beauty range,
He there would fix his lafting choice,
Nor dare, nor wish to change.

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## SONG X. 1743.

The fatal hours are wondrous near,
That from these fountains bear my dear;
A little space is giv'n; in vain:
She robs my fight, and shuns the plain.

A little space for me to prove My boundless flame, my endless love; And like the train of vulgar hours, Invidious time that space devours.

Near yonder beech is Delia's way, On that I gaze the livelong day; No eaftern monarch's dazzling pride Should draw my longing eyes afide.

The chief, that knows of succours nigh, And sees his mangled legions die, Casts not a more impatient glance, To see the loit'ring aids advance.

Not more, the schoolboy, that expires Far from his native home, requires To see some friend's familiar face, Or meet a parent's last embrace—

She comes—but ah! what crouds of beaux. In radiant bands my fair inclose! Oh! better hadst thou shunn'd the green, Oh, Delia! better far unseen.

Methinks, by all my tender fears, By all my fighs, by all my tears, I might from torture now be free— "Tis more than death to part from thee!

SONG

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## S O N G XI 1744.

PErhaps it is not love, faid I, That melts my foul when Flavia's nigh; Where wit and fenfe like hers agree, One may be pleas'd, and yet be free.

The beauties of her polish'd mind, It needs no lover's eye to find; The hermit freezing in his cell, Might wish the gentle Flavia well.

It is not love—averse to bear
The servile chain that lovers wear;
Let, let me all my fears remove,
My doubts dispel—it is not love—

Oh! when did wit fo brightly shine In any form less fair than thine? It is—it is love's subtle fire, And under friendship lurks desire.

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## S O N G XII. 1744.

O'ER defart plains, and rushy meers, And wither'd heaths I rove; Where tree, nor spire, nor cote appears, I pass to meet my love.

But tho' my path were damask'd o'er
With beauties e'er so fine;
My busy thoughts would fly before,
To fix alone—on thine.

No fir-crown'd hills could give delight,
No palace please mine eye:
No pyramid's aerial height,
Where mould'ring monarchs lie.

Unmov'd, should eastern kings advance, Could I the pageant see; Splendour might catch one scornful glance, Not steal one thought from thee.



#### SONG XIII.

### The SCHOLAR'S RELAPSE.

BY the fide of a grove, at the foot of a hill, Where whisper'd the beech, and where murmur'd the rill;

I vow'd to the muses my time and my care, Since neither could win me the smiles of my fair.

Free I rang'd like the birds, like the birds free I fung, And Delia's lov'd name scarce escap'd from my tongue:

But if once a smooth accent delighted my ear, I should wish, unawares, that my Delia might hear.

With fairest ideas my bosom I stor'd, Allusive to none but the nymph I ador'd! And the more I with study my fancy resin'd, The deeper impression she made on my mind.

So long as of nature the charms I pursue, I still must my Delia's dear image renew; The graces have yielded with Delia to rove, And the muses are all in alliance with love.

#### SONG XIV.

### The ROSE-BUD.

SEE, Daphne, see, Florelio cry'd, And learn the sad effects of pride; You shelter'd rose, how safe conceal'd! How quickly blasted, when reveal'd!

The fun with warm attractive rays Tempts it to wanton in the blaze: A gale fucceeds from eastern skies, And all its blushing radiance dies.

So you, my fair, of charms divine, Will quit the plains, too fond to shine Where fame's transporting rays allure, Tho' here more happy, more secure.

The breath of some neglected maid Shall make you sigh you left the shade: A breath to beauty's bloom unkind, As to the rose an eastern wind.

The nymph reply'd—You first, my swain, Confine your sonnets to the plain; One envious tongue alike disarms
You of your wit, me of my charms.

What is, unknown, the poet's skill?
Or what, unheard, the tuneful thrill?
What, unadmir'd, a charming mien?
Or what the rose's blush, unseen?

### SONG XV.

## W I N T E R, 1746.

Of all that cheer'd the plain, Echo alone preserves her voice, And she—repeats my pain.

Where'er my love-fick limbs I lay,
To shun the rushing wind,
Its busy murmurs seems to say,
"She never will be kind!"

The naiads, o'er their frozen urns, In icy chains repine; And each in fullen filence mourns Her freedom lost, like mine!

Soon will the fun's returning rays
The cheerless frost controul;
When will relenting Delia chase
The winter of my foul?

#### S O N G XVI.

## DAPHNE's Vifit.

YE birds! for whom I rear'd the grove,
With melting lay falute my love:
My Daphne, with your notes detain:
Or I have rear'd my grove in vain.

Ye flow'rs! before her footsteps rife, Display at once your brightest dyes, That she your op'ning charms may see: Or what were all your charms to me?

Kind Zephyr! brush each fragrant flow'r, And shed its odours round my bow'r: Or never more, O gentle wind, Shall I, from thee, refreshment find.

Ye streams! if e'er your banks I lov'd, If e'er your native founds improv'd, May each foft murmur foothe my fair; Or oh! 'twill deepen my defpair.

And thou, my grott! whose lonely bounds The melancholy pine furrounds, May Daphne praise thy peaceful gloom; Or thou shalt prove her Damon's tomb.

### S O N G XVII.

Written in a Collection of BACCHANALIAN Songs.

Dieu, ye jovial youths, who join To plunge old care in floods of wine: And, as your dazzled eye-balls roll. Difcern him struggling in the bowl.

Not yet is hope fo wholly flown, Not yet is thought fo tedious grown, But limpid stream and shady tree Retain, as yet, some sweets for me.

And fee, thro' yonder filent grove, See yonder does my Daphne rove, With pride her footsteps I pursue, And bid your frantic joys adieu.

The fole confusion I admire, Is that my Daphne's eyes inspire: I fcorn the madness you approve, And value reason next to love.



#### SONG XVIII.

### Imitated from the FRENCH.

YES, these are the scenes where with Iris I stray'd,
But short was her sway for so lovely a maid!
In the bloom of her youth to a cloyster she run;
In the bloom of her graces too fair for a nun!
Ill-grounded, no doubt, a devotion must prove
So fatal to beauty, so killing to love!

Yes, these are the meadows, the shrubs and the plains; Once the scene of my pleasures, the scene of my pains; How many soft moments I spent in this grove! How fair was my nymph! and how fervent my love! Be still tho, my heart! thine emotion give o'er; Remember, the season of love is no more.

With her how I stray'd amid fountains and bow'rs, Or loiter'd behind and collected the flow'rs!
Then breathless with ardour my fair one pursu'd, And to think with what kindness my garland she view'd! But be still, my fond heart! this emotion give o'er; Fain would st thou forget thou must love her no more.

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### The HALCYON.

W HY o'er the verdant banks of ooze
Does yonder halcyon speed so fast;
Tis all because she would not lose
Her fav'rite calm that will not last.

The fun with azure paints the skies,
The stream reflects each flow'ry spray;
And frugal of her time, she flies
To take her fill of love and play.

See her, when rugged Boreas blows, Warm in some rocky cell remain; To seek for pleasure, well she knows, Would only then enhance the pain.

Descend, she cries, thou hated show'r, Deform my limpid waves to-day, For I have chose a fairer hour To take my fill of love and play.

You too, my Sylvia, fure will own Life's azure feafons fwiftly roll: And when our youth, or health is flown, To think of love but shocks the foul.

Could Damon but deferve thy charms,
As thou art Damon's only theme;
He'd fly as quick to Delia's arms,
As yonder halcyon skims the stream.

## ODE.

<u>{\$}},...{\$},....{\$},.....{\$},....{\$},....{\$},....{\$},....{\$},....{\$},....{\$},.....{\$},.</u>

So dear my Lucio is to me, So well our minds and tempers blend; That feafons may for ever flee, And ne'er divide me from my friend;

But let the favour'd boy forbear. To tempt with love my only fair.

O Lycon, born when ev'ry muse,
When ev'ry grace benignant smil'd,
With all a parent's breast could chuse
To bless her lov'd, her only child;
'Tis thine, so richly grac'd, to prove
More noble cares, than cares of love.

Together we from early youth
Have trode the flow'ry tracks of time,
Together mus'd in fearch of truth,
O'er learned fage, or bard fublime;
And well thy cultur'd breaft I know,
What wondrous treafure it can fhow.

Come then, resume thy charming lyre,
And fing some patriot's worth sublime;
Whilst I in fields of soft defire,
Consume my fair and fruitless prime;
Whose reed aspires but to display
The slame that burns me night and day.

O come! the dryads of the woods
Shall daily foothe thy studious mind,
The blue-ey'd nymphs of yonder floods
Shall meet and court thee to be kind;
And fame sits list'ning for thy lays,
To swell her trump with Lucio's praise.

## 114 ODES, SONGS, &c.

Like me, the plover fondly tries

To lure the sportsman from her nest,
And slutt'ring on with anxious cries,

Too plainly shews her tortur'd breast:
O let him conscious of her care,
Pity her pains, and learn to spare.

## 

### A PASTORAL ODE.

To the Honourable

Sir Richard Lyttleton.

THE morn dispens'd a dubious light,
A sullen mist had stol'n from sight
Each pleasing vale and hill:
When Damon left his humble bow'rs
To guard his slocks, to fence his slow'rs,
Or check his wand'ring rill.

Tho' school'd from fortune's paths to fly,
The swain beneath each louring sky,
Would oft his fate bemoan;
That he, in sylvan shades, forlorn!
Must waste his cheerless ev'n and morn,
Nor prais'd, nor lov'd, nor known.

No friend to fame's obstrep'rous noise,
Yet to the whispers of her voice,
Soft murmuring, not a foe:
The pleasures he thro' choice declin'd,
When gloomy fogs depres'd his mind,
It griev'd him to forego.

Griev'd him to lurk the lakes beside, Where coots in rushy dingles hide, And moorcocks shun the day; While caitisf bitterns, undismay'd, Remark the swain's familiar shade, And scorn to quit their prey.

But see, the radiant sun once more
The bright'ning face of heav'n restore,
And raise the doubtful dawn;
And more to gild his rural sphere,
At once the brightest train appear,
That ever trode the lawn.

Amazement chill'd the shepherd's frame,
To think \* Bridgewater's honour'd name
Should grace his rustic cell;
That she, on all whose motions wait
Distinction, titles, rank, and state,
Should rove where shepherds dwell.

But true it is, the gen'rous mind,
By candour fway'd, by taste refin'd,
Will nought but vice disdain;
Nor will the breast where fancy glows
Deem ev'ry flow'r a weed, that blows
Amid the desart plain.

Befeems it fuch, with honour crown'd,
To deal its lucid beams around,
Nor equal meed receive:
At most such garlands from the field,
As cowslips, pinks, and pansies yield,
And rural hands can weave.

Yet strive, ye shepherds, strive to find, And weave the fairest of the kind,

<sup>\*</sup> The Dutchess of Bridgewater, married to Sir Richard Lyttle-

The prime of all the fpring;
If haply thus you lovely fair
May round their temples deign to wear
The trivial wreaths you bring.

O how the peaceful halcyons play'd,
Where-e'er the confcious lake betray'd
Athenia's placid mien!
How did the fprightlier linnets throng,
Where Paphia's charms requir'd the long,
'Mid hazel copses green!

Lo, Dartmouth on those banks reclin'd, While busy fancy calls to mind
The glories of his line;
Methinks my cottage rears its head,
The ruin'd walls of yonder shed,
As thro' inchantment, shine.

But who the nymph that guides their way? Could ever nymph descend to stray
From Hagley's sam'd retreat?
Else by the blooming features fair,
The faultless make, the matchless air,
'Twere Cynthia's form complete.

So would fome tuberose delight,
That struck the pilgrim's wond'ring sight
'Mid lonely desarts drear;
All as at eve, the sov'reign flow'r,
Dispenses round its balmy pow'r,
And crowns the fragrant year.

Ah, now no more, the shepherd cry'd, Must I ambition's charms deride,
Her subtle force disown;
No more of fawns or fairies dream,
While fancy, near each crystal stream,
Shall paint these forms alone.

By low-brow'd rock, or pathless mead,
I deem'd that splendour ne'er should lead
My dazzled eyes astray;
But who, alas! will dare contend,
If beauty add, or merit blend
Its more illustrious ray?

Nor is it long—O plaintive swain!
Since Guernsey saw, without disdain,
Where, hid in woodlands green,
The \* partner of his early days,
And once the rival of his praise,
Had stol'n thro' life unseen.

Scarce faded is the vernal flow'r,
Since Stamford left his honour'd bow'r,
To smile familiar here:
O form'd by nature to disclose
How fair that courtesy which flows
From social warmth sincere.

Nor yet have many moons decay'd, Since Pollio fought this lonely shade, Admir'd this rural maze: The noblest breast that virtue sires, The graces love, the muse inspires, Might pant for Pollio's praise.

Say, Thomfon here was known to rest,
For him you vernal seat I drest,
Ah, never to return!
In place of wit, and melting strains,
And social mirth, it now remains
To weep beside his urn.

Come then, my Lalius, come once more, And fringe the melancholy shore

<sup>.</sup> They were school-fellows.

With roses and with bays,
While I each wayward fate accuse,
That envy'd his impartial muse
To fing your early praise.

While Philo, to whose favour'd fight,
Antiquity, with full delight,
Her inmost wealth displays;
Beneath you ruin's moulder'd wall
Shall muse, and with his friend recall
The pomp of ancient days.

Here too shall Conway's name appear,
He prais'd the stream so lovely clear,
That shone the reeds among;
Yet clearness could it not disclose,
To match the rhetoric that flows
From Conway's polish'd tongue.

Ev'n Pitt, whose fervent periods roll
Resistless, thro' the kindling soul
Of senates, councils, kings!
Tho' form'd for courts, vouchsaf'd to rove
Inglorious, thro' the shepherd's grove,
And ope his bashful springs.

But what can courts discover more,
Than these rude haunts have seen before,
Each fount and shady tree?
Have not these trees and fountains seen
The pride of courts, the winning mien
Of peerless aylesbury?

And Grenville, she whose radiant eyes.

Have mark'd by flow gradation rise

The princely piles of Stow;

Yet prais'd these unembellish'd woods,

And smil'd to see the bubbling floods,

Thro' self-worn mazes flow.

Say, Dartmouth, who your banks admir'd, Again beneath your caves retir'd,

Shall grace the pensive shade;
With all the bloom, with all the truth,
With all the sprightliness of youth,
By cool reflection sway'd:

Brave, yet humane, shall Smith appear,
Ye sailors, tho' his name be dear,
Think him not yours alone:
Grant him in other spheres to charm,
The shepherds breasts tho' mild are warm,
And ours are all his own.

O Lyttleton! my honour'd guest,
Could I describe thy gen'rous breast,
Thy firm, yet polish'd mind;
How public love adorns thy name,
How fortune too conspires with same;
The song should please mankind.

VERSES written towards the close of

the year 1748, to William Lyttleton, Esq.

How bright was ev'ry flow'r!
While friends arriv'd in circles gay,
To vifit Damon's bow'r!

But now, with filent step, I range
Along some lonely shore;
And Damon's bow'r, alas the change!
Is gay with friends no more.

Away to crouds and cities borne In quest of joy they steer; Whilst I, alas! am left forlorn, To weep the parting year! O penfive Autumn! how I grieve.
Thy forrowing face to fee!
When languid funs are taking leave.
Of ev'ry drooping tree.

Ah let me not, with heavy eye,
This dying scene survey!
Haste, Winter, haste; usurp the sky:
Complete my bow'r's decay.

Ill can I bear the motely cast
You fickning leaves retain;
That speak at once of pleasure past,
And bode approaching pain.

At home unbless'd, I gaze around, My distant scenes require; Where all in murky vapours drown'd. Are hamlet, hill, and spire.

Tho' Thomson, sweet descriptive bard!
Inspiring Autumn sung;
Yet how should we the months regard,
That stopp'd his slowing tongue?

Ah luckless months of all the rest,
To whose hard share it fell!
For sure he was the gentlest breast.
That ever sung so well.

And see, the swallows now disown.
The roofs they lov'd before;
Each, like his tuneful genius, flown.
To glad some happier shore.

The wood-nymph eyes, with pale affright,
The sportsman's frantic deed;
While hounds, and horns, and yells unite
To drown the muse's reed.

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Ye fields with blighted herbage brown!
Ye skies no longer blue!
Too much we feel from fortune's frown,
To bear these frowns from you.

Where is the mead's unfullied green?
The zephyr's balmy gale?
And where fweet Friendship's cordial mien,
That brighten'd ev'ry vale?

What though the vine disclose her dyes,
And boast her purple store;
Not all the vineyard's rich supplies
Can soothe our forrows more.

He! he is gone, whose moral strain Could wit and mirth refine; He! he is gone, whose focial vein Surpass'd the pow'r of wine.

Fast by the streams he deign'd to praise, In you sequester'd grove; To him a votive urn I raise; To him, and friendly love.

Yes there, my friend! forlorn and fad, I grave your *Thomfon*'s name; And there, his lyre; which fate forbade To found your growing fame.

There shall my plaintive song recount Dark themes of hopeless wo; And, faster than the dropping fount, I'll teach mine eyes to flow.

There leaves, in spite of Autumn, green,
Shall shade the hallow'd ground;
And Spring will there again be seen,
To call forth flow'rs around.

But

But no kind fons will bid me fhare, Once more, his focial hour; Ah Spring! thou never canst repair This loss to Damon's bow'r.

## JEMMY DAWSON.

A BALLAD; written about the time of his execution, in the year 1745.

Ome listen to my mournful tale, Ye tender hearts and lovers dear; Nor will you scorn to heave a sigh, Nor need you blush to shed a tear.

And thou, dear Kitty, peerless maid,
Do thou a pensive ear incline;
For thou canst weep at ev'ry wo;
And pity ev'ry plaint—but mine.

Young Dawson was a gallant boy,
A brighter never trode the plain;
And well he lov'd one charming maid,
And dearly was he lov'd again.

One tender maid, she lov'd him dear,
Of gentle blood the damsel came;
And faultless was her beauteous form,
And spotless was her virgin fame.

But curse on party's hateful strife, That led the favour'd youth astray; The day the rebel clans appear'd, O had he never seen that day! Their colours and their fash he wore,
And in the fatal dress was found;
And now he must that death endure,
Which gives the brave the keenest wound.

How pale was then his true-love's cheek, When Jemmy's fentence reach'd her ear! For never yet did Alpine snows, So pale, or yet so chill appear.

With falt'ring voice, she weeping said, Oh Dawson, monarch of my heart! Think not thy death shall end our loves, For thou and I will never part.

Yet might sweet mercy find a place, And bring relief to Jemmy's woes; O George, without a pray'r for thee, My orifons should never close.

The gracious prince that gave him life, Would crown a never-dying flame; And ev'ry tender babe I bore Should learn to life the giver's name.

But tho' he should be dragg'd in scorn
To yonder ignominious tree;
He shall not want one constant friend
To share the cruel fate's decree.

O then her mourning-coach was call'd, The fledge mov'd flowly on before; Tho' borne in a triumphal car, She had not lov'd her fav'rite more.

She follow'd him, prepar'd to view
The terrible behefts of law;
And the last scene of Jemmy's woes,
With calm and stedfast eye she saw.

Distorted was that blooming face,
Which she had fondly lov'd so long;
And stifled was that tuneful breath,
Which in her praise had sweetly sung:

And sever'd was that beauteous neck, Round which her arms had fondly clos'd; And mangled was that beauteous breast, On which her love-sick head repos'd:

And ravish'd was that constant heart, She did to ev'ry heart prefer; For tho' it could its king forget, 'Twas true and loyal still to her.

Amid those unrelenting flames, She bore this constant heart to see; But when 'twas moulder'd into dust, Yet, yet, she cry'd, I follow thee.

My death, my death alone can shew The pure, the lasting love I bore; Accept, O Heav'n! of woes like ours, And let us, let us weep no more.

The difmal fcene was o'er and past,
The lover's mournful hearse retir'd;
The maid drew back her languid head,
And sighing forth his name, expir'd.

Tho' justice ever must prevail,

The tear my Kitty sheds, is due;

For seldom shall she hear a tale

So sad, so tender, yet so true.

## とととととまれたのでの

#### A

## Pastoral BALLAD, in four Parts.

Written in 1743.

Arbusta humilesque myrica.

VIRG.

### I. ABSENCE.

YE shepherds so cheerful and gay,
Whose flocks never carelessly roam;
Should Corydon's happen to stray,
Oh! call the poor wanderers home.
Allow me to muse and to sigh,
Nor talk of the change that ye find;
None once was so watchful as I:
—I have left my dear Phyllis behind.

Now I know what it is to have strove
With the torture of doubt and defire;
What it is to admire and to love,
And to leave her we love and admire.
Ah lead forth my flock in the morn,
And the damps of each evining repel;
Alas! I am faint and forlorn:
— I have bade my dear Phyllis farewell.

Since Phyllis vouchfaf'd me a look,
I never once dream'd of my vine;
May I lose both my pipe and my crook,
If I knew of a kid that was mine.
I priz'd ev'ry hour that went by,
Beyond all that had pleas'd me before;
But now they are past, and I sigh;
And I grieve that I priz'd them no more.

L 2

But

But why do I languish in vain?

Why wander thus pensively here?

Oh! why did I come from the plain,

Where I fed on the smiles of my dear?

They tell me, my favourite maid,

The pride of that valley, is flown;

Alas! where with her I have stray'd,

I could wander with pleasure alone.

When forc'd the fair nymph to forego,
What anguish I felt at my heart!
Yet I thought—but it might not be so—
'Twas with pain that she saw me depart.
She gaz'd, as I slowly withdrew;
My path I could hardly discern;
So sweetly she bade me adieu,
I thought that she bade me return.

The pilgrim that journeys all day
To visit some far-distant shrine,
If he bear but a relic away,
Is happy, nor heard to repine.
Thus widely remov'd from the fair,
Where my vows, my devotion, I owe,
Soft hope is the relic I bear,
And my solace where-ever I go.

### II. HOPE.

My banks they are furnish'd with bees,
Whose murmur invites one to sleep;
My grottoes are shaded with trees,
And my hills are white-over with sheep.
I seldom have met with a loss,
Such health do my fountains bestow;
My fountains all border'd with moss,
Where the hare-bells and violets grow.

Not a pine in my grove is there feen, But with tendrils of woodbine is bound:

Not a beech's more beautiful green, But a fweet brier entwines it around.

Not my fields, in the prime of the year, More charms than my cattle unfold:

Not a brook that is limped and clear, But it glitters with fishes of gold.

One would think she might like to retire To the bow'r I have labour'd to rear;

Not a shrub that I heard her admire, But I hasted and planted it there.

Oh how sudden the jessamine strove With the lilac to render it gay!

Already it calls for my love, To prune the wild branches away.

From the plains, from the woodlands and groves, What strains of wild melody flow?

How the nightingales warble their loves
From thickets of roses that blow!

And when her bright form shall appear,

Each bird shall harmoniously join In a concert so fost and so clear,

As—fhe may not be fond to refign.

I have found out a gift for my fair;
I have found where the wood-pigeons breed:

But let me that plunder forbear,

She will fay 'twas a barbarous deed. For he ne'er could be true, she averr'd,

Who could rob a poor bird of its young:

And I lov'd her the more, when I heard Such tenderness fall from her tongue.

How that pity was due to—a dove;.
That it ever attended the bold,
And she call'd it the fifter of love.

L 3

But her words fuch a pleasure convey, So much I her accents adore, Let her speak, and whatever she say, Methinks I should love her the more.

Can a bosom so gentle remain
Unmov'd, when her Corydon sighs!
Will a nymph that is fond of the plain,
These plains and this valley despise?
Dear regions of silence and shade!
Soft scenes of contentment and ease!
Where I could have pleasingly stray'd,
If aught, in her absence, could please.

But where does my Phyllida stray?

And where are her grots and her bow'rs?

Are the groves and the valleys as gay,

And the shepherds as gentle as ours?

The groves may perhaps be as fair,

And the face of the valleys as fine;

The swains may in manners compare,

But their love is not equal to mine.

### III. SOLICITUDE.

Why term it a folly to grieve?

Ere I shew you the charms of my love,
She is fairer than you can believe.

With her mien she enamours the brave;
With her wit she engages the free;
With her modesty pleases the grave;
She is ev'ry way pleasing to me.

O you that have been of her train, Come and join in my amorous lays; I could lay down my life for the swain, That will sing but a song in her praise. When he fings, may the nymphs of the town
Come trooping, and liften the while;
Nay on him let not Phyllida frown;
—But I cannot allow her to fimile.

For when Paridel tries in the dance
Any favour with Phyllis to find,
O how, with one trivial glance,
Might she ruin the peace of my mind!
In ringlets he dresses his hair,
And his crook is bestudded around;
And his pipe—oh my Phyllis beware

Tis his with mock paffion to glow;
Tis his in smooth tales to unfold,
How her face is as bright as the snow,
And her bosom, be sure, is as cold:
How the nightingales labour the strain,
With the notes of his charmer to vie;
How they vary their accents in vain,

Of a magic there is in the found.

To the grove or the garden he strays,
And pillages every sweet;
Then suiting the wreath to his lays,
He throws it at Phyllis's feet.

Repine at her triumphs, and die."

"O Phytlis," he whifpers, "more fair, More fweet than the jessamine's slow'r! What are pinks in a morn to compare? What is eglantine after a show'r?

Then the lily no longer is white;
Then the rose is deprived of its bloom;
Then the violets die with despite.
And the woodbines give up their perfume."
Thus glide the soft numbers along,
And he fancies no shepherd his peer;
—Yet I never should envy the song,
Were not Phyllis to lend it an ear.

Let his crook be with hyacinths bound,
So Phyllis the trophy despise;
Let his forehead with laurels be crown'd,
So they shine not in Phyllis's eyes.
The language that flows from the heart
Is a stranger to Paridel's tongue;
—Yet may she beware of his art,
Or fure I must envy the song.

### IV. DISAPPOINTMENT.

YE shepherds, give ear to my lay,
And take no more heed of my sheep,
They have nothing to do but to stray;
I have nothing to do but to weep.
Yet do not my folly reprove;
She was fair—and my passion begun;
She smil'd—and I could not but love;
She is faithless—and I am undone.

Perhaps I was void of all thought;
Perhaps it was plain to foretee,
That a nymph fo complete would be fought.
By a fwain more engaging than me.
Ah! love ev'ry hope can infpire;
It banishes wisdom the while;
And the lip of the nymph we admire.
Seems for ever adorn'd with a smile.

She is faithless, and I am undone;
Ye that witness the woes I endure,
Let reason instruct you to shun
What it cannot instruct you to cure.
Beware how ye loiter in vain,
Amid nymphs of an higher degree:
It is not for me to explain
How fair and how sickle they be.

Alas F

Alas! from the day that we met, What hope of an end to my woes? When I cannot endure to forget

The glance that undid my repose.

Yet time may diminish the pain:
The flow'r, and the shrub, and the tree,

Which I rear'd for her pleasure in vain, In time may have comfort for me.

The fweets of a dew-sprinkled rose, The sound of a murmuring stream, The peace which from solitude flows,

Henceforth shall be Corydon's theme. High transports are shewn to the fight, But we are not to find them our own;

Fate never bestow'd such delight,
As I with my Phyllis had known.

O ye woods, fpread your branches apace;
To your deepest recesses 1 sty;
I would hide with the beasts of the chace;
I would vanish from every eye.

Yet my reed shall resound thro' the grove
With the same sad complaint it begun;
How she smil'd, and I could not but love;

Was faithless, and I am undone!

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# LEVITIES;

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## PIECES of HUMOUR.

## FLIRT and PHIL:

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A Decision for the LADIES.

A Wit by learning well refin'd,
A beau, but of the rural kind,
To Sylvia made pretences;
They both profess'd an equal love,
Yet hop'd, by diff'rent means, to move
Her judgment, or her fenses.

Young sprightly Flirt, of blooming mien, Watch'd the best minutes to be seen; Went—when his glass advis'd him.:
While meagre Phil of books inquir'd; A wight for wit and parts admir'd; And witty ladies priz'd him.

Sylvia had wit, had spirits too;
To hear the one, the other view,
Suspended held the scales:
Her wit, her youth too claim'd its share,
Let none the preference declare
But turn up—heads or taills.

STANZAS,

\*

STANZAS, to the Memory of an agreeable LADY, buried in marriage to a person undeferving her.

TWAS always held, and ever will, By fage mankind, discreeter T' anticipate a lesser ill, Than undergo a greater.

When mortals dread diseases, pain, And languishing conditions, Who don't the lesser ills sustain Of physic—and physicians?

Rather than lose his whole estate, He that but little wise is, Full gladly pays four parts in eight To taxes and excises.

Our merchants Spain has near undone
For lost ships not requiting:
This bears our noble K— to shun
The loss of blood—in fighting!

With num'rous ills, in fingle life, The bachelor's attended: Such to avoid, he takes a wife— And much the cafe is mended!

Poor Gratia, in her twentieth year,
Foreseeing future wo,
Chose to attend a monkey here,
Before an ape below.

# と見となりとなる

## COLEMIRA

## A Culinary ECLOGUE.

Nec tantum Veneris, quantum studiosa culinae.

Ight's fable clouds had half the globe o'erspread, And silence reign'd, and folks were gone to bed: When love, which gentle sleep can ne'er inspire, Had seated Damon by the kitchen-fire.

Pensive he lay, extended on the ground; The little lares kept their vigils round; The fawning cats compassionate his case, And purr around, and gently lick his face.

To all his 'plaints the fleeping curs reply, And with hoarfe fnorings imitate a figh. Such gloomy fcenes with lovers' minds agree, And folitude to them is best fociety.

Could I (he cry'd) express, how bright a grace Adorns thy morning-hands, and well-wash'd face; Thou wouldst, *Colemira*, grant what I implore, And yield me love, or wash thy face no more.

Ah! who can see, and seeing, not admire, Whene'er she sets the pot upon the fire! Her hands outshine the fire, and redder things; Her eyes are blacker than the pots she brings.

But fure no chamber-damfel can compare, When in meridian lustre shines my fair, When warm'd with dinner's toil, in pearly rills, Adown her goodly cheek the sweat distills.

Oh!

Oh! how I long, how ardently defire, To view those rofy fingers strike the lyre! For late, when bees to change their climes began, How did I see 'm thrum the frying-pan!

With her! I should not envy G— his queen, Tho' she in royal grandeur deck'd be seen! Whilst rags, just sever'd from my fair one's gown, In russet pomp, and greafy pride hang down.

Ah! how it does my drooping heart rejoice,
When in the hall I hear thy mellow voice!
How would that voice exceed the village-bell;
Wouldst thou but fing, "I like thee passing well!"

When from the hearth she bade the pointers go, How soft, how easy did her accents flow! "Get out," she cry'd, "when strangers come to sup, "One ne'er can raise those snoring devils up."

Then, full of wrath, she kick'd each lazy brute, Alas! I envy'd even that salute:
'Twas sure misplac'd,---Shock said, or seem'd to say, He had as lief I had the kick as they.

If she the mystic bellows take in hand, Who like the fair can that machine command? O mayst thou ne'er by *Eolus* be seen, For he would sure demand thee for his queen.

But should the slame this rougher aid refuse, And only gentler med'cines be of use; With full-blown cheeks she ends the doubtful strife, Foments the infant-slame, and puss it into life.

Such arts as these exalt the drooping fire,
But in my breast a siercer slame inspire:
I burn! I burn! O! give thy pussing o'er,
And swell thy cheeks, and pout thy lips no more!

With all her haughty looks, the time I've feen, When this proud damfel has more humble been, M When When with nice airs she hoist the pancake round, And dropt it, hapless fair! upon the ground.

Look, with what charming grace! what winning tricks!

The artful charmer rubs the candlesticks! So bright she makes the candlesticks she handles, Oft have I said,—there were no need of candles.

But thou, my fair, who never wouldst approve, Or hear, the tender story of my love; Or mind how burns my raging breast,—a button— Perhaps art dreaming of—a breast of mutton.

Thus faid, and wept the fad desponding swain, Revealing to the sable walls his pain: But nymphs are free with those they should deny; To those they love more exquisitely coy!

Now chirping crickets raise their tinkling voice, The lambent slames in languid streams arise, And smoke in azure folds evaporates and dies.

## The RAPE of the TRAP.

A BALLAD. 1737.

The muse's fav'rite city,
Such pranks of late
Were play'd by a rat,
As—tempt one to be witty.

All in a college-study,
Where books were in great plenty,
This rat would devour
More sense in an hour,
Than I could write—in twenty.

Corporeal

Corporeal food, 'tis granted,
Serves vermin less refin'd, Sir;
But this, a rat of taste,
All other rats surpass'd;
And he prey'd on the food of the mind, Sir.

His breakfast, half the morning,
He constantly attended;
And when the bell rung
For evening-song,
His dinner scarce was ended!

He spar'd not ev'n heroics,
On which we poets pride us;
And would make no more
Of king Arthur's \*, by the score,
Than---all the world beside does.

In books of geo-graphy
He made the maps to flutter:
A river or a fea
Was to him a dish of tea;
And a kingdom, bread and butter.

But if some mawkish potion

Might chance to over-dose him,

To check its rage,

He took a page

Of logic—to compose him.—

A trap, in haste and anger,
Was bought, you need not doubt on't.
And such was the gin,
Were a lion once got in,
He could not, I think, get out on't.

With cheefe, not books, 'twas baited,
The fact—I'll not belie it—
Since none—I tell you that—
Whether scholar or rat,
Minds books, when he has other diet.

By Blackmere.

But more of trap and bait, Sir,
Why should I fing, or either?
Since the rat, who knew the sleight,
Came in the dead of night,
And dragg'd 'em away together:

Both trap and bait were vanish'd,
Thro' a fracture in the flooring;
Which tho' so trim
It now may feem,
Had then—a dozen or more in.

Then answer this, ye sages!

Nor deem I mean to wrong ye,
Had the rat which thus did seize on
The trap, less claim to reason,
Than many a scull among ye!

Dan Prior's mice, I own it,
Were vermin of condition;
But this rat, who merely learn'd
What rats alone concern'd,
Was the greater politician.

That England's topfy-turvy,
Is clear from these mishaps, Sir;
Since traps, we may determine,
Will no longer take our vermin,
But \* vermin take our traps, Sir.

Let fophs, by rats infested,
Then trust in cats to catch 'em;
Lest they grow as learn'd as we,
In our studies; where, d'ye see,
No mortal sits to watch 'em.

Good luck betide our captains;
Good luck betide our cats, Sir;
And grant that the one
May quell the Spanish Don,
And t'other destroy our rats, Sir.

Written at the time of the Spanish depradations.

### 

## On certain PASTORALS

SO rude and tuneless are thy lays,
The weary audience vow,
'Tis not th' Arcadian swain that sings,
But 'tis his herds that low.

\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*

On Mr C- of Kidderminster's Poetry.

THY verses, friend, are Kidderminster \* stuff, And I must own you've measur'd out enough.

\*\*++\*\*++\*\*++\*\*++\*\*++\*\*

## To the VIRTUOSOS.

H Ail curious wights! to whom so fair
The form of mortal slies is!
Who deem those grubs beyond compare,
Which common sense despites.

Whether o'er hill, morafs, or mound, You make your sportsman fallies; Or that your prey in gardens found, Is urg'd thro' walks and alleys.

Yet in the fury of the chace,
No flope could e'er retard you;
Blest if one fly repay the race,
Or painted wing reward you.

<sup>•</sup> Kidderminster, famous for a coarse woollen manufacture.

M. 3.

Fierce as Camilla \* o'er the plain, Pursu'd the glitt'ring stranger; Still ey'd the purple's pleasing stain, And knew not fear nor danger.

'Tis you dispense the fav'rite meat
To nature's filmy people;
Know what conserves they choose to eat,
And what liqueurs, to tipple.

And if her brood of infects dies, You fage affiftance lend her; Can stoop to pimp for am'rous slies, And help 'em to engender.

'Tis you protect their pregnant hour; And when the birth's at hand, Exerting your obstetric pow'r, Prevent a mothless land,

Yet oh! howe'er your tow'ring view Above gross objects rises, Whate'er refinements you pursue, Hear, what a friend advises;

A friend, who weigh'd with yours, must prize Domitian's idle passion,

That wrought the death of teazing slies,
But ne'er their propagation.

Let Flavia's eyes more deeply warm,
Nor thus your hearts determine,
To flight dame nature's fairest form,
And figh for nature's vermine.

And speak with some respect of beaux, Nor more as triflers treat 'em, 'Tis better learn to save one's cloaths, Than cherish moths that eat 'em.

<sup>·</sup> See Kirgil.

## The EXTENT of COOKERY.

Aliusque et idem.

When Tom to Cambridge first was sent,
A plain brown bob he wore;
Read much, and look'd as though he meant
To be a fop no more.

See him to Lincoln's-Inn repair,
His resolution flag;
He cherishes a length of hair,
And tucks it in a bag.

Nor Coke nor Salkeld he regards,
But gets into the house,
And soon a judge's rank rewards.
His pliant votes and bows.

Adieu ye bobs! ye bags give place!
Full-bottoms come instead!
Good L—d! to see the various ways.
Of dressing—a calve's-head!

### The PROGRESS of ADVICE.

A COMMON CASE.

Suade, nam certum est.

Says Richard to Thomas, (and seem'd half afraid); "I am thinking to marry thy mistress's maid: Now, because Mrs Lucy to thee is well known, I will do't if thou bid'st me, or let it alone.

Nam

Nay don't make a jest on't, 'tis no jest to me; For 'faith I'm in earnest, so prithee be free. I've no fault to find with the girl since I knew her. But I'd have thy advice, e'er I tie myself to her,"

Said Thomas to Richard, "To speak my opinion,
There is not such a b—h in King George's dominion;
And I sirmly believe, if thou knew'st her as I do,
Thou wouldst choose out a whipping-post, first to
be ty'd to.

She's peevish, she's thievish, she's ugly, she's old, And a liar, and a fool, and a flut, and a scold." Next day Richard hasten'd to church and was wed, And, ere night, had inform'd her what Thomas had said.



### A BALLAD.

Trabit sua quemque voluptas.

FRom Lincoln to London rode forth our young fquire,
To bring down a wife whom the swains might
admire;

But in spite of whatever the mortal could say, The goddess objected the length of the way!

To give up the op'ra, the park, and the ball, For to view the stag's horns in an old country hall! To have neither China nor India to see! Nor a lace-man to plague in a morning—not she!

analysis a said tota agest infel Lin .

To forsake the dear playhouse, Quin, Garrick, and Clive,

Who by dint of mere humour had kept her alive; To forego the full box for his lone ome abode, O heav'ns! The should faint, she should die on the road!

To forget the gay fashions and gestures of France, And to leave dear Auguste in the midst of the dance, And Harlequin too!---'twas in vain to require it; And she wonder'd how folks had the face to desire it.

She might yield to refign the fweet fingers of Ruckholt, Where the citizen-matron feduces her cuckold; But Ranelagh foon would her footsteps recall, And the music, the lamps, and the glare of Vauxhall.

To be fure she could breathe no where else than in town,

Thus she talk'd like a wit, and he look'd like a clown; But the while honest Harry despair'd to succeed, A coach with a coronet trail'd her to Tweed.

SLENDER'S Ghoft. Vid. SHAKESPEAR.

B Eneath a church-yard yew,
Decay'd and worn with age,
At dusk of eve methought I spy'd
Poor Slender's ghost, that whimp'ring cry'd,
O sweet, O sweet Anne Page!

Ye gentle bards! give ear!
Who talk of am'rous rage,
Who fpoil the lily, rob the rofe,
Come learn of me to weep your woes:
O fweet, O fweet Anne Page!

Why should such labour'd strains
Your formal muse engage?
I never dream'd of slame or dart,
That fir'd my breast, or pierc'd my heart,
But sigh'd, O sweet Anne Page!

And you! whose love-fick minds
No med'cine can affuage!
Accuse the leech's art no more,
But learn of Slender to deplore;
O sweet, O sweet Anne Page!

And ye! whose souls are held
Like linners in a cage!
Who talk of fetters, links, and chains,
Attend, and imitate my strains!
O sweet, O sweet Anne Page!

And you who boast or grieve,
What horrid wars ye wage!
Of wounds receiv'd from many an eye;
Yet mean as I do, when I sigh
O sweet, O sweet Anne Page!

Hence ev'ry fond conceit
Of shepherd or of sage!
'Tis Slender's voice, 'tis Slender's way
Expresses all you have to say,
O sweet, O sweet Anne Page!

## \*\*\*

## The INVIDIOUS. MART.

O Fortune! if my pray'r of old Was ne'er folicitous for gold, With better grace thou mayst allow, My suppliant wish, that asks it now.

Yet think not! goddess! I require it.

In a well-made effectual string,
Fain would I see Lividio swing!
Hear him, from Tyburn's height haranguing,
But such a cur's not worth one's hanging.
Give me, O goddess! store of pelf,
And he will tie the knot himself.

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# The PRICE of an EQUIPAGE.

Servum si potes, Ole, non habere; Et regem potes, Ole, non habere.

MART.

Ask'd a friend, amidst the throng, Whose coach it was that trail'd along: "The gilded coach there—don't ye mind? That, with the footmen stuck behind."

O Sir, fays he, what! han't you feen it? 'Tis Damon's coach, and Damon in it.
'Tis odd methinks you have forgot
Your friend, your neighbour, and—what not!
Your old acquaintance Damon! "True;

But faith his equipage is new."

"Bless me," said I, "where can it end? What madness has possess'd my friend? Four powder'd slaves, and those the tallest, Their stomachs doubtless not the smallest! Can Damon's revenue maintain, In lace and food, so large a train? I know his land—each inch o' ground—'Tis not a mile to walk it round—If Damon's whole estate can bear To keep his lad, and one-horse chair, I own 'tis past my comprehension."

Yes, Sir, but Damon has a pension——

Thus

Thus does a false ambition rule us, Thus pomp delude, and folly fool us; To keep a race of flick'ring knaves, He grows himself the worst of slaves,

## xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx

## HINT from VOITURE.

L ET Sol his annual journeys run,
And when the radiant task is done,
Confess, thro' all the globe, 'twould pose him,
To match the charms that Gelia shews him.

And should he boast he once had seen As just a form, as bright a mien, Yet must it still for ever pose him, To match—what Celia never shews him.

### 

#### INSCRIPTION.

To the memory
Of A. L. Esquire,
Justice of the peace for this County:
Who, in the whole course of his pilgrimage
Thro' a trifling ridiculous world,
Maintaining his proper dignity,
Notwithstanding the scoffs of ill dispos'd persons,
And wits of the age,
That ridicul'd his behaviour,
Or censur'd his breeding;
Following the dictates of nature,
Desiring to ease the afflicted,
Eager to set the prisoners at liberty,
Without having for his end

The

The noise, or report such things generally cause In the world,

(As he was seen to perform them of none)
But the sole relief and happiness
Of the party in distress;
Himself resting easy,

When he could render that fo; Not griping, or pinching himfelf, To hoard up superfluities;

Not coveting to keep in his possession
What gives more disquietude, than pleasure;
But charitably disfusing it

To all round about him:

Making the most forrowful countenance

To fmile

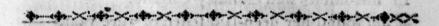
In his presence;

Always bestowing more than he was ask'd, Always imparting before he was defir'd; Not proceeding in this manner, Upon every trivial suggestion.

But the most mature and solemn deliberation;
With an incredible presence and undauntedness
Of mind;

With an inimitable gravity and œconomy
Of face:

Bidding loud defiance
To politeness and the fashion,
Dar'd let a f—t.



# To a FRIEND.

Ave you ne'er seen my gentle squire, The humours of your kitchen-fire? Says Ned to Sal, "I lead a spade,

Why don't ye play -- the girl's afraid-

Play fomething—any thing—but play—
'Tis but to pais the time away—
Phoo—how the ftands—biting her nails—
As though the play'd for half her vails—
Sorting her cards, hagling and picking—
We play for nothing, do us, chicken?—
That card will do—'blood never doubt it,
'Tis not worth while to think about it."

Sal thought, and thought, and miss'd her aim, And Ned, ne'er studying, won the game.

Methinks, old friend, 'tis wond'rous true,
That verse is but a game at loo.
While many a bard that shews so clearly,
He writes for his amusement merely,
Is known to study, fret, and toil,
And play for nothing all the while;
Or praise at most; for wreaths of yore
Ne'er signified a farthing more:
Till having vainly toil'd to gain it,
He sees your slying pen obtain it.

Thro' fragrant scenes the trifler roves,
And hallow'd haunts that Phæbus loves;
Where with strange heats his bosom glows,
And mystic slames the god bestows.
You now none other slame require,
Than a good blazing parlour-fire;
Write verses—to defy the scorners,
In shit-houses and chimney-corners.

Sal found her deep-laid schemes were vain,—
The cards are cut—come deal again—
No good comes on it when one lingers—
I'll play the cards come next my fingers—
Fortune could never let Ned loo her,
When she had left it wholly to her.

Well, now, who wins !—why, still the same——For Sal has lost another game.

" I've

"I've done;" (she mutter'd), "I was saying, It did not argufy my playing.
Some folks will win, they cannot chuse, But think or not think—some must lose. I may have won a game or so—
But then it was an age ago—
It ne'er will be my lot again—
I won it of a baby then—
Give me an ace of trumps, and see,
Our Ned will beat me with a three.
'Tis all by luck that things are carry'd—
He'll suffer for it when he's marry'd.

Thus Sal, with tears in either eye; While victor Ned fat titt'ring by.

Thus I, long envying your fuccess, And bent to write, and study less, Sat down, and scribbled in a trice, Just what you see—and you despise.

You who can frame a tuneful fong, And hum it as you ride along; And, trotting on the king's highway, Snatch from the hedge a sprig of bay; Accept this verse, howe'er it flows, From one that is your friend in prose.

What is this wreath, so green! so fair! Which many wish, and few must wear? Which some mens indolence can gain, And some mens vigils ne'er obtain? For what must Sal or poet sue, Ere they engage with Ned or you? For luck in verse, for luck at loo?

Ah no! 'tis genius gives you fame, And Ned, thro' skill secures the game.

na bar grafia or wallfilds and and how wreal

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## A SOLEMN MEDITATION.

Which robs our peaceful clay of rest? This triffe, which while we retain, Causes inquietude and pain! This breath, which we no sooner find, Than in a moment 'tis resign'd? Whose momentary noise, when o'er, Is never, never heard of more! And even monarchs, when it ends, Become offensive to their friends; Emit a putrid noisome smell, To those that lov'd'em e'er so well!

Pond'ring these things, within my heart, Surely, said I—Life is a f-t!

\*

# The POET and the DUN. 1741.

These are messengers,
That feelingly persuade me what I am.
SHAKESPEAR.

Omes a dun in the morning, and raps at my door—
"I made bold to call---'tis a twelvemonth and more-I'm forry, believe me, to trouble you thus, Sir,--But Job would be paid, Sir, had Job been a mercer."
My friend, have but patience---" Ay these are your ways."

I have got but one shilling to serve me two days--But

But, Sir,—prithee take it, and tell your attorney,
If I ha'nt paid your bill, I've paid for your journey.
Well, now thou art gone, let me govern my passion,
And calmly consider—consider? vexation!

What whore that must paint, and must put on false locks.

And counterfeit joy in the pangs of the pox!
What beggar's wife's nephew, now starv'd, and now beaten,

Who, wanting to eat, fears himself shall be eaten! What porter, what turnspit, can deem his case hard! Or what dun boast of patience that thinks of a bard! Well, I'll leave this poor trade, for no trade can be

poorer,
Turn shoe-boy, or courtier, or pimp, or procurer;
Get love, and respect, and good living, and pelf,
And dun some poor dog of a poet myself.
One's credit, however, of course will grow better;

Here enters the footman, and brings me a letter.

"Dear Sir, I receiv'd your obliging epiftle,

Your fame is fecure—bid the critics go whistle.

I read over with wonder the poem you fent me,

And I must speak your praises, no foul shall pre-

vent me.

The audience, believe me, cry'd out, ev'ry line Was strong, was affecting, was just, was divine; All pregnant as gold is, with worth, weight, and beauty. And to hide such a genius was—far from your duty. I foresee that the court will be hugely delighted, Sir Richard, for much a less genius was knighted. Adieu, my good friend, and for high life prepare ye; I could say much more, but you're modest, Ispare ye." Quite sir'd with the slatt'ry, I call for my paper, And waste that, and health, and my time, and my taper:

I scribble till morn, when with wrath no small store, Comes my old friend the mercer, and raps at my door.

"Ah! friend, 'tis but idle to make such a pother, Fate, fate has ordain'd us to plague one another."

## Written at an Inn at Henley.

TO thee, fair Freedom! I retire
From flatt'ry, cards, and dice, and ding
Nor art thou found in mansions higher
Than the low cott, or humble inn.

'Tis here with boundless pow'r I reign;
And ev'ry health which I begin,
Converts dull port to bright champaigne;
Such freedom crowns it at an inn.

I fly from pomp, I fly from plate!
I fly from fafehood's specious grin!
Freedom I love, and form I hate,
And chuse my lodgings at an inn.

Here, waiter, take my fordid ore,
Which lacqueys else might hope to win;
It buys what courts have not in store;
It buys me freedom at an inn.

Whoe'er has travell'd life's dull round,
Where'er his stages may have been,
May sigh to think he still has found
The warmest welcome at an inn.

#### SIMILE.

7HAT village but has fome time feen The clumfy shape, the frightful mien, Tremendous claws, and shagged hair, Of that grim brute yelip'd a bear? He from his dam, the learn'd agree, Receiv'd the curious form you fee; Who with her plaffic tongue alone, Produc'd a vifage-like her own.-And thus they hint, in myftic fashion, The pow'rful force of education \*-Perhaps you croud of fwains is viewing, E'en now, the strange exploits of Bruin; Who plays his antics, roars aloud; The wonder of a gaping croud! So have I known an awkward lad, Whose birth has made a parish glad, Forbid, for fear of fense, to roam, And taught by kind mamma at home. Who gives him many a well-try'd rule, With ways and means—to play the fool. In fense the same, in stature higher, He shines, ere long, a rural squire,

Pours forth unwitty jokes, and swears, And bawls, and drinks, but chiefly ftares. His tenants of superiour sense Carouze, and laugh, at his expence: And deem the pastime I'm relating, To be as pleasant as bear-baiting.

I stomen a ve publica dall ade al

Of a fond matron's education.

#### The CHARMS of PRECEDENCE:

#### A TALE.

"SIR, will you please to walk before?"

No, pray Sir—you are next the door.—

"—Upon mine honour, I'll not stir,"—

Sir, I'm at home, confider, Sir—
"Excuse me, Sir, I'll not go first."—
Well, if I must be rude, I must—
But yet I wish I could evade it---

Tis strangely clownish, be perfuaded.---Go forward, cits! go forward, squires!

Nor scruple each what each admires.

Life squares not, friends, with your proceeding;

It slies, while you display your breeding;

Such breeding as one's granam preaches,

Or some old dancing-master teaches.

O for some rude tumultuous fellow,

Half crazy, or, at least, half mellow,

To come behind you unawares,

And fairly push you both down stairs!

But death's at hand---let me advise ye,

Go forward, friends! or he'll furprise ye.

Besides, how infincere you are!

Do ye not flatter, lie, forswear,

And daily cheat, and weekly pray,

And all for this---to lead the way!

Such is my theme, which means to prove, That, tho' we drink, or game, or love, As that or this is most in fashion, Precedence is our ruling passion.

When college-students take degrees, And pay the beadle's endless fees, What moves that scientific body, But the first cutting at a gawdy? And whence such shoals, in bare conditions,
That starve and languish as physicians,
Content to trudge the streets, and stare at
The fat apothecary's chariot?
But that, in Charlet's chamber (see
Moliere's medicin malgre lui)
The leech, howe'er his fortunes vary,
Still walks before th'apothecary.

Flavia in vain has wit and charms,
And all that shines, and all that warms;
In vain all human race adore her,
For---Lady Mary ranks before her.

O Celia, gentle Celia! tell us,
You who are neither vain, nor jealous!
The foftest breast, the mildest mien!
Would you not feel some little spleen,
Nor bite your lip, nor furl your brow,
If Florimel, your equal now,
Should, one day, gain precedence of ye?
First serv'd---tho' in a dish of coffee!
Plac'd first, altho' where you are found,
You gain the eyes of all around?
Nam'd first, tho' not with half the same,
That waits my charming Celia's name?

Hard fortune! barely to infpire
Our fix'd efteem, and fond defire!
Barely, where'er you go, to prove
The fource of universal love!
Yet be content, observing this,
Honour's the offspring of caprice:
And worth, howe'er you have pursu'd it,
Has now no pow'r----but to exclude it.
You'll find your general reputation
A kind of supplemental station.

Poor Swift, with all his worth, could ne'er, He tells us, hope to rife a peer; So, to supply it, wrote for fame:
And well the wit secur'd his aim.

A common patriot has a drift,
Not quite so innocent as Swift:
In Britain's cause he rants, he labours;
"He's honest, faith"---have patience, neighbours;
For patriots may sometimes deceive,
May beg their friend's reluctant leave,
To serve them in a higher sphere;
And drop their virtue, to get there.---

As Lucian tells us in his fashion,
How souls put off each earthly passion,
Ere on Elysum's flow'ry strand,
Old Charon suffer'd 'em to land:
So ere we meet a court's caresses,
No doubt our souls must change their dresses;
And souls there be, who, bound that way,
Attire themselves ten times a-day.

If then 'tis rank which all men covet,
And faints alike and finners love it;
If place, for which our courtiers throng
So thick, that few can get along;
For which fuch fervile toils are feen,
Who's happier than a king?---a queen.

Howe'er men aim at elevation,
'Tis properly a female passion:
Women, and beaux, beyond all measure
Are charm'd with rank's ecstatic pleasure.

Sir, if your drift I rightly scan,
You'd hint a beau were not a man:
Say, women then are fond of places;
I wave all disputable cases.
A man perhaps would something linger,
Were his lov'd rank to cost--a singer;
Or were an ear or toe the price on't,
He might delib'rate once or twice on't;
Perhaps ask Gataker's advice on't.
And many, as their frame grows old,
Would hardly purchase it with gold.

But women wish precedence ever; Tis their whole life's supreme endeavour; It fires their youth with jealous rage, And strongly animates their age. Perhaps they would not sell outright, Or maim a limb—that was in sight; Yet, on worse terms, they sometimes chuse it; Nor, ev'n in punishments refuse it.

Pre-eminence in pain, you cry!
All fierce and pregnant with reply.
But lend your patience, and your ear,
An argument shall make it clear.
But hold, an argument may fail,
Beside my title says, a tale.

Where Avon rolls her winding stream,
Avon, the muse's fav'rite theme!
Avon, that fills the farmers purses,
And decks with flow'rs both farms and verses,
She visits many a fertile vale,
Such was the scene of this my tale.
For 'tis in Ev'sbam's vale, or near it,
That folks with laughter tell and hear it.
The soil with annual plenty bles'd
Was by young Corydon posses'd.
His youth alone I lay before ye,
As most material to my story:
For strength and vigour too he had 'em,
And 'twere not much amis, to add'em.

Thrice happy lout! whose wide domain
Now green with grass, now gilt with grain,
In ruster robes of clover deep,
Or thinly veil'd and white with sheep;
Now fragrant with the beans perfume,
Now purpled with the pulse's bloom,
Might well with bright allusion store me;
—But happier bards have been before me!

Amongst the various year's increase, The stripling own'd a field of pease; Which, when at night he ceas'd his labours, Were haunted by some female neighbours.

Each

Each morn discover'd to his fight The shameful havock of the night: Traces of this they left behind 'em, But no instructions where to find 'em. The devil's works are plain and evil, But few or none have feen the devil. Old Noll, indeed, if we may credit The words of Echard, who has faid it, Contriv'd with Satan how to fool us; And bargain'd face to face to rule us; But then old Noll was one in ten, And fought him more than other men. Our shepherd too, with like attention, May meet the female fiends we mention. He rose one morn at break of day, And near the field in ambush lay: When lo! a brace of girls appears, The third, a matron much in years. Smiling amidst the pease, the finners Sat down to cull their future dinners; And, caring little who might own 'em, Made free as though themselves had fown 'em.

'Tis worth a fage's observation,
How love can make a jest of passion.
Anger had forc'd the swain from bed,
His early dues to love unpaid!
And love, a god that keeps a pother,
And will be paid one time or other,
Now banish'd anger out o' door;
And claim'd the debt with-held before.
If anger bid our youth revile,
Love form'd his features to a smile:
And knowing well 'twas all grimace,
To threaten with a smiling face,
He in few words express'd his mind—
And none would deem them much unkind.
The am'rous youth, for their offence,

Demanded instant recompence:

A ...

That recompence from each, which shame Forbids a bashful muse to name.
Yet, more this sentence to discover,
Tis what Bett \*\* grants her lover,
When he, to make the strumpet willing,
Has spent his fortune—to a shilling.

Each stood a while, as 'twere suspended, And loath to do, what—each intended. At length, with soft pathetic sighs, The matron, bent with age, replies,

Tis vain to strive—justice, I know,
And our ill stars will have it so—
But let my tears your wrath assuage,
And shew some deference for age!
I from a distant village came,
Am old, G— knows, and something lame;
And if we yield, as yield we must,
Dispatch my crazy body first.

Our shepherd, like the Phrygian swain, When circled round on Ida's plain, With goddesses he stood suspended, And Pallas's grave speech was ended, Own'd what she ask'd might be his duty; But paid the compliment to beauty.



## ODE

To be performed by Dr Brettle, and a Chorus of Hales-owen CITIZENS.

The Instrumental Part, a Viol d'Amour.

## AIR by the Doctor.

A Wake! I say, awake, good people!

And be for once alive and gay;

Come let's be merry, stir the tipple;

How can you sleep,

Whilst I do play? how can you sleep, be.

#### CHORUS of CITIZENS.

Pardon, O! pardon, great mufician!
On drowfy fouls fome pity take!
For wondrous hard is our condition,
To drink thy beer,
Thy ftrains to hear;
To drink,
To hear,
And keep awake!

#### SOLO by the Doctor.

Hear but this strain—'twas made by Handel,
A wight of skill, and judgment deep!

Zoonters they're gone—Sal, bring a candle—
No, here is one, and he's asleep.

DU-

## DUETTE.

DR.---How could they go, Whilft I do play?

SAL. How could they go?

How should they stay?

Soft mulic.

Warlike music.

# \*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*

EPILOGUE to the Tragedy of CLEONE.

WELL, ladies—fo much for the tragic style—
And now the custom is to make you smile.
To make us smile!—methinks I hear you say—
Why, who can help it at so strange a play?
The captain gone three years!—and then to blame
The faultless conduct of his virtuous dame!
My stars—what gentle belle would think it treason,
When thus provok'd, to give the brute some reason?
Out of my house!—this night, for sooth, depart!
A modern wise had said,—"With all my heart—
But think not, haughty Sir, I'll go alone!
Order your coach,—conduct me safe to town—
Give me my jewels, wardrobe, and my maid—
And pray take care my pin-money be paid."

Such is the language of each modish fair!
Yet memoirs, not of modern growth, declare
The time has been when modesty and truth
Were deem'd additions to the charms of youth;
When women hid their necks, and vail'd their

Nor romp'd, nor rak'd, nor star'd at public places,

Nor took the airs of Amazons for graces:
Then plain domestic virtues were the mode,
And wives ne'er dream'd of happiness abroad:
They lov'd their children, learn'd no flaunting airs,
But with the joys of wedlock mix'd the cares.

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Those

Those times are past---yet sure they merit praise, For marriage triumph'd in those golden days: By chaste decorum they affection gain'd; By faith and fondness what they won, maintain'd.

Tis yours, ye fair, to bring those days agen,
And form anew the hearts of thoughtless men;
Make beauty's lustre amiable as bright,
And give the foul, as well as sense, delight;
Reclaim from folly a fantastic age,
That scorns the press, the pulpit, and the stage.
Let truth and tenderness your breasts adorn,
The marriage-chain with transport shall be worn.
Each blooming virgin rais'd into a bride,
Shall double all their joys, their cares divide
Alleviate grief, compose the jars of strife,
And pour the balm that sweetens human life.

## MORAL PIECES.

#### THE

## JUDGMENT OF HERCULES.

While blooming spring descends from gental skies,

By whose mild influence instant wonders rise;
From whose soft breath Elysian beauties slow;
The sweets of Hagley, or the pride of Stowe;
Will Lyttleton the rural landscape range,
Leave noisy fame, and not regret the change?
Pleas'd will he tread the garden's early scenes,
And learn a moral from the rising greens?
There, warm'd alike by Sol's enliv'ning pow'r,
The weed, aspiring, emulates the flow'r:
The drooping flow'r, its fairer charms display'd,
Invites, from grateful hands, their gen'rous aid:
Soon, if none check th' invasive foe's designs,
The lively lustre of these scenes declines!

Tis thus, the spring of youth, the morn of life, Rears in our minds the rival seeds of strife. Then passion riots, reason then contends; And on the conquest ev'ry bliss depends: Life from the nice decision takes its hue; And bless'd those judges who decide like you! On worth like theirs shall ev'ry bliss attend: The world their fav'rite, and the world their friend.

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There are, who blind to thought's fatiguing ray,
As fortune gives examples, urge their way;
Not virtue's foes, tho' they her paths decline,
And scarce her friends, tho' with her friends they join,
In her's, or vice's casual road advance,
Thoughtles, the sinners or the saints of chance!
Yet some more nobly from the vulgar voice;
With judgment fix, with zeal pursue their choice,
When ripen'd thought, when reason born to reign,
Checks the wild tumults of the youthful vein;
While passion's lawless tides, at their command,
Glide thro' more useful tracks, and bless the land.

Happiest of these is he whose matchless mind, By learning strengthen'd, and by taste refin'd, In virtue's cause essay'd its earliest pow'rs; Chose virtue's paths, and strew'd her paths with

flow'rs.

The first alarm'd, if freedom waves her wings: The fittest to adorn each art she brings: Lov'd by that prince whom ev'ry virtue fires; Prais'd by that bard whom ev'ry muse inspires: Bless'd in the tuneful art, the social slame; In all that wins, in all that merits same!

'Twas youth's perplexing stage his doubts inspir'd,
When great Alcides to a grove retir'd.
Thro' the lone windings of a devious glade,
Resign'd to thought, with ling'ring steps he stray'd;
Blest with a mind to taste sincerer joys;
Arm'd with a heart each false one to despise.
Dubious he stray'd, with wav'ring thoughts possess,
Alternate passions struggling shar'd his breast;
The various arts which human cares divide,
In deep attention all his mind employ'd:
Anxious, if same an equal blist secur'd;
Or silent ease with softer charms allur'd.
The sylvan choir whose numbers sweetly slow'd,
The fount that murmur'd, and the slow'rs that
blow'd;

The

The filver flood that in meanders led His glitt'ring streams along th' enliven'd mead; The soothing breeze, and all those beauties join'd, Which, whilst they please, effeminate the mind. In vain! while distant, on a summit rais'd, Th' imperial tow'rs of fame attractive blaz'd.

While thus he trac'd thro' fancy's puzzling maze The sep'rate sweets of pleasure, and of praise; Sudden the wind a fragrant gale convey'd, And a new lustre gain'd upon the shade. Ar once before his wond'ring eyes were feen Two female forms of more than mortal mien. Various their charms; and, in their drefs and face, Each feem'd to vie with some peculiar grace. This, whose attire less clogg'd with art appear'd, The fimple fweets of innocence endear'd. Her sprightly bloom, her quick sagacious eye, Shew'd native merit mix'd with modesty. Her air diffus'd a mild, yet awful ray, Severely fweet, and innocently gay. Such the chafte image of the martial maid, In artless folds of virgin-white array'd! She let no borrow'd rose her cheeks adorn, Her blushing cheeks that sham'd the purple morn. Her charms nor had nor wanted artful foils, Or study'd gestures, or well practis'd smiles. She fcorn'd the toys which render beauty less; She prov'd th' engaging chaffity of dress; And while she chose in native charms to shine, Ev'n thus she seem'd, nay more than seem'd, divine. One modest em'rald clasp'd the robe she wore, And, in her hand, th' imperial fword she bore. Sublime her height, majestic was her pace, And match'd the awful honours of her face. The shrubs, the flow'rs, that deck the verdant ground,

Seem'd, where she trode, with rising lustre crown'd.

Still her approach with stronger influence warm'd; She pleas'd, while distant, but, when near, she charm'd.

So strikes the gazers eye, the silver gleam That glitt'ring quivers o'er a distant stream; But from its banks we see new beauties rise, And, in its crystal bosom, trace the skies.

With other charms the rival vision glow'd, And from her dress her tinsel beauties flow'd. A flutt'ring robe her pamper'd shape conceal'd, And seem'd to shade the charms it best reveal'd. Its form, contriv'd her faulty fize to grace; Its hue, to give fresh lustre to her face. Her plaited hair difguis'd with brilliants glar'd; Her cheeks the ruby's neighb'ring lustre shar'd; The gaudy topaz lent its gay supplies, And ev'ry gem that strikes less curious eves ; Expos'd her breast with foreign sweets perfum'd; And, round her brow, a rofeate garland bloom'd. Soft-smiling, blushing lips conceal'd her wiles; Yet ah! the blushes artful as the smiles. Oft gazing on her shade, th' enraptur'd fair Decreed the fubstance well deferv'd her care: Her thoughts to others charms malignly blind, Center'd in that, and were to that confin'd; And if on others eyes a glance were thrown. 'Twas but to watch the influence of her own. Much like her guardian, fair Cythera's queen. When for her warrior she refines her mien; Or when, to bless her Delian fav'rite's arms. The radiant fair invigorates her charms. Much like her pupil, Egypt's sportive dame, Her dress expressive, and her air the same, When her gay bark o'er filver Cydnos roll'd, And all th'emblazon'd ftreamers wav'd in gold. Such shone the vision; nor forbore to move. The fond contagious airs of lawless love. Each wanton eye deluding glances fir'd, And am'rous dimples on each cheek conspir'd. Lifelefa Lifeless her gait, and slow, with seeming pain,
She dragg'd her loit'ring limbs along the plain;
Yet made some faint efforts, and first approach'd
the swain.

So glaring draughts, with taudry lustre bright, Spring to the view, and rush upon the sight: More slowly charms a Raphael's chaster air, Waits the calm search, and pays the searcher's care.

Wrapt in a pleas'd suspense, the youth survey'd The various charms of each attractive maid; Alternate each he view'd, and each admir'd, And found, alternate, varying slames inspir'd. Quick o'er their forms his eyes with pleasure ran, When she, who first approach'd him, first began.

"Hither, dear boy, direct thy wand'ring eyes;
Tis here the lovely vale of pleasure lies.
Debate no more, to me thy life resign;
Each sweet which nature can diffuse is mine.
For me the nymph diversifies her pow'r,
Springs in a tree, or blossoms in a flow'r;
To please my ear, she tunes the linner's strains;
To please my eye, with lilies paints the plains;
To form my couch, in mosty beds she grows;
To gratify my smell, persumes the rose;
Reveals the fair, the fertile scene you see,
And swells the vegetable world for me.

Let the gull'd fool the toils of war pursue, Where bleed the many to enrich the few: Where chance from courage claims the boasted prize:

Where, the five, your country oft denies. Industrious thou shalt Cupid's wars maintain, And ever gently fight his soft campaign. His darts alone shalt wield, his wounds endure, Yet only suffer, to enjoy the cure. Yield but to me---a choir of nymphs shall rise, And fire thy breast, and bless thy ravish'd eyes. Their beauteous cheeks a fairer rose shall wear, A brighter lily on their necks appear; Where

Where fondly thou thy favour'd head shall rest, Soft as the down that swells the cygnet's nest! While Philomel in each soft voice complains, And gently lulls thee with mellissuous strains; Whilst, with each accent, sweetest odours slow; And spicy gums round ev'ry bosom glow. Not the sam'd bird Arabian climes admire, Shall in such luxury of sweets expire. At sloth let war's victorious sons exclaim; In vain! for Pleasure is my real name:

Nor envy thou the head with bays o'ergrown; No, seek thou roses to adorn thy own:

For well each op'ning scene, that claims my care, Suits and deserves the beauteous crown I wear.

Let others prune the vine; the genial bowl Shall crown thy table, and enlarge thy foul. Let vulgar hands explore the brilliant mine, So the gay produce glitter still on thine. Indulgent Bacchus loads his lab'ring tree, And, guarding, gives its cluff'ring sweets to me. For my lov'd train, Apollo's piercing beam Darts thro' the paffive glebe, and frames the gem. See in my cause consenting gods employ'd, Nor flight those gods, their bleffings unenjoy'd! For thee the poplar shall its amber drain; For thee, in clouded beauty, fpring the cane: Some costly tribute ev'ry clime shall pay; Some charming treasure ev'ry wind convey; Each object round some pleasing scene shall yield; Art build thy dome, while nature decks thy field; Of Corinth's order shall the structure rise: The spiring turrets glitter thro' the skies; Thy costly robe shall glow with Tyrian rays: Thy vafe shall sparkle, and thy car shall blaze; Yet thou, whatever pomp the fun display, Shalt own the am'rous night exceeds the day.

When melting flutes, and sweetly founding lyres Wake the gay loves, and cite the young defires;

Or,

Or, in th' Ionian dance, some fav'rite maid Improves the slame her sparkling eyes convey'd; Think, canst thou quit a glowing Delia's arms, To feed on virtue's visionary charms? Or slight the joys which wit and youth engage, For the faint honour of a frozen sage? To find dull envy ev'n that hope deface, And, where you toil'd for glory, reap disgrace?

O! think that beauty waits on thy decree,
And thy lov'd loveliest charmer pleads with me.
She, whose soft smile, or gentler glance to move,
You vow'd the wild extremities of love;
In whose endearments years, like moments, slew;
For whose endearments millions seem'd too few;
She, she implores; she bids thee seize the prime,
And tread with her the flow'ry tracks of time;
Nor thus her lovely bloom of life bestow
On some cold lover, or insulting foe.
Think, if against that tongue thou canst rebel,
Where love yet dwelt, and reason seem'd to dwell;
What strong persuasion arms her softer sighs!
What full conviction sparkles in her eyes!

See nature smiles, and birds falute the shade, Where breathing jasmin screens the sleeping maid: And fuch her charms, as to the vain may prove, Ambition feeks more humble joys than love! Their bufy toil shall ne'er invade thy reign, Nor sciences perplex thy lab'ring brain: Or none, but what with equal fweets invite; Nor other arts, but to prolong delight: Sometimes thy fancy prune her tender wing, To praise a pendant, or to grace a ring; To fix the dress that fuits each varying mien; To shew where best the clust'ring gems are seen; To figh foft strains along the vocal grove, And tell the charms, the fweet effects of love! Nor fear to find a coy difdainful muse; Nor think the fifters will their aid refuse. Cool grots, and tinkling rills, or filent shades, Soft scenes of leifure! fuit th' harmonious maids; And And all the wife, and all the grave decree Some of that facred train ally'd to me.

But if more specious ease thy wishes claim, And thy breast glow with faint desire of fame, Some softer science shall thy thoughts amuse, And learning's name a solemn sound diffuse: To thee all nature's curious stores I'll bring, Explain the beauties of an insect's wing; The plant, which nature, less diffusely kind, Has to sew climes with partial care confin'd; The shell she scatters with more careless air, And, in her frolics, seems supremely fair: The worth that dazzles in the tulip's stains, Or lurks beneath a pebble's various veins.

Sleep's downy god, averse to war's alarms, Shall o'er thy head diffuse his softest charms; Ere anxious thought thy dear repose assail, Or care, my most destructive soe, prevail. The wat'ry nymphs shall tune the vocal vales, And gentle zephyrs harmonize their gales, For thy repose, inform, with rival joy, Their streams to murmur, and their winds to sigh. Thus shalt thou spend the sweetly slowing day, Till lost in bliss thou breathe thy soul away: Till she t'Elysian bow'rs of joy repair, Nor find my charming scenes exceeded there."

She ceas'd; and on a lily'd bank reclin'd,
Her flowing robe wav'd wanton with the wind:
One tender hand her drooping head fustains;
One points, expressive, to the flow'ry plains.
Soon the fond youth perceiv'd her influence ross
Deep in his breast, to melt his manly soul:
As when Favonius joins the solar blaze,
And each fair fabric of the frost decays.
Soon, to his breast, the soft harangue convey'd
Resolves too partial to the specious maid.
He sigh'd, he gaz'd, so sweetly smil'd the dame;
Yet sighing, gazing, seem'd to scorn his slame;
And, oft as virtue caught his wand'ring eye,
A crimson blush condemn'd the rising sigh.

'Twas fuch the ling'ring Trojan's shame betray'd, When Maia's son the frown of Jove display'd; When wealth, fame, empire, could no balance prove,

For the fost reign of Dide, and of love. Thus ill with arduous glory love conspires; Soft tender flames with bold impetuous fires!

Some hov'ring doubts his anxious bosom mov'd, And virtue, zealous fair! those doubts improv'd.

"Fly, fly, fond youth, the too indulgent maid, Nor err, by such fantastic scenes betray'd. Tho' in my path the rugged thorn be seen, And the dry turf disclose a fainter green; Tho' no gay rose, or flow'ry product shine, The barren surface still conceals the mine. Each thorn that threatens, ev'n the weed that grows In virtue's path, superiour sweets bestows—Yet should those boasted specious toys allure, Whence could fond sloth the statt'ring gifts procure?

The various wealth that tempts thy fond defire,
'Tis I alone, her greatest foe, acquire.
I from old ocean rob the treasur'd store;
I thro' each region, latent gems explore;
'Twas I the rugged brilliant first reveal'd;
By num'rous strata deep in earth conceal'd;
'Tis I the surface yet refine, and show
'The modest gem's intrinsic charms to glow.
Nor swells the grape, nor spires its feeble tree,
Without the firm supports of industry.

But grant we floth the scene herself has drawn,
The mostly grotto, and the slow'ry lawn;
Let Philomela tune th' harmonious gale,
And with each breeze eternal sweets exhale;
Let gay Pomona slight the plains around,
And choose, for fairest fruits, the favour'd ground.
To bless the fertile vale should virtue cease;
Nor mostly grots, nor flow'ry lawns could please;
P

Nor gay Pomona's luscious gifts avail, The found harmonious, or the spicy gale.

Seeft thou you rocks in dreadful pomp arise, Whose rugged cliffs deform th' encircling skies? Those fields, whence Phæbus all their moisture drains,

And, too profusely fond, disrobes the plains? When I vouchsafe to tread the barren soil, Those rocks seem lovely, and those desarts smile. The form thou view'st, to ev'ry scene with ease Transfers its charms, and ev'ry scene can please. When I have on those pathless wilds appear'd, And the lone wand'rer with my presence cheer'd; Those cliss the exile has with pleasure view'd, And call'd that desart blissful solitude!

Nor I alone to fuch extend my care:
Fair blooming Health furveys her altars there.
Brown exercise will lead thee where she reigns,
And with reflected lustre gild the plains.
With her, in flow'r of youth, and beauty's pride,
Her offspring, calm content and peace, reside.
One ready off'ring suits each neighb'ring shrine;
And all obey their laws, who practise mine.

But health averse from sloth's smooth region slies:
And, in her absence, pleasure droops and dies.
Her bright companions, mirth, delight, repose,
Smile where she smiles, and sicken when she goes.

A galaxy of pow'rs! whose forms appear

For ever beauteous, and for ever near.

Nor will foft fleep to floth's request incline,
He from her couches flies unbid to mine.
Vain is the sparkling bowl, the warbling strain,
Th'incentive song, the labour'd viand vain!
Where she relentless reigns without controul,
And checks each gay excursion of the soul:
Unmov'd, tho' beauty deck'd in all its charms,
Grace the rich couch, and spread the softest arms:

Till

Till joyles indolence fuggests desires;
Or drugs are sought to furnish languid fires:
Such languid fires as on the vitals prey,
Barren of bliss, but fertile of decay.
As artful heats, apply'd to thirsty lands,
Produce no flow'rs, and but debase the sands.

But let fair Health her chearing smiles impart,
How sweet is nature, how superfluous art!
'Tis she the fountains ready draught commends,
And smooths the slinty course which fortune leads.
And, when my hero from his toils retires,
Fills his gay bosom with unusual fires,
And, while no cheeks th' unbounded joy reprove,
Aids and refines the genuine sweets of love.
His fairest prospect rising trophies frame:
His sweetest music is the voice of same;
Pleasures to sloth unknown! she never found
How fair the prospect, or how sweet the sound.

See fame's gay structure from yonfummit charms, And fires the manly breast to arts or arms: Nor dread the steep ascent, by which you rise From grov'ling vales to tow'rs which reach the skies.

Love, fame, esteem, 'tis labour must acquire;
The smiling offspring of a rigid sire!
To fix the friend, your service must be shewn;
All, ere they lov'd your merit, lov'd their own.
That wond'ring Greece your portrait may admire,
That tuneful bards may string for you their lyre,
That books may praise, or coins record your name,
Such, such rewards 'tis toil alone can claim!
And the same column which displays to view
The conqu'rors name, displays the conquest too.

'I'was flow Experience, tedious mistress! taught. All that e'er nobly spoke, or bravely fought. 'I'was she the patriot, she the bard refin'd, In arts that serve, protect, or please mankind.

P 2

Not the vain visions of inactive schools; Not fancy's maxims, not opinion's rules, E'er form'd the man whose gen'rous warmth extends

T' enrich his country, or to serve his friends. On active worth the laurel war bestows: Peace rears her olive for industrious brows: Nor earth, uncultur'd, yields its kind supplies: Nor heav'n its show'rs, without a facrifice.

See far below fuch grov'ling scenes of shame, As lull to rest Ignavia's slumb'ring dame. Her friends, from all the toils of fame fecure, Alas! inglorious, greater toils endure. Doom'd all to mourn, who in her cause engage A youth enervate, and a painful age! A fickly faples mass, if reason flies; And, if the linger, impotently wife! A thoughtless train, who pamper'd, sleek, and gay, Invite old age, and revel youth away; From life's fresh vigour move the load of care. And idly place it where they leaft can bear. When to the mind, difeas'd, for aid they fly, What kind reflection shall the mind supply? When, with loft health, what should the lofs allay, Peace, peace is loft; a comfortless decay! But to my friends, when youth, when pleafure flies, And earth's dim beauties fade before their eyes, Thro' death's dark vitta flow'ry tracks are feen, Elyfian plains, and groves for ever green. If o'er their lives a refluent glance they caft, Theirs is the present who can praise the past. Life has its blifs for thefe, when past its bloom, As wither'd roses yield a late perfume.

How calm they glide into the port of age!

Of the rude voyage less depriv'd than eas'd;

More tir'd than pain'd, and weaken'd than diseas'd.

For

For health on age, 'tis temp'rance must bestow; And peace from piety alone can flow; And all the incense bounteous Jove requires, Has sweets for him who feeds the sacred fires.—

Sloth views the tow'rs of fame with envious eyes;
Defirous still, still impotent to rife.
Oft, when resolv'd to gain those blissful tow'rs,
The pensive queen the dire ascent explores,
Comes onward, wasted by the balmy trees,
Some silvan music, or some scented breeze:
She turns her head, her own gay realm she spies,
And all the short-liv'd resolution dies.
Thus some fond insect's falt'ring pinions wave,
Clasp'd in its fav'rite sweets, a lasting slave:
And thus in vain these charming visions please
The wretch of glory, and the slave of ease:
Doom'd ever in ignoble state to pine,
Boast her own scenes, and languish after mine.

But shun her snares: nor let the world exclaim,
Thy birth, which was thy glory, prov'd thy shame.
With early hope thine infant actions sir'd;
Let manhood crown what infancy inspir'd.
Let gen'rous toils reward with health thy days,
Prolong thy prime, and eternize thy praise.
The bold exploit that charms th' attesting age,
To latest times shall gen'rous hearts engage;
And with that myrtle shall thy shrine be crown'd,
With which, alive, thy graceful brows were bound:
Till time shall bid thy virtues freely bloom,
And raise a temple where it found a tomb.

Then in their feasts thy name shall Grecians join; Shall pour the sparkling juice to Jove's and thine. Thine, us'd in war, shall raise their native fire; Thine, us'd in peace, their mutual faith inspire, Dulness perhaps through want of sight may blame, And spleen, with odious industry, defame; And that, the honours giv'n, with wonder view, And this, in secret sadness, own them due:

P 3

Contempt:

Contempt and envy were by fate defign'd
The rival tyrants which divide mankind;
Contempt, which none but who deferve can bear;
While envy's wounds the smiles of fame repair.
For know, the gen'rous thine exploits shall fire,
Thine ev'ry friend it suits thee to require,
Lov'd by the gods, and, till their seats I show,

Lov'd by the good their images below."

Cease, lovely maid, fair daughter of the skies My guide! my queen! th' ecstatic youth replies: In thee I trace a form defign'd for fway; Which chiefs may court, and kings with pride obey. And, by thy bright immortal friends I fwear, Thy fair idea shall no toils impair. Lead me! O lead me where whole hofts of foes Thy form depreciate, and thy friends oppose! Welcome all toils th' unequal fates decree, While toils endear thy faithful charge to thee. Such be my cares, to bind th' oppressive hand, And crush the fetters of an injur'd land: To fee the monster's noxious life refign'd, And tyrants quell'd, the monsters of mankind! Nature shall smile to view the vanquish'd brood, And none but envy riot unfubdu'd. In cloifter'd state let felfish fages dwell, Proud that their heart is narrow as their cell; And boaft their mazy labyrinth of rules, Far less the friends of virtue, than the fools: Yet fuch in vain thy fav'ring finiles pretend; For HE is thine, who proves his country's friend. Thus when my life well fpent the good enjoy, And the mean envious labour to destroy; When, strongly lur'd by fame's contiguous shrine, I yet devote my choicer vows to thine; If all my toils thy promis'd favour claim, O lead thy fav'rite through the gates of fame!

He ceas'd his vows, and, with disdainful air,

He turn'd to blaft the late exulting fair.

But

But vanish'd, sled to some more friendly shore,
The conscious phantom's beauty pleas'd no more t
Convinc'd her spurious charms of dress and face
Claim'd a quick conquest, or a sure disgrace.
Fantastic pow'r! whose transient charms allur'd,
While error's mist the reas'ning mind obscur'd:
Not such the victres, virtue's constant queen
Endur'd the test of truth, and dar'd be seen.
Her bright'ning form and features seem'd to own,
'Twas all her wish, her int'rest to be known:
And, when his longing view the fair declin'd,
Lest a full image of her charms behind.

Thus reigns the moon, with furtive splendour-

Executive fields where goes pride them an

Langell is great to the the pulpain at

crown'd,

While glooms oppress us, and thick shades furround.

But let the fource of light its beams display, Languid and faint the mimic flames decay, And all the fick ning splendour fades away.

TRE

#### THE

# PROGRESS of TASTE;

O R,

#### The FATE of DELICACY.

A POEM on the Temper and Studies of the AUTHOR; and how great a misfortune it is for a man of small estate to have much Taste.

# 

#### PART THE FIRST.

PErhaps some cloud eclips'd the day,
When thus I tun'd my pensive lay.
"The ship is launch'd—we catch the gale—
On life's extended ocean fail:
For happiness our course we bend,
Our ardent cry, our gen'ral end!
Yet ah! the scenes which tempt our care
Are like the forms dispers'd in air,
Still dancing near disorder'd eyes;
And weakest his, who best descries!

Yet let me not my birthright barter, (For wishing is the poet's charter; All bards have leave to wish what's wanted, Tho' few ere found their wishes granted; Extensive field! where poets pride them In singing all that is deny'd them.) That plain warm fuit for ev'ry day!

And pleafure, and brocade, bestow;

To flaunt it—once a month, or so.

The first for constant wear we want;

The first, ye pow'rs! for ever grant!

But constant wear the last bespatters,

And turns the tissue into tatters.

Where'er my vagrant course I bend, Let me secure one faithful friend. Let me, in public scenes, request A friend of wit and taste, well drest: And, if I must not hope such favour, A friend of wit and taste, however.

Alas! that wisdom ever shuns To congregate her fcatter'd fons; Whose nervous forces, well combin'd, Would win the field, and fway mankind. The fool will squeeze, from morn to night, To fix his follies full in fight; The note he strikes, the plume he shows, Attract whole flights of fops and beaux; And kindred-fools, who ne'er had known him, Flock at the fight, carefs and own him. But ill-starr'd sense, nor gay nor loud, Steals foft, on tip-toe, thro' the croud; Conveys his meagre form between; And flides, like pervious air, unseen: Contracts his known tenuity, As though 'twere ev'n a crime to be: Nor ev'n permits his eyes to ftray, And win acquaintance in their way.

In company, fo mean his air,
You scarce are conscious he is there:
Till from some nook, like sharpen'd steel,
Occurs his sace's thin profile.
Still seeming, from the gazer's eye,
Like Venus, newly-bath'd, to sly.

Yet while reluctant he displays His real gems before the blaze, The fool hath, in its centre, plac'd His tawdry stock of painted paste. Difus'd to fpeak, he tries his skill; Speaks coldly, and fucceeds but ill; His pensive manner, dulness deem'd; His modesty, reserve esteem'd; His wit unknown, his learning vain, He wins not one of all the train. And those who, mutually known, In friendship's fairest list had shone, Less prone, than pebbles, to unite, Retire to shades from public fight; Grow favage, quit their focial nature; And starve, to study mutual fatire.

But friends and fav'rites, to chagrin them, Find counties, countries, seas between them: Meet once a year, then part, and then

Retiring, wish to meet again.

Sick of the thought, let me provide Some human form to grace my fide; At hand, where'er I shape my course; An useful, pliant, stalking horse!

No gesture free from some grimace;
No seam without its share of lace;
But, mark'd with gold, or silver either,
Hint where his coat was piec'd together.
His legs be lengthen'd, I advise,
And stockings roll'd abridge his thighs.
What tho' Vandyck had other rules,
What had Vandyck to do with fools!
Be nothing wanting, but his mind;
Before, a solitaire; behind,
A twisted riband, like the track
Which nature gives an ass's back.
Silent, as midnight! pity 'twere
His wisdom's slender wealth to share;

And, whilst in flocks our fancies stray, To wish the poor man's lamb away.

This form attracting ev'ry eye,
I strole all unregarded by:
This wards the jokes of ev'ry kind,
As an umbrella sun or wind;
Or, like a spunge, absorbs the fallies,
And pestilential sumes of malice;
Or, like a splendid shield, is sit
To screen the templar's random wit;
Or what some gentler cit lets fall,
As wooll-packs quash the leaden ball.
Allusions these of weaker sorce,

And apter still the stalking horse!

O let me wander all unseen,
Beneath the fanction of his mien!
As lilies soft, as roses fair!
Empty as air-pumps drain'd of air!
With steady eve and page remark

With steady eye and pace remark
The speckled flock that haunts the park \*:
Level my pen with wondrous heed
At follies, flocking there to feed:
And, as my satire bursts amain,
See feather'd fopp'ry strew the plain.

But when I feek my rural grove,
And share the peaceful haunts I love,
Let none of this unhallow'd train
My sweet sequester'd paths profane.
Oft may some polish'd virtuous friend
To these soft-winding vales descend;
And love with me inglorious things,
And scorn with me the pomp of kings:
And check me, when my bosom burns
For statues, paintings, coins, and urns.
For I in Damon's pray'r could join,
And Damon's wish might now be mine—
But all dispers'd! the wish, the pray'r,
Are driven to mix with common air.

<sup>\*</sup> St James's.

#### PART THE SECONDA

HOW happy once was Damon's lot,
While yet romantic schemes were not!
Ere yet he sent his weakly eyes,
To plan frail castles in the skies;
Forsaking pleasures cheap and common,
To court a blaze, still slitting from one.

Ah happy Damon! thrice and more, Had tafte ne'er touch'd thy tranquil shore.

Oh days! when to a girdle ty'd The couples gingled at his fide; And Damon swore he would not barter The sportsman's girdle for a garter!

Whoever came to kill an hour, Found easy Damon in their pow'r; Pure social nature all his guide, "Damon had not a grain of pride."

He wish'd not to elude the snares
Which knav'ry plans, and crast prepares;
But rather wealth to crown their wiles;
And win their universal smiles:
For who are cheerful, who at ease,
But they who cheat us as they please?

He wink'd at many a gross design, The new-fall'n calf might countermine: Thus ey'ry fool allow'd his merit; "Yes! Damon had a gen'rous spirit!"

A coxcomb's jest, however vile, Was sure, at least, of Damon's smile: That coxcomb ne'er deny'd him sense; For why? it prov'd his own pretence: All own'd, were modesty away, Damon could shine as much as they.

When wine and folly came in season, Damon ne'er strove to save his reason;

Obnoxious

Obnoxious to the mad uproar;
A fpy upon a hostile shore!
'Twas this his company endear'd;
Mirth never came till he appear'd;
His lodgings—ev'ry draw'r could shew 'em;
The slave was kick'd, who did not know 'em.

Thus Damon, studious of his ease,
And pleasing all whom mirth could please;
Defy'd the world, like idle Colley,
To shew a softer word than folly.
Since wisdom's gorgon-shield was known
To stare the gazer into stone;
He chose to trust in folly's charm,
To keep his breast alive and warm.

At length grave learning's fober train Remark'd the trifler with disdain; The sons of taste contemn'd his ways, And rank'd him with the brutes that graze: While they to nobler heights aspir'd, And grew belov'd, esteem'd, admir'd.

Hence with our youth, not void of spirit,
His old companions lost their merit:
And ev'ry kind, well-natur'd sot,
Seem'd a dull play, without a plot;
Where ev'ry yawning guest agrees,
The willing creature strives to please;
But temper never could amuse;
It barely led us to excuse;
'Twas true, conversing, they averr'd,
All they had seen, or felt, or heard;
Talents of weight! for wights like these,
The law might chuse for witnesses:
But sure th' attesting dry narration
Ill suits a judge of conversation.

\* What were their freedoms? mere excuses To vent ill manners, blows, and bruises.

<sup>\*</sup> Boisterous mirth.

Yet freedom, gallant freedom! hailing,
At form, at form, incessant railing,
Would they examine each offence,
Its latent cause, its known pretence,
Punctilio ne'er was known to breed'em,
So sure as fond prolific freedom.
Their courage? but a loaded gun;
Machine the wise would wish to shun;
Its guard unsafe, its lock an ill one,
Where accident might fire and kill one.

In short, disgusted out of measure, Thro' much contempt, and slender pleasure, His fense of dignity returns; With native pride his bosom burns; He feeks respect—but how to gain it? Wit, focial mirth, could ne'er obtain it: And laughter, where it reigns uncheck'd, Discards and diffipates respect: The man who gravely bows, enjoys it; But shaking hands, at once destroys it. Precarious plant, which fresh and gay, Shrinks at the touch, and fades away! Come then, referve! yet from thy train Banish contempt, and curs'd disdain. Teach me, he cry'd, the magic art To act the decent distant part: To husband well my complaifance, Nor let ev'n wit too far advance; But chuse calm reason for my theme, In these her royal realms supreme; And o'er her charms, with caution shown, Be still a graceful umbrage thrown; And each abrupter period crown'd, With nods, and winks, and fmiles profound. Till rescu'd from the croud beneath, No more with pain to move or breathe, I rise with head elate, to share Salubrious draughts of purer air.

Respect

Respect is won by grave pretence And silence, surer ev'n than sense

'Tis hence the facred grandeur springs Of eastern—and of other kings, Or whence this awe to virtue due, While virtue's distant as Peru? The sheathless sword the guard displays, Which round emits its dazzling rays: The stately fort, the turrets tall, Portcullis'd gate, and battled wall, Less screens the body, than controuls, And wards contempt from royal souls.

The crowns they wear but check the eye,
Before it fondly pierce too nigh;
That dazzled crouds may be employ'd
Around the furface of—the void.
O! 'tis the statesman's craft profound
To scatter his amusements round,
To tempt us from their conscious breast,
Where full-fledg'd crimes enjoy their nest.
Nor awes us ev'ry worth reveal'd
So deeply, as each vice conceal'd.

The lordly log, dispatch'd of yore,
That the frog-people might adore,
With guards to keep them at a distance,
Had reign'd, nor wanted wit's affistance:
Nay—had addresses from his nation,
In praise of log-administration.

# PART THE THIRD.

THE buoyant fires of youth were o'er,
And fame and finery pleas'd no more;
Productive of that gen'ral stare,
Which cool reflection ill can bear!
And, crouds commencing mere vexation,
Retirement sent its invitation.

Q2

Romantic

Romantic scenes of pendant hills, And verdant vales, and falling rills, And mosfy banks the fields adorn, Where Damon, simple swain, was born.

The dryads rear'd a fhady grove; Where fuch as think, and fuch as love, Might fafely figh their fummer's day, Or muse their filent hours away.

The oreads lik'd the climate well, And taught the level plain to swell, In verdant mounds, from whence the eye Might all their larger works descry.

The naiads pour'd their urns around, From nodding rocks o'er vales profound. They form'd their streams to please the view, And bade them wind, as serpents do: And having shewn them where to stray, Threw little pebbles in their way.

These fancy, all-sagacious maid, Had at their several tasks survey'd: She saw and smil'd; and oft would lead Our Damon's foot o'er hill and mead; There, with descriptive singer, trace The genuine beauties of the place; And when she all its charms had shown, Prescribe improvements of her own.

Its brow with ambient beeches crown'd!
Twould well become thy gentle care
To raise a dome to Venus there:
Pleas'd would the nymphs thy zeal survey
And Venus, in their arms, pepay.
Twas such a shade, and such a nook,
In such a vale, near such a brook,
From such a rocky fragment springing,
That sam'd Apollo chose to sing in.
There let an altar wrought with art
Engage thy tuneful patron's heart.

How charming there to muse and warble Beneath his bust of breathing marble? With laurel wreath, and mimic lyre, That crown a poet's vast defire. Then, near it scoop the vaulted cell Where music's \* charming maids may dwell; Prone to indulge thy tender paffion, And make thee many an affignation. Deep in the grove's obscure retreat Be plac'd Minerva's facred feat; There let her awful turrets rife, (For wisdom flies from vulgar eyes): There her calm dictates shalt thou hear Distinctly strike thy list'ning ear: And who would fhun the pleafing labour, To have Minerva for his neighbour?"

In fhort, fo charm'd each wild fuggestion, Its truth was little call'd in question: And Damon dream'd he faw the fawns, And nymphs, distinctly skim the lawns; Now trac'd amid the trees, and then Loft in the circling shades again, With leer oblique their lover viewing-And Cupid—panting—and purfuing— Fancy, enchanting fair, he cry'd, Be thou my goddess! thou my guide! For thy bright visions I despise What foes may think, or friends advise. The feign'd concern, when folks furvey Expence, time, study cast away; The real spleen, with which they see: I please myself, and follow thee.

Thus glow'd his breast by fancy warm'd; And thus the fairy landscape charm'd. But most he hop'd his constant care Might win the favour of the fair; And, wand'ring late thro' yonder glade,

He thus the foft design betray'd.

Q 3

er Ye

"Ye doves! for whom I rear'd the grove, With melting lays falute my love! My Delia with your notes detain, Or I have rear'd the grove in vain! Ye flow'rs! which early fpring fupplies, Display at once your brightest dyes! That she your op'ning charms may see; Or what were elfe your charms to me? Kind zephyr! bruth each fragrant flow'r, And shed its odours round my bow'r. Or ne'er again, O gentle wind! Shall I, in thee, refreshment find. Ye streams, if e'er your banks I lov'd, If e'er your native founds improv'd, May each foft murmur footh my fair; Or oh 'twill deepen my despair! Be fure, ye willows! you be feen Array'd in liveliest robes of green; Or I will tear your flighted boughs, And let them fade around my brows. And thou, my grott! whose lonely bounds. The melancholy pine furrounds! May she admire thy peaceful gloom, Or thou shalt prove her lover's tomb."

And now the lofty domes were rear'd; Loud laugh'd the squires, the rabble star'd.

"See, neighbours, what our Damon's doing!
I think fome folks are fond of ruin!
I faw his sheep at random stray—
But he has thrown his crook away—
And builds such huts as, in foul weather,
Are sit for sheep nor shepherd neither."

Whence came the fober fwain misled? Why, Phæbus put it in his head. Phæbus befriends him, we are told; And Phæbus coins bright tuns of gold. Twere prudent not to be fo vain on't: I think he'll never touch a grain on't.

And

And if, from *Phæbus*, and his muse, Mere earthly laziness ensues; Tis plain, for aught that I can say, The devil inspires as well as they. So they—while fools of grosser kind, Less weeting what our bard design'd, Impute his schemes to real evil; That in these haunts he met the devil.

He own'd, tho' their advice was vain,
It fuited wights who trode the plain:
For dulness—though he might abhor it—
In them he made allowance for it.
Nor wonder'd, if beholding mottos,
And urns, and domes, and cells, and grottos,
Folks, little dreaming of the muses,
Were plagu'd to guess their proper uses.

But did the muses haunt his cell?
Or in his dome did Venus dwell?
Did Pallas in his counsels share?
The Delian god reward his pray'r?
Or did his zeal engage the fair?
When all the structures shone complete;
Not much convenient, wondrous neat;
Adorn'd with gilding, painting, planting,
And the fair guests alone were wanting;
Ah me! ('twas Damon's own confession),
Came Poverty, and took possession.

# 

## PART THE FOURTH.

Why droops my Damon, whilst he roves.
Thro' ornamented meads and groves?
Near columns, obelisks, and spires,
Which ev'ry critic eye admires?
Tis Poverty, detested maid,
Sole tenant of their ample shade!

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Tis she that robs him of his ease, And bids their very charms displease:

But now by fancy long controll'd, And with the fons of tafte enroll'd, He deem'd it shameful, to commence First minister to common sense: Far more elated, to pursue The lowest task of dear vertu.

And now behold his lofty foul,
That whilom flew from pole to pole,
Settle on fome elab'rate flow'r;
And, like a bee, the fweets devour!
Now, of a rofe enamour'd, prove
The wild folicitudes of love!
Now, in a lily's cup enfhrin'd,
Forego the commerce of mankind!

As in these toils he wore away
The calm remainder of his day;
Conducting sun, and shade, and show'r,
As most might glad the new-born flow'r,
So fate ordain'd——before his eye——
Starts up the long sought butterfly;
While flutt'ring round, her plums unfold
Celestial crimson dropt with gold.

Adieu, ye bands of flow'rets fair!
The living beauty claims his care:
For this he strips—nor bolt, nor chain,
Could Damon's warm pursuit restrain.

See him o'er hill, morass or mound, Where-e'er the speckled game is found, Tho' bent with age, with zeal pursue, And totter tow'rds the prey in view.

Nor rock, nor stream, his steps retard, Intent upon the bless'd reward: One vassal fly repays the chace! A wing, a film, rewards the race! Rewards him, tho disease attend, And in a fatal surfeit end. So fierce Camilla skimm'd the plain, Smit with the purple's pleasing stain, She ey'd intent the glitt'ring stranger, And knew, alas! nor fear nor danger: Till deep within her panting heart, Malicious fate impell'd the dart!

How studious he what fav'rite food Regales dame nature's tiny brood! What junkets fat the filmy people! And what liqueurs they chose to tipple!

Behold him, at some crise prescribe, And raise with drugs the sick ning tribe! Or haply, when their spirits fa'ter, Sprinkling my Lord of Clopne's tar-water.

When nature's brood of infects dies, See how he pimps for am'rous flies! See him the timely fuccour lend her, And help the wantons to engender:

Or see him guard their pregnant hour; Exert his soft obstetric pow'r; And, lending each his lenient hand, With new-born grubs enrich the land!

\* O Wilkes! what poet's loftieft lays Can match thy labours, and thy praise? Immortal sage! by fate decreed To guard the moth's illustrious breed! Till flutt'ring swarms on swarms arise, And all our wardrobes teem with flies!

And must we praise this taste for toys? Admire it then in girls and boys. Ye youths of fifteen years, or more, Resign your moths—the season's o'er. 'Tis time more social joys to prove; 'Twere now your nobler task—to love. Let \*\*\*\*'s eyes more deeply warm; Nor, slighting nature's fairest form,

Alluding to moths and butterflies delineated by Benjamin Wilkes. See his very expensive proposals.

The bias of your fouls determine

Tow'rds the mean love of nature's vermin.

But ah! how wondrous few have known,

To give each stage of life its own?

'Tis the pretexta's utmost bound, With radiant purple edg'd around, To please the child, whose glowing dyes Too long delight maturer eyes: And few, but with regret, affume The plain-wrought labours of the loom. Ah! let not me by fancy steer, When life's autumnal clouds appear; Nor ev'n in learning's long delays Confume my fairest, fruitless days: Like him, who should in armour spend The fums that armour should defend. A while, in pleasure's myrtle bow'r, We share her smiles, and bless her pow'r; But find at last, we vainly strive To fix the worst coquette alive.

Have long pursu'd the faithless dame:
Forsake her soft abodes a-while,
And dare her frown, and slight her smile.
Nor scorn, whatever wits may say,
The foot path road, the king's highway.
No more the scrup'lous charmer tease,
But seek the roofs of honest ease;
The rival-fair no more pursu'd,
Shall there with forward pace intrude;
Shall there her ev'ry art essay,
To win you to her slighted sway;
And grant your scorn a glance more fair
Than e'er she gave your fondest pray'r.

But would you happiness pursue? Partake both ease and pleasure too? Would you, thro'all your days, dispense The joys of reason, and of sense? Or give to life the most you can? Let social virtue shape the plan. For does not to the virtuous deed A train of pleasing sweets succeed? Or, like the sweets of wild desire, Did social pleasures ever tire?

Yet, 'midst the groupe be some preferr'd,
Be some abhorr'd— for Damon err'd:
And such there are—of fair address—
As 'twere unsocial to caress.
O learn, by reason's equal rule,
To shun the praise of knave, or fool;
Then, though you deem it better still
To gain some rustic 'squire's good-will;
And souls, however mean or vile,
Like features, brighten by a smile;
Yet reason holds it for a crime,
The trivial breast should share thy time:
And virtue, with reluctant eyes,
Beholds this human facrifice!

Through deep referve, and air erect,
Mistaken Damon won respect;
But could the specious homage pass
With any creature but an ass?
If conscious, they who fear'd the skin,
Would scorn the sluggish brute within.
What awe-struck slaves the tow'rs inclose,
Where Persian monarchs eat, and doze?
What prostrate rev'rence all agree,
To pay a prince they never see!
Mere vassals of a royal throne!
The sophi's virtues must be shown,
To make the reverence his own.

As for Thalia—wouldst thou make her Thy bride without a portion?—take her. She will with duteous care attend, And all thy pensive hours befriend; Will swell thy joys, will share thy pain; With thee rejoice, with thee complain;

Will fmooth thy pillow, plait thy bow'rs, And bind thine aching head with flow'rs. But be this previous maxim known, If thou canst feed on love alone; If bles'd with her, thou canst sustain Contempt, and poverty, and pain; If so—then rise all her graces—And fruitful be your fond embraces.

Too foon, by caitiff fpleen inspir'd, Sage Damon to his groves retir'd: The path disclaim'd by sober reason; Retirement claims a later feafon: Ere active youth and warm defires Have quite withdrawn their ling'ring fires, With the warm bosom, ill agree, Or limped stream, or shady tree. Love lurks within the rofy bow'r. And claims the speculative hour; Ambition finds his calm retreat, And bids his pulse too fiercely beat; Ev'n focial friendship duns his ear, And cites him to the public fphere. Does he refift their genuine force? His temper takes some froward course; Till paffion, misdirected, fighs For weeds, or shells, or grubs, or flies.

Far happiest he, whose early days
Spent in the social paths of praise,
Leave, fairly printed on his mind,
A train of virtuous deeds behind:
From this rich fund, the mem'ry draws
The lasting meed of self-applause.

Such fair ideas lend their aid
To people the fequester'd shade.
Such are the naiads, nymphs, and fawns,
That haunt his floods, or cheer his lawns.
If where his devious ramble strays,
He virtue's radiant form surveys;

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on was TO ROS I BEEN WAS TREED A LOCAL CO.

She feems no longer now to wear The rigid mien, the frown fevere \*; To shew him her remote abode: To point the rocky ard'ous road: But from each flow'r his fields allow, She twines a garland for his brow.

Alluding to-the allegory in Geres's tablet

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# OECONOMY.

A RHAPSODY, addressed to young POETS.

Infanis; cmnes gelidis quicunque lacernis Sunt tibi, Nafones Virgiliofque vides.

MART.

#### PART THE FIRST.

O you, ye bards! whose lavish breast requires This monitory lay, the strains belong; Nor think fome mifer vents his fapient faw, Or some dull cit, unfeeling of the charms That tempt profusion, sings; while friendly zeal, To guard from fatal ills the tribe he loves, Inspires the meanest of the muse's train! Like you I lothe the grov'ling progeny, Whose wily arts, by creeping time matur'd, Advance them high on pow'rs tyrannic throne: To lord it there in gorgeous uselessines, And fourn fuccessless worth that pines below!

See the rich churl, amid the focial fons Of wine and wit, regaling! hark he joins In the free jest delighted! feems to shew A meliorated heart! he laughs! he fings! Songs of gay import, madrigals of glee, And drunken anthems fet agape the board. Like \* Demea, in the play, benign and mild, And pouring forth benevolence of foul, Till Micio wonders; or, in Shakespear's line, Cbstrep'rous filence; drowning Shallow's voice, And startling Falftaff, and his mad compeers.

He owns 'tis prudence, ever and anon,

In Terence's Adelphi.

To fmooth his careful brow; to let his purse.

Ope to a fixpence's diameter!

He likes our ways; he owns the ways of wit. Are ways of pleasance, and deserve regard. True, we are dainty good society;

But what art thou? alas! confider well, Thou bane of focial pleasure, know thyself. Thy fell approach, like some invasive damp

Breath'd thro' the pores of earth from Stygian caves,
Destroys the lamp of mirth; the lamp which we
Its slamens boast to guard, we know not how:

But at thy fight the fading flame assumes A ghastly blue, and in a stench expires.

RT.

ires

al,

True, thou seem'st chang'd; all sainted, all ensky'd;
The trembling tears that charge thy melting eyes,
Say thou art honest, and of gentle kind;
But all is false! an intermitting sigh
Condemns each hour, each moment giv'n to smikes,
And deems those only lost thou dost not lose.
Ev'n for a demi-groat, this open'd soul,
This boon companion, this elastic breast
Revibrates quick; and sends the tuneful tongue
To lavish music on the rugged walls
Of some dark dungeon. Hence thou caitisf, sly!
Touch not my glass, nor drain my sacred bowl,
Monster, ingrate! beneath one common sky

Why shouldst thou breathe? beneath one common

roof
Thou ne'er shalt harbour; nor my little boat
Receive a foul with crimes to press it down.
Go to thy bags, thou recreant! hourly go,
And gazing there, bid them be wit, be mirth,
Be conversation. Not a face that smiles
Admit thy presence! not a soul that glows
With social purport, bid or ev'n or morn
Invest thee happy! but when life declines,
May thy sure heirs stand titt'ring round thy bed,
And, ush'ring in their sav'rites, burst thy locks,

R 2 And

And fill their laps with gold; till want and care With joy depart, and cry, "We ask no more."

Ah never, never may th' harmonious mind Endure the worldly! poets ever void Of guile, distrustless, scorn the treasur'd gold, And spurn the miser, spurn his deity. Balanc'd with friendship, in the poet's eye, The rival'd scale of int'rest kicks the beam, Than lightning swifter. From his cavern'd store The sordid soul, with self-applause, remarks The kind propensity; remarks and smiles, And hies with impious haste to spread the snare. Him we deride, and in our comic scenes Contemn the niggard form Moliere has drawn. We lothe with justice; but alas the pain. To bow the knee before this calf of gold, Implore his envious aid, and meet his frown!

But 'tis not Gomez, 'tis not he whose heart Is crusted o'er with dross, whose callous mind Is senseless as his gold, the slighted muse Intensely lothes. 'Tis sure no equal task To pardon him, who lavishes his wealth. On racer, fox-hound, hawk, or spaniel, all But human merit; who with gold essays All, but the noblest pleasure, to remove The wants of genius, and its smiles enjoy.

But you, ye titled youths! whose nobler zeal Would burnish o'er your coronets with same, Who listen pleas'd when poet tunes his lay, Permit him not, in distant solitudes, To pine, to languish out the seeting hours Of active youth! then virtue pants for praise, That season unadorn'd, the careless bard Quits your worn threshold, and, like honest Gay, Contemns the niggard boon ye time so ill. Your savours then, like trophies giv'n the tomb, Th'enfranchis'd spirit soaring not perceives, Or scorns perceiv'd; and execrates the smile Which

Which bade his vig'rous bloom, to treach'rous.

hopes
And fervile cares a prey, expire in vain!
Two lawless pow'rs, engag'd by mutual hate
In endless war, beneath their flags enroll
The vassal world. This avarice is nam'd,

That luxury; 'tis true their partial friends Affign them fofter names; usurpers both! That share by dint of arms the legal throne Of just œconomy; yet both betray'd By fraudful ministers. The niggard chief List'ning to want, all faithless, and prepar'd To join each moment in his rival's train, His conduct models by the needless fears The flave inspires; while luxury, a chief Of amplest faith, to plenty's rule refigns His whole campaign. 'Tis Plenty's flatt'ring founds Ingross his ear; 'tis Plenty's smiling form Moves still before his eyes. Discretion strives, But strives in vain, to banish from the throne The perjur'd minion. He, secure of trust, With latent malice to the hostile camp

Day, night, and hour, his monarch's wealth conveys.

Ye tow'ring minds! ye sublimated souls!
Who, careless of your fortunes, seal and sign,
Set, let, contract, acquit, with easier mien
Than sops take snuff! whose economic care
Your green silk purse engrosses! easy, pleas'd,
To see gold sparkle thro' the subtle folds;
Lovely, as when th' Hesperian fruitage smil'd
Amid the verd'rous grove! who fondly hope
Spontaneous harvests! harvests all the year!
Who scatter wealth, as tho' the radiant crop
Glitter'd on ev'ry bough; and ev'ry bough.
Like that the Trojan gather'd, once avuls'd,
Were by a splendid successor supply'd
Instant, spontaneous! listen to my lays.

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For

For 'tis not fools, whate'er proverbial phrase Have long decreed, that quit with greatest ease The treasur'd gold. Of words indeed profuse, Of gold tenacious, their torpescent soul Clenches their coin, and what electral sire Shall solve the frosty gripe, and bid it flow? 'Tis genius, fancy, that to wild expence Of health! of treasure! stimulates the soul: These, with officious care, and fatal art, Improve the vinous slavour; these the smile Of Cloe soften; these the glare of dress Illume; the glitt'ring chariot gild anew, And add strange wisdom to the furs of pow'r.

Alas! that he amid the race of men, That he, who thinks of purest gold with scorn, Should with unfated appetite demand, And vainly court the pleafure it procures ! When fancy's vivid spark impells the foul To fcorn quotidian fcenes, to fpurn the blifs Of vulgar minds, what noftrum shall compose Its fatal tension? in what lonely vale Of balmy med'cine's various field, aspires The bleft refrigerant? Vain, ah vain the hope Of future peace, this orgain uncontroll'd! Impatient, hence, of all, the frugal mind Requires; to eat, to drink, to fleep, to fill A cheft with gold, the sprightly breaft demands Incessant rapture; life, a tedious load, Deny'd its continuity of joy. But whence obtain? philosophy requires No lavish cost; to crown its utmost pray'r Suffice the root-built cell, the simple fleece, The juicy viand, and the crystal stream. Ev'n mild stupidity rewards her train With cheap contentment. Tafte alone requires Entire profusion! Days, and nights, and hours. Thy voice, hydropic fancy! calls aloud For coftly draughts, inundant bowls of joy,

Rivers

Rivers of rich regalement! feas of blifs!

Seas without shore! infinity of sweets!

And yet, unless fage reason join her hand.
In pleasure's purchase, pleasure is unsure:
And yet, unless economy's consent
Legitimate expence, some graceless mark,
Some symptom ill conceal'd, shall, soon or late,
Burst like a pimple from the vitious tide
Of acid blood, proclaiming want's disease,
Amidst the bloom of shew. The scanty stream
Slow-loit'ring in its channel, seems to vie
With Vaga's depth; but should the sedgy pow'r
Vain-glorious empty his penurious urn
O'er the rough rock, how must his fellow-streams.
Deride the tinklings of the boastive rill!

I not aspire to mark the dubious path That leads to wealth, to poets mark'd in vain! But ere felf-flatt'ry foothe the vivid breaft With dreams of fortune near ally'd to fame, Reflect how few, who charm'd the lift'ning ear Of fatrap or of king, her smiles enjoy'd! Confider well, what meagre alms repay'd The great Maonian, fire of tuneful fong, And prototype of all that foar'd fublime, And left dull cares below; what griefs impell'd. The modest bard of learn'd Eliza's reign To fwell with tears his Mulla's parent stream, And mourn aloud the pang, " to ride, to run, To fpend, to give, to want, to be undone."
Why should I tell of Cowley's pensive muse Belov'd in vain? too copious is my theme! Which of your boafted race might hope reward Like loyal Butler, when the lib ral Charles, The judge of wit, perus'd the sprightly page Triumphant o'er his foes! Believe not hope, The poet's parafite; but learn alone To spare the scanty boon the fates decree. Poet and rich! 'tis folecism extreme!

rs

'Tis heighten'd contradiction! in his frame, In ev'ry nerve and fibre of his foul, The latent feeds and principles of want Has nature wove, and fate confirm'd the clue.

Nor yet despair to shun the ruder gripe
Of penury; with nice precision learn
A dollar's value. Foremost in the page
That marks th' expence of each revolving year,
Place inattention. When the lust of praise,
Or honour's false idea, tempts thy soul
To slight frugality, assure thine heart
That danger's near. This perishable coin
Is no vain ore. It is thy liberty,
It fetters misers, but it must alone
Enfranchise the?. The world, the cit-like world
Bids thee beware; thy little crast essay;
Nor, pidling with a tea-spoon's slender form,
See with soup-ladles devils gormandise.

Oeconomy! thou good old aunt, whose mien-Furrow'd with age and care the wise adore, The wits contemn! reserving still thy stores To chear thy friends at last! why with the cit, Or bookless churl, with each ignoble name, Each earthly nature, deign'st thou to reside? And shunning all, who by thy favours crown'd Might glad the world, to seek some vulgar mind

Inspiring pride, and selfish shapes of ill?

Why with the old, infirm, and impotent,
And childless, love to dwell, yet leave the breast.
Of youth, unwarn'd, unguided, uninform'd?
Of youth, to whom thy monitory voice
Were doubly kind? for fure to youthful eyes
(How short soe'er it prove) the road of life
Appears protracted; fair on either side
The loves, the graces play, on fortune's child
Profusely smiling; well might youth essay
The frugal plan, the lucrative employ,
Source of their favour all the live-long day.

Bot

But fate affents not. Age alone contracts
His meagre palm, to clench the tempting bane
Of all his peace, the glitt'ring feeds of care!

O that the muse's voice might pierce the ear Of gen'rous youth! for youth deserves her song. Youth is fair virtue's season, virtue then Requires the pruner's hand; the sequent stage, It barely vegetates; nor long the space Ere robb'd of warmth its arid trunk display Fell winter's total reign. O lovely source Of gen'rous soibles, youth! when op'ning minds Are honest as the light, lucid as air, As sost'ring breezes kind, as linnets gay, Tender as buds, and lavish as the spring! Yet haples state of man! his earliest youth Cozens itself, his age defrauds mankind.

Nor deem it strange that rolling years abrade
The social bias. Life's extensive page
What does it but unfold repeated proofs
Of gold's omnipotence? With patriots, friends,
Sick'ning beneath its ray, enervate some,
And others dead, whose putrid name exhales
A noisome scent, the bulky volume teems
With kinsmen, brothers, sons, moist'ning the shroud,
Or honouring the grave, with specious grief
Of short duration; soon in fortune's beams
Alert, and wond'ring at the tears they shed.

But who shall save by tame prosaic strain
That glowing breast, where wit with youth conspires
To sweeten luxury? The fearful muse
Shall yet proceed, tho by the faintest gleam
Of hope inspired, to warn the train she loves.

and person the species they;

# PART THE SECOND.

TN fome dark feafon, when the mifty shower Obscures the sun, and saddens all the sky; When linnets drop the wing, nor grove nor stream. Invites thee forth, to fport thy drooping muse; Seize the dull hour, nor with regret affign To worldly prudence. She, nor nice nor coy, Accepts the tribute of a joyless day; She smiles well pleas'd when wit and mirth recede, And not a grace, and not a muse will hear. Then, from majestic Maro's awful strain, Or tow'ring Homer, let thine eye descend To trace, with patient industry, the page Of income and expence. And oh! beware, Thy breaft, felf-flatt'ring, place no courtly finile, No golden promife of the faithless muse, Nor latent mind which fortunes hand may shew, Amid thy folid store. The fyren's fong Wrecks not the lift'ning failor half fo fure. See by what avenues, what devious paths, The foot of want, detefted, steals along, And bars each fatal pass. Some few short hours Of punctual care, the refuse of thy year, On frugal schemes employ'd, shall give the muse To fing intrepid many a cheerful day.

But if too foon before the tepid gales.
Thy resolution melt; and ardent vows
In wary hours preferr'd or die forgot,
Or seem the forc'd effect of hazy skies;
Then, ere surprise, by whose impetuous rage
The massy fort, with which thy gentler breast
I not compare, is won, the song proceeds.

Know too by nature's undiminish'd law, Throughout her realms obey'd, the various parts Of deep creation, atoms, systems, all!

Attract

Attract and are attracted; nor prevails the law
Alone in matter; foul alike with foul
Aspires to join: nor yet in souls alone,
In each idea it imbibes, is found
The kind propensity. And when they meet,
And grow familiar, various though their tribe,
Their tempers various, vow perpetual faith:
That, should the world's disjointed frame once more
To chaos yield the sway, amid the wreck
Their union should survive; with Roman warmth,
By sacred hospitable laws endear'd,
Should each idea recollect its friend.

Here then we fix; on this perennial base Erect thy fafety, and defy the storm. Let foft profusion's fair idea join Her hand with poverty; nor here defift, Till, o'er the groupe that forms their various train, Thou fing loud hymeneals. Let the pride Of outward shew in lasting leagues combine With thame thread-bare; the gay vermilion face Of rash intemp'rance, be discreetly pair'd With fallow hunger; the licentious joy, With mean dependence; ev'n the dear delight Of sculpture, paint, intaglios, books, and coins, Thy breaft, sagacious prudence! shall connect With filth and beggary; nor difdain to link With black infolvency. Thy foul alarm'd Shall shun the syren's voice; nor boldly dare To bid the foft enchantress share thy breast, With fuch a train of horrid fiends conjoin'd.

Nor think, ye fordid race! ye groveling minds
I frame the fong for you! for you, the muse
Could other rules impart. The friendly strain
For gentler bosoms plann'd, to yours would prove
The juice of lurid aconite, exceed
Whatever Colchos bore, and in your breast
Compassion, love, and friendship all destroy!
It greatly shall avail, if e'er thy stores

Increase

Increase apace, by periodic days Of annual payment, or thy patron's boon, The lean reward of gross unbounded praise! It much avails, to feize the present hour, And, undeliberating, call around Thy hungry creditors; their horrid rage When once appeas'd, the small remaining store Shall rife in weight tenfold, in lustre rife, As gold improv'd by many a fierce affay. 'Tis thus the frugal hufbandman directs His narrow stream, if o'er its wonted banks By fudden rains impell'd, it proudly fwell; His timely hand through better tracks conveys The guick-decreasing tide; ere borne along Or through the wild morafs, or culter'd field, Or bladed grafs mature, or barren fands, It flow destructive, or it flow in vain! But happiest he who sanctifies expence By present pay! who subjects not his fame To tradefmens varlets, nor bequeaths his name, His honour'd name, to deck the vulgar page Of base mechanic, fordid, unfincere! There haply, while thy muse sublimely foars Beyond this earthly fphere, in heaven's abodes, And dreams of nectar and ambrofial fweets. Thy growing debt steals unregarded o'er The punctual record; till nor Phæbus self-Nor fage Minerva's art can aught avail To foothe the ruthless dun's detested rage. Frantic and fell, with many a curse profane He loads the gentle muse; then hurls thee down To want, remorfe, captivity, and shame.

Each public place, the glitt'ring haunts of men, With horror fly. Why loiter near thy bane!—Why fondly linger on a hostile shore Disarm'd, defenceless? why require to tread The precipice? or why alas to breathe

A moment's space, where ev'ry breeze is death?

Death

As

Death to thy future peace! Away, collect Thy diffipated mind; contract thy train Of wild ideas o'er the flow'ry fields Of shew diffus'd, and speed to safer climes. Occonomy prefents her glafs, accept The faithful mirrour; pow'rful to disclose A thousand forms, unseen by careless eyes, That plot thy fate. Temptation in a robe Of Tyrian dye, with ev'ry sweet perfum'd, Befets thy fense; extortion follows close Her wanton step; and ruin brings the rear. These and the rest shall her mysterious glass Embody to thy view; like Venus, kind, When to her lab'ring fon, the vengeful pow'rs That urg'd the fall of Ilium, she display'd. He, not imprudent, at the fight declin'd Th' inequal conflict, and decreed to raife The Trojan welfare on some happier shore. For here to drain thy swelling purse await A thousand arts, a thousand frauds attend, "The cloud wrought canes, the gorgeous fnuff-

boxes, The twinkling jewels, and the gold etwee, With all its bright inhabitants, shall waste Its melting stores, and in the dreary void Leave not a doit behind." Ere yet exhauft Its flimfy folds offend thy penfive eye, Away! embosom'd deep in distant shades, Nor feen nor feeing, thou mayst vent thy scorn Of lace, embroid'ry, purple, gems, and gold! There of the farded fop, and effenc'd beau, Ferocious with a stoic's frown, disclose Thy manly fcorn, averse to tinsel pomp, And fluent thine harangue. But can thy foul Deny thy limbs the radiant grace of drefs, Where dress is merit! Where thy graver friend Shall wish thee burnish'd! where the sprightly fair Demand embellishment! ev'n Delia's eye,

n,

ath

As in a garden, roves, of hues alone Inquirent, curious? Fly the curs'd domain; These are the realms of luxury and shew; No claffic foil, away! the bloomy fpring Attracts thee hence; the waning autumn warns; Fly to thy native shades, and dread ev'n there, Lest busy fancy tempt thy narrow state Beyond its bounds. Observe Florelio's mien. Why treads my friend with melancholy step That beauteous lawn? Why penfive strays his eye O'er statues, grottoes, urns, by critic art Proportion'd fair? or from his lofty dome Bright glitt'ring thro' the grove, returns his eye Unpleas'd, disconsolate? And is it love, Difastrous love, that robs the finish'd scenes Of all their beauty? cent'ring all in her His foul adores? or from a blacker cause Springs this remorfeful gloom? is conscious guilt The latent source of more than love's despair? It cannot be within that polish'd breast Where science dwells, that guilt should harbour there.

No! 'tis the fad furvey of prefent want, And past profusion! Lost to him the sweets Of yon pavilion, fraught with ev'ry charm For other eyes; or, if remaining, proofs Of criminal expence! Sweet interchange Of river, valley, mountain, woods, and plains! How gladsome once he rang'd your native turs, Your simple scenes, how raptur'd! ere expence Had lavish'd thousand ornaments, and taught Convenience to perplex him, art to pall, Pomp to deject, and beauty to displease.

Oh! for a foul to all the glare of wealth,
To fortune's wide exhaustless treasury,
Nobly superiour! but let caution guide
The coy disposal of the wealth we scorn,
And prudence be our almoner! Alas!

The

The pilgrim wand'ring o'er some distant clime, Sworn soe of av'rice! not disdains to learn Its coin's imputed worth; the destin'd means To smooth his passage to the favour'd shrine. Ah let not us, who tread this stranger-world, Let none who sojourn on the realms of life, Forget the land is merc'nary; nor waste His sare, e'er landed on no venal shore.

Let never bard confult Palladio's rules;
Let never bard, O Burlington! furvey
Thy learned art, in Chifwich's dome display'd;
Dang'rous incentive! nor with ling'ring eye
Survey the window Venice calls her own.
Better for him, with no ingrateful muse,
To sing a requiem to that gentle soul
Who plann'd the sky-light, which to lavish bards
Conveys alone the pure ethereal ray.
For garrets him, and squalid walls await,
Unless, presageful, from this friendly strain,
He glean advice, and shun the scribbler's doom.

## 

# PART THE THIRD.

YET once again, and to thy doubtful fate
The trembling muse configns thee. Ere contempt,

Or wants empoison'd arrow, ridicule, Transfix thy weak unguarded breast, behold! The poet's roofs, the careless poet's, his Who scorns advice, shall close my serious lay.

When Gulliver, now great, now little deem'd, The play-thing of comparison, arriv'd Where learned bosoms their aerial schemes Projected, studious of the public weal; 'Mid these, one subtler artist he descry'd, Who cherish'd in his dusty tenement

S 2

The spider's web, injurious, to supplant
Fair Albion's sleeces! Never, never may
Our monarch on such fatal purpose smile,
And irritate Minerva's beggar'd sons,
The Melksbam weavers! Here in ev'ry nook
Their wests they spun; here revell'd uncontroll'd,
And, like the slags from Westminster's high roof
Dependent, here their flutt'ring textures wav'd.
Such, so adorn'd, the cell I mean to sing!
Cell ever squalid! where the sneerful maid
Will not fatigue her hand! broom never comes,
That comes to all! o'er whose quiescent walls
Arachne's unmolested care has drawn
Curtains subsus, and save th'expence of art.

Survey those walls, in fady texture clad, Where wand'ring snails in many a slimy path, Free, unrestrain'd their various journies crawl; Peregrinations strange, and labyrinths Confus'd, inextricable! such the clue Of Cretan Ariadne ne'er explain'd! Hooks! angles! crooks! and involutions wild! Mean time thus silver'd with meanders gay In mimic pride the snail-wrought tissue shines, Perchance of tabby, or of aretine,

Not ill expressive! such the pow'r of snails!

Behold his chair, whose fractur'd seat infirm

An aged cushion hides! replete with dust

The foliag'd velvet; pleasing to the eye

Of great Eliza's reign, but now the snare

Of weary guest, that on the specious bed

Sits down confiding. Ah! disastrous wight!

In evil hour and rashly dost thou trust

The fraudful couch! for tho' in velvet cas'd

The fated thigh shall kiss the dusty sloor.

The trav'ler thus, that o'er Hibernian plains

Hath shap'd his way, on beds profuse of slow'rs,

Cowslip, or primrose, or the circ'lar eye

Of daifie fair, decrees to bask supine. And fee! delighted, down he drops, fecure Of fweet refreshment, ease without annoy, Or lufcious noon-day nap. Ah much deceiv'd, Much fuff'ring pilgrim! thou nor noon-day nap, Nor sweet repose shalt find; the false morass In quiv'ring undulations yields beneath Thy burden, in the miry gulf inclos'd! And who would trust appearance? cast thine eye Where 'mid machines of het'rogeneous form His coat depends; alas! his only coat, Eldest of things! and napless, as an heath Of small extent by fleecy myriads graz'd. Not diff'rent have I feen in dreary vault Display'd, a coffin; on each fable fide The texture unmolested seems entire. Fraudful, when touch'd it glides to dust away! And leaves the wond'ring fwain to gape, to stare, And with expressive shrug, and piteous sigh, Declare the fatal force of rolling years, Or dire extent of frail mortality. This aged vesture, fcorn of gazing beaux, And formal cits, (themselves too haply scorn'd), Both on its fleeve and on its fkirt, retains Full many a pin wide-sparkling: for, if e'er Their well-known creft met his delighted eye, Tho' wrapt in thought, commercing with the fky, He, gently stooping, fcorn'd not to upraise, And on each sleeve, as conscious of their use, Indenting fix them; nor, when arm'd with these, The cure of rents and separations dire, And chasms enormous, did he view dismay'd Hedge, bramble, thicket, bush, portending fate To breeches, coat, and hose! had any wight Of vulgar skill, the tender texture own'd; But gave his mind to form a fonnet quaint Of Silvia's shoe-string, or of Gloe's fan, Or sweetly-fashion'd tip of Celia's ear. S 2 Alas P Alas! by frequent use decays the force Of mortal art! the refractory robe Eludes the tailor's art, eludes his own; How potent once, in union quaint conjoin'd!

See near his bed (his bed too falfely call'd The place of reft, while it a bard fuftains; Pale, meagre, muse-rid wight! who reads in vain Narcotic volumes o'er) his candleftick, Radiant machine, when from the plastic hand Of Mulciber, the may'r of Birmingham, The engine iffu'd; now alas difguis'd. By many an unctuous tide, that wand'ring down Its fides congeal; what he, perhaps, effays With humour forc'd, and ill-diffembled fmile, Idly to liken to the poplar's trunk, When o'er its bark, the lucid amber, wound In many a pleasing fold, incrusts the tree. Or fuits him more the winter's candy'd thorn, When from each branch, anneal'd, the works of froft

Pervasive, radiant icicles depend?

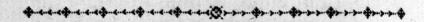
How shall I fing the various ill that waits The careful fonneteer? or who can paint The shifts enormous, that in vain he forms To patch his paneless window; to cement His batter'd tea-pot, ill-retentive vase? To war with ruin? anxious to conceal Want's fell appearance, of the real ill Nor foe, nor fearful. Ruin unforeseen Invades his chattels; ruin will invade; Will claim his whole invention to repair, Nor, of the gift, for tuneful ends defign'd, Allow one part to decorate his fong. While ridicule, with ever-pointing hand Conscious of ev'ry shift, of ev'ry shift Indicative, his inmost plot betrays, Points to the nook, which he his fludy calls Pompous and vain! for thus he might efteem His cheft, a wardrobe; purfe, a treasury;
And shews, to crown her full display, himself.
One whom the pow'rs above, in place of health,
And wonted vigour; of paternal cot,
Or little farm; of bag, or scrip, or staff,
Cup, dish, spoon, plate, or worldly utensil,
A poet fram'd; yet fram'd not to repine,
And wish the cobler's lostiest site his own;
Nor, partial as they seem, upbraid the fates,
Who to the humbler mechanism, join'd
Goods so superior, such exalted blis!

See with what feeming eafe, what labour'd peace He, hapless hypocrite! refines his nail, His chief amusement! then how feign'd, how forc'd, That care-defying fonnet, which implies His debts discharg'd, and he of half a crown In full poffession, uncontested right And property! Yet ah! whoe'er this wight Admiring view, if fuch there be, diffruft The vain pretence; the fmiles that harbour grief, As lurks the ferpent deep in flow'rs enwreath'd. Forewarn'd, be frugal; or with prudent rage Thy pen demolish; chuse the trustier flail, And blefs those labours which the choice inspir'd. But if thou view'ft a vulgar mind, a wight Of common fense, who seeks no brighter name, Him envy, him admire, him, from thy breaft, Prescient of future dignities, salute Sheriff, or may'r, in comfortable furs Enwrapt, fecure: nor yet the laureat's crown In thought exclude him! He perchance shall rife To nobler heights than forefight can decree.

When fir'd with wrath, for his intrigues display'd In many an idle song, Saturnian Jove Vow'd sure destruction to the tuneful race; Appeas'd by suppliant Phæbus, "Bards," he said, "Henceforth of plenty, wealth, and pomp debarr'd, But

### 214 MORAL PIECES.

But fed by frugal cares, might wear the bay Secure of thunder."—Low the Delian bow'd, Nor at th' invidious favour dar'd repine.



# The Ruin'd ABBY.

O R,

#### The Effects of SUPERSTITION.

A T length fair peace with olive crown'd regains Her lawful throne, and to the facred haunts Of wood or fount the frighted muse returns.

Happy the bard, who from his native hills, Soft musing on a summer's eve, surveys His azure stream, with pensile woods inclos'd! Or o'er the glaffy furface, with his friend, Or faithful fair, through bord'ring willows green Wafts his small frigate. Fearless he of shouts, Or taunts, the rhetoric of the wat'ry crew That ape confusion from the realms they rule! Fearless of these; who shares the gentler voice Of peace and music; birds of sweetest song Attune from native boughs their various lay, And cheer the forest; birds of brighter plume With bufy pinion skim the glitt'ring wave, And tempt the fun; ambitious to display Their fev'ral merit, while the vocal flute, Or number'd verse, by female voice endear'd, Crowns his delight, and mollifies the scene.

If folitude his wand'ring steps invite

To some more deep recess (for hours there are,

When

When gay, when focial minds to friendship's yoice, Or beauty's charm, her wild abodes prefer); How pleas'd he treads her venerable shades, Her solemn courts! the centre of the grove! The root built cave, by far extended rocks Around embosom'd, how it soothes the soul! If scoop'd at first by superstitious hands The rugged cell receiv'd alone the shoals Of bigot-minds, religion dwells not here, Yet virtue pleas'd, at intervals, retires: Yet here may wisdom, as she walks the maze, Some serious truths collect, the rules of life, And serious truths of mightier weight than gold!

I ask not wealth; but let me hoard with care, With frugal cunning, with a niggard's art, A few fix'd principles; in early life, Ere indolence impede the search, explor'd. Then like old Latimer, when age impairs My judgment's eye, when quibbling schools attack My grounded hope, or subtler wits deride. Will I not blush to shun the vain debate, And this mine answer, "Thus, 'twas thus I thought.

" My mind yet vigorous, and my foul entire;

"Thus will I think, averse to listen more "To intricate discussion, prone to stray.

" Perhaps my reason may but ill defend
" My settled faith; my mind, with age impair'd,

" Too fure its own infirmities declare.

"But I am arm'd by caution, studious youth,
"And early foresight; now the winds may rife,

"The tempest whistle, and the billows roar;

"My pinnace rides in port, despoil'd and worn.
"Shatter'd by time and storms, but while it shuns

"Th' unequal conflict, and declines the deep, "Sees the strong vessel sluctuate less secure."

Thus while he strays, a thousand rural scenes Suggest instruction, and instructing please.

And

And fee, betwixt the grove's extended arms, An abby's rude remains attract thy view, Gilt by the mid-day fun: with ling'ring step Produce thine axe, (for, aiming to destroy Tree, branch, or shade, for never shall thy breast Too long deliberate), with tim'rous hand Remove th' obstructive bough; nor yet refuse, Tho' fighing to destroy that fav'rite pine, Rais'd by thine hand, in its luxuriant prime Of beauty fair, that screens the vast remains. Aggriev'd, but constant as the Roman fire, The rigid Manlius, when his conqu'ring fon Bled by a parent's voice; the cruel meed Of virtuous ardour, timelessly display'd; Nor cease till, thro' the gloomy road, the pile Gleam unobstructed; thither oft thine eye Shall fweetly wander; thence returning, foothe With pensive scenes thy philosophic mind.

These were thy haunts, thy opulent abodes, O superstition! hence the dire disease (Balanc'd with which the fam'd Athenian pest Were a short head-ach, were the trivial pain Of transient indigestion) seiz'd mankind.

Long time she rag'd, and scarce a southern gale Warm'd our chill air, unloaded with the threats Of tyrant Rome; but futile all, till she, Rome's abler legate, magnify'd their pow'r, And in a thousand horrid forms attir'd.

Where then was truth, to fanctify the page Of British annals? if a foe expir'd, The perjur'd monk suborn'd infernal shrieks, And siends to snatch at the departing soul With hellish emulation. If a friend, High o'er his roof exultant angels tune Their golden lyres, and wast him to the skies.

What then were vows, were oaths, were plighted faith?

The fov'reign's just, the fubject's loyal pact

To cherish mutual good, annull'd and vain, By Roman magic, grew an idle scroll, Ere the frail fanction of the wax was cold.

With thee, \* Plantagenet, from civil broils
The land a while respir'd, and all was peace.
Then Becket rose, and impotent of mind,
From regal courts with lawless fury march'd
The church's blood-stain'd convicts, and forgave!
Bid murd'rous priests the sov'reign frown contemn,
And with unhallow'd crosser bruis'd the crown.

Yet yielded not supinely tame a prince
Of Henry's virtues; learn'd, courageous, wise,
Of fair ambition. Long his regal soul
Firm and erect the peevish priest exil'd,
And brav'd the fury of revengeful Rome.
In vain! let one faint malady distuse
The pensive gloom which Superstition loves,
And see him, dwindled to a recreant groom,
Rein the proud palfrey, while the priest ascends!

Was + Coeur-de-lion bless'd with whiter days? Hear the cowl'd zealots with united cries Urged the crusade; and see, of half his stores Despoil'd the wretch, whose wiser bosom chose To biess his friends, his race, his native land.

Of ten fair funs that roll'd their annual race
Not one beheld him on his vacant throne:
While haughty † Longchamp, 'mid his liv'ry'd files
Of wanton vaffals, spoil'd his faithful realm,
Battling in foreign fields; collecting wide
A laurel-harvest for a pillag'd land.

Oh dear-bought trophies! when a prince deferts His drooping realm, to pluck the barren fprays!

When faithless John usurp'd the fully'd crown, What ample tyranny! the groaning land

<sup>\*</sup> Henry II. † Riebard I. † Bishop of Ely, Lord Chancellor.

Deem'd earth, deem'd heav'n its foe! fix tedious years

Our helples fathers in despair obey'd The papal interdict; and who obey'd, The sov'reign plunder'd. O inglorious days! When the French tyrant, by the futile grant Of papal rescript, claim'd Britannia's throne, And durst invade; be such inglorious days Or hence forgot, or not recall'd in vain!

Scarce had the tortur'd ear dejected heard Rome's loud anathema, but heartless, dead To ev'ry purpose, men nor wish'd to live, Nor dar'd to die. The poor laborious hind Heard the dire curse, and from his trembling hand Fell the neglected crook, that rul'd the plain. Thence journeying home, in ev'ry cloud he sees A vengeful angel, in whose waving scroll He reads damnation; sees its sable train Of grim attendants, pencil'd by despair!

The weary pilgrim from remoter climes
By painful steps arriv'd; his home, his friends,
His offspring left, to lavish on the shrine
Of some far honour'd saint his costly stores,
Inverts his footstep; sickens at the sight
Of the barr'd fane, and silent sheds his tear.

The wretch whose hope by stern oppression chas'd From ev'ry earthly bliss, still as it saw Triumphant wrong, took wing and slew to heav'n, And rested there, now mourn'd his resuge lost And wonted peace. The sacred sane was barr'd, And the lone altar, where the mourners throng'd To supplicate remission, smok'd no more; While the green weed, luxuriant round uprose. Some from their death-bed, whose delirious saith Thro' ev'ry stage of life to Rome's decrees Obsequious, humbly hop'd to die in peace, Now saw the ghastly king approach, begirt In tenfold terrors; now expiring heard

The last loud clarion found, and heav'n's decree With unremitting vengeance bar the skies. Nor light the grief by superstition weigh'd, That their dishonour'd corfe, shut from the verge Of hallow'd earth, or tutelary fane, Must sleep with brutes their vassals, on the field; Unneath some path, in marle unexorcised! No solemn bell extort a neighbour's tear! No tongue of priest pronounce their soul secure! Nor fondest friend assure their peace obtain'd!

The priest! alas so boundless was the ill!

He, like the flock he pillag'd, pin'd forlorn;

The vivid vermeil fled his fady cheek,

And his big paunch, distended with the spoils

Of half his flock; emaciate, groan'd beneath

Superior pride, and mightier lust of pow'r!

'Twas now Rome's fondest friend, whose meagre
hand

Told to the midnight lamp his holy beads With nice precision, felt the deeper wound As his gull'd foul rever'd the conclave more.

Whom did the ruin spare? for wealth, for pow'r, Birth, honour, virtue, enemy, and friend, Sunk helpless in the dreary gulf involv'd; And one capricious curse envelop'd all!

Were kings fecure? in tow'ring stations born, In flatt'ry nurs'd, inur'd to scorn mankind, Or view diminish'd from their site sublime; As when a shepherd, from the losty brow Of some proud cliff surveys his less'ning slock In snowy groups diffusive, scud the vale.

A while the furious menace John return'd,
And breath'd defiance loud. Alas! too foon
Allegiance fick'ning faw its fov'reign yield,
An angry prey to scruples not his own.
The loyal foldier, girt around with strength,
Who stole from mirth and wine his blooming years,
And seiz'd the fauchion, resolute to guard

M

His fov'reign's right, impalfy'd at the news, Finds the firm bias of his foul revers'd For foul defertion; drops the lifted steel, And quits fame's noble harvest, to expire The death of monks, of surfeit, and of sloth!

At length fatigu'd with wrongs the servile king Drain'd from his land its small remaining stores To buy remission. But could these obtain? No! resolute in wrongs, the priest obdur'd; Till crawling base to Rome's deputed slave, His same, his people, and his crown he gave. Mean monarch! slighted, brav'd, abhorr'd before!

And now, appear'd by delegated fway, The wily pontiff fcorns not to recall His interdictions. Now the facred doors Admit repentant multitudes, prepar'd To buy deceit; admit obsequious tribes Of fatraps! princes! crawling to the shrine Of fainted villany! the pompous tomb Dazzling with gems and gold, or in a cloud Of incense wreath'd, amidst a drooping land That figh'd for bread! 'Tis thus the Indian clove Displays its verdant leaf, its crimson flow'r, And sheds its odours; while the flocks around Hungry and faint the barren fands explore In vain! nor plant nor herb endears the foil; Drain'd and exhaust to swell its thirsty pores, And furnish luxury-Yet, yet in vain Britamia strove; and whether artful Rome Carefs'd or curs'd her, Superstition rag'd, And blinded, fetter'd, and despoil'd the land.

At length fome murd'rous monk, with pois'nous art

Expell'd the life his brethren robb'd of peace.

Nor yet furceas'd with John's difastrous fate

Pontific fury! English wealth exhaust,

The sequent reign \* beheld the beggar'd shore

<sup>·</sup> Henry III. who cancelled the Magna Charta.

Grim with Italian usurers; prepar'd To lend for griping unexampled hire, To lend-what Rome might pillage uncontroll'd.

For now with more extentive havock rag'd Relentless Greg'ry, with a thousand arts, And each rapacious, born to drain the world! Nor shall the muse repeat, how oft he blew The croise's trumpet; then for sums of gold Annull'd the vow, and bade the false alarm Swell the gross hoards of Henry, or his own. Nor shall she tell, how pontiffs dar'd repeal The best of charters! dar'd absolve the tie Of British kings by legal oath restrain d. Nor can she dwell on argoties of gold From Albion's realm to fervile shores convey'd, Wrung from her fons, and speeded by her kings! Oh irksome days! when wicked thrones combine With papal craft, to gull their native land!

Such was our fate, while Rome's director taught. Of fubjects, born to be their monarch's prey, To toil for monks, for gluttony to toil,. For vacant gluttony, extortion, fraud, For av'rice, envy, pride, revenge, and shame! O doctrine breath'd from Stygian caves! exhal'd From inmost Erebus!—Such Henry's reign! Urging his loyal realms reluctant hand To wield the peaceful fword, by John erewhile Fore'd from its scabbard; and with burnish'd lance Esfay the favage cure, domestic war!

And now some nobler spirits chas'd the mist Of gen'ral darkness. Grofted \* now adorn'd The mitred wreath he wore, with reason's sword Stagg'ring delution's frauds; at length beneath Rome's interdict expiring calm, refign'd No vulgar foul that dar'd to heav'n appeal! But ah this fertile glebe, this fair domain

Bishop of Lincoln, called, Malleus Romanorum.

Had well nigh ceded to the flothful hands Of monks libidinous; ere Edward's care The lavish hand of death-bed fear restrain'd. Yet was he clear of superstition's taint! He too, misdeemful of his wholesome law, Ev'n he, expiring, gave his treasur'd gold To fatten monks on Salem's distant soil!

Yes, the third Edward's breast, to papal sway So little prone, and sierce in honour's cause, Could superstition quell! before the tow'rs Of haggard Paris, at the thunder's voice He drops the sword, and signs ignoble peace!

But still the night by Romish art distus'd Collects her clouds, and with slow pace recedes. When by soft Bourdeau's braver queen approv'd, Bold Wickliff rose; and while the bigot pow'r Amidst her native darkness sculk'd secure, The demon vanish'd as he spread the day. So from his bosom Cacus breath'd of old The pitchy cloud, and in a night of smoke Secure a while his recreant life sustain'd; Till sam'd Alcides, o'er his subtlest wiles Victorious, cheer'd the ravag'd nations round.

Hail honour'd Wickliff! enterprising sage!

An Epicurus in the cause of truth!

For 'tis not radiant suns, the jovial hours

Of youthful spring, an ether all serene,

Nor all the verdure of Campania's vales,

Can chase religious gloom! 'Tis reason, thought,

The light, the radiance that pervades the soul,

And sheds its beams on heav'n's mysterious way!

As yet this light but glimmer'd, and again

Error prevail'd; while kings by force uprais'd,

Let loose the rage of bigots on their soes,

And seek affection by the dreadful boon

Of licens'd murder. Ev'n the kindest prince,

The most extended breast, the royal Hal!

All unrelenting heard the Lollards cry

Burft

Burst from the centre of remorfeless flames; Their shricks endur'd! Oh stain to martial praise! When Cobham, gen'rous as the noble peer That wears his honours, paid the fatal price Of virtue blooming ere the storms were laid!

'Twas thus, alternate, truth's precarious flame Decay'd or flourish'd. With malignant eye The pontiff faw Britannia's golden fleece, Once all his own, invest her worthier sons! Her verdant valleys, and her fertile plains, Yellow with grain, abjure his hateful fway! Effay'd his utmost art, and inly own'd No labours bore proportion to the prize.

So when the tempter view'd, with envious eye, The first fair pattern of the female frame, All nature's beauties in one form display'd, And cent'ring there, in wild amaze he stood; Then only envying Heav'n's creative hand: Wish'd to his gloomy reign his envious arts Might win this prize, and doubled ev'ry fnare.

And vain were reason, courage, learning, all, Till pow'r accede: till Tudor's wild caprice Smile on their cause; Tudor, whose tyrant reign With mental freedom crown'd, the best of kings. Might envious view, and ill prefer their own! Then Wolfey rose, by nature form'd to seek Ambition's trophies, by address to win, By temper to enjoy—whose humbler birth Taught the gay scenes of pomp to dazzle more.

Then from its tow'ring height with horrid found Rush'd the proud abby. Then the vaulted roofs, Torn from their walls, disclos'd the wanton scene Of monkish chastity! Each angry friar Crawl'd from his bedded ftrumpet, mutt'ring low-An ineffectual curse. The pervious nooks That, ages past, convey'd the guileful priest To play some image on the gaping croud, Imbibe the novel day-light; and expose Obvious,

T. 3

### 224 MORAL PIECES.

Obvious, the fraudful engin'ry of Rome.
As though this op'ning earth to nether realms
Should flash meridian day, the hooded race
Shudder abash'd to find their cheats display'd;
And conscious of their guilt, and pleas'd to wave
Its fearful meed, resign'd their fair domain.

Nor yet supine, nor void of rage, retir'd The peft gigantic; whose revengeful stroke Ting'd the red annals of Maria's reign. When from the tend'rest breast, each wayward priest Could banish mercy, and implant a fiend! When cruelty the fun'ral pyre uprear'd, And bound religion there, and fir'd the base! When the same blaze, which on each tortur'd limb Fed with luxuriant rage, in ev'ry face Triumphant faith appear'd, and fmiling hope. O blefs'd Eliza! from thy piercing beam Forth flew this hated fiend, the child of Rome; Driv'n to the verge of Albion, linger'd there, Then with her James receding, cast behind One angry frown, and fought more fervile climes. Henceforth they ply'd the long-continu'd task Of righteous havock, cov'ring diffant fields With the wrought remnants of the fhatter'd pile. While through the land the musing pilgrim sees A track of brighter green, and in the midst Appears a mould'ring wall, with ivy crown'd; Or Gothic turret, pride of ancient days! Now but of use to grace a rural scene; To bound our viftas, and to glad the fons Of George's reign, referv'd for fairer times!

h

# 

# LOVE AND HONOUR.

Sed neque Medorum silvæ, ditissima terra Nec pulcher Ganges, atque auro turbidus Hæmus, Laudibus Angligenum certent: non Bactra, nec Indi, Totaque thuriferis Panchaia pinguis arenis.

Let the green olive glad Hesperian shores;
Her tawny citron, and her orange-groves,
These let Iberia boast; but if in vain,
To win the stranger plant's diffusive smile,
The Briton labours, yet our native minds,
Our constant bosoms, these the dazzled world.
May view with envy; these Iberian dames
Survey with six'd esteem and fond desire.

Hapless Elvira! thy disastrous fate May well this truth explain; nor ill adorn The British lyre; then chiefly, if the muse, Nor vain, nor partial, from the simple guife-Of ancient record catch the pensive lay; And in less grov'ling accents give to fame. Elvira! loveliest maid! th' Iberian realm Could boaft no purer breaft, no sprightlier mind, No race more splendent, and no form so fair. Such was the chance of war, this peerless maid In life's luxuriant bloom, enrich'd the spoil Of British victors, vict'ry's noblest pride! She, she alone, amid the wailful train, Of captive maids, affign'd to Henry's care; Lord of her life, her fortune, and her fame! He, gen'rous youth, with no penurious hand, The tedious moments that unjoyous roll Where freedom's cheerful radiance shines no more. Effay'd to foften; conscious of the pang That beauty feels, to waste its sleeting hours

In some dim fort, by foreign rule restrain'd, Far from the haunts of men, or eye of day!

Sometimes, to cheat her bosom of its cares Her kind protector number'd o'er the toils Himself had worn: the frowns of angry seas, Or hostile rage, or faithless friend, more fell Than storm or foe: if haply she might find Her cares diminish'd; fruitless fond essay! Now to her lovely hand, with modest awe The tender lute he gave: she not averse Nor destitute of skill, with willing hand Call'd forth angelic strains; the sacred debt Of gratitude, she said; whose just commands Still might her hand with equal pride obey!

Nor to the melting founds the nymph refus'd. Her vocal art; harmonious, as the strain Of some imprison'd lark, who daily cheer'd By guardian cares, repays them with a song: Nor droops, nor deems sweet liberty resign'd.

The fong, not artless, had she fram'd to paint Disastrous passion; how, by tyrant laws Of idiot custom sway'd, some soft-ey'd fair Lov'd only one; nor dar'd that love reveal! How the soft anguish banish'd from her cheek The damask rose full-blown; a sever came, And from her bosom forc'd the plaintive tale. Then, swift as light, he sought the love-lorn maid, But vainly sought her; torn by swifter sate To join the tenants of the myrtle shade, Love's mournful victims on the plains below.

Sometimes, as fancy spoke the pleasing task,
She taught her artful needle to display
The various pride of spring; then swift upsprung
Thickets of myrtle, eglantine, and rose:
There might you see, on gentle toils intent,
A train of busy loves; some pluck the flow'r,
Some twine the garland, some with grave grimace
Around a vacant warriour cast the wreath.

Twas

'Twas paint, 'twas life! and fure to piercing eyes. The warriour's face depictur'd Henry's mien.

Now had the gen'rous chief with joy perus'd. The royal scroll, which to their native home, Their ancient rights, uninjur'd, unredeem'd, Restor'd the captives. Forth with rapid haste To glad his fair Elvira's ear, he sprung; Fir'd by the bliss he panted to convey; But sir'd in vain! ah! what was his amaze, His fond distress, when o'er her pallid face Dejection reign'd, and from her lifeless hand Down dropt the myrtle's fair unsinish'd slow'r! Speechless she stood; at length with accents faint, "Well may my native shore," she said, "resound "Thy monarch's praise; and ere Elvira prove

"Of thine forgetful, flow'rs shall cease to feel
"The fost'ring breeze, and nature change her laws."

And now the grateful edict wide alarm'd
The British hoft. Around the smiling youths
Call'd to their native scenes, with willing haste
Their fleet unmoor; impatient of the love
That weds each bosom to its native soil.
The patriot passion! strong in ev'ry clime,
How justly theirs, who find no foreign sweets.
To dissipate their loves, or match their own.

Not so Elvira! she, disastrous maid,
Was doubly captive! pow'r nor chance could loose
The subtle bands; she lov'd her gen'rous soe.
She, where her Henry dwelt, her Henry smil'd,
Could term her native shore; her native shore
By him deserted, some unsriendly strand,
Strange, bleak, forlorn! a desert waste and wild.

The fleet careen'd, the wind propitious fill'd The fwelling fails, the glitt'ring transports wav'd Their pennants gay, and halcyons azure wing With flight auspicious skimm'd the placid main.

On her lone couch in tears Elvira lay,

And

And chid th' officious wind, the tempting sea, And wish'd a storm as merciless, as tore Her lab'ring bosom. Fondly now she strove To banish passion; now the vassal days, The captive moments that so smoothly past, By many an art recall'd; now from her lute With trembling singers call'd the fav'rite sounds Which Henry deign'd to praise; and now essay'd. With mimic chains of silken sillets wove To paint her captive state; if any fraud Might to her love the pleasing scenes prolong, And with the dear idea feast the soul.

But now the chief return'd; prepar'd to launch. On ocean's willing breaft, and bid adieu
To his fair pris'ner. She, foon as she heard. His hated errand, now no more conceal'd
The raging slame; but with a spreading blush, And rising sigh, the latent pang disclos'd.

With virtuous transport, that the task is thine
To solve my chains; and to my weeping friends,
And ev'ry longing relative, restore
A soft-ey'd maid, a mild offenceless prey!
But know, my soldier, never youthful mind,
Torn from the lavish joys of wild expence
By him he loth'd, and in a dungeon bound
To languish out his bloom, could catch the pains.
This ill-starr'd freedom gives my tortur'd mind.

What call I freedom? is it that these limbs. From rigid bolts secure, may wander far From him I love? Alas, ere I may boast. That sacred bleffing, some superiour pow'r To mortal kings, to sublunary thrones, Must loose my passion, must unchain my soul. Ev'n that I lothe; all liberty I lothe! But most the joyless privilege to gaze With cold indifference, where desert is love.

True, I was born an alien to those eyes

I ask alone to please; my fortune's crime! And ah! this flatter'd form, by dress endear'd To Spanish eyes, by dress may thine offend, Whilst I, ill-fated maid! ordain'd to strive With custom's load, beneath its weight expire.

Yet Henry's beauties knew in foreign garb To vanquish me; his form, howe'er disguis'd, To me were fatal! no fantastic robe That e'er caprice invented, custom wore, Or folly smil'd on, could eclipse thy charms.

Perhaps by birth decreed, by fortune plac'd
Thy country's foe, Elvira's warmest plea,
Seems but the subtler accent fraud inspires;
My tend'rest glances, but the specious slow'rs
That shade the viper while she plots her wound.
And can the trembling candidate of love
Awake thy fears? and can a semale breast
By ties of grateful duty bound, ensnare?
Is there no brighter mien, no softer smile
For love to wear, to dark deceit unknown?
Heav'n search my soul, and if through all its cells
Lurk the pernicious drop of pois'nous guile
Full on my fenceless head its phial'd wrath
May sate exhaust; and for my happiest hour
Exalt the vengeance I prepare for thee!

Ah me! nor Henry's, nor his country's foe, On thee I gaz'd, and reason soon dispell'd Dim error's gloom, and to thy favour'd isle Assign'd its total merit, unrestrain'd. Oh! lovely region to the candid eye! Twas there my fancy saw the virtues dwell, The loves, the graces play; and bless'd the soil That nurtur'd thee! for sure the virtue's form'd Thy gen'rous breast; the loves, the graces plann'd Thy shapely limbs. Relation, birth essay'd Their partial pow'r in vain: again I gaz'd, And Albion's isle appear'd amidst a track Of savage wastes, the darling of the skies!

And thou by nature form'd, by fate affign'd To paint the genius of thy native shore.

Tis true, with flow'rs, with many a dazzling

**scene** 

Of burnish'd plants, to lure a female eye, Iberia glows: but ah! the genial fun, That gilds the lemon's fruit, or scents the flow'r, On Spanish minds, a nation's nobler boast! Beams forth ungentle influences. There Sits jealoufy enthron'd, and at each ray Exultant lights his flow confuming fires. Not fuch thy charming region; long before My fweet experience taught me to decide Of English worth, the found had pleas'd mine ear. Is there that favage coast, that rude sojourn Stranger to British worth? the worth which forms The kindest friends. the most tremendous foes; First, best supports of liberty and love! No, let subjected India, while she throws O'er Spanish deeds the veil, your praise resound. Long as I heard, or ere in story read Of English fame, my biass'd partial breast Wish'd them success, and happiest she, I cry'd, Of woman happiest she, who shares the love, The fame, the virtues of an English lord. And now what shall I fay? bless'd be the hour Your fair built vessels touch'd th' Iberian shores: Blefs'd did I fay the time? if I may blefs That lov'd event, let Henry's smiles declare. Our hearts and cities won, will Henry's youth Forego its nobler conquest? will he flight The foft endearments of the lovelier spoil? And yet Iberia's fons, with ev'ry vow Of lasting faith, have fworn these humble charms Were not excell'd; the fource of all their pains, And love her just desert, who sues for love; But fues to thee, while natives figh in vain. Perhaps in Henry's eye (for vulgar minds

Diffent

Diffent from his) it spreads an hateful stain
On honest fame, amid his train to bear
A female friend. Then learn, my gentle youth!
Not Love himself, with all the pointed pains
That store his quiver, shall seduce my soul
From honour's laws. Elvira once deny'd
A consort's name, more swift than light'ning slies,
When elements discordant vex the sky,
Shall blushing from the form she loves retire.

Yet if the specious wish the vulgar voice Has titled prudence, sways a soul like thine, In gems or gold what proud *Iberian* dame Eclipses me? nor paint the dreary storms Or hair-breadth 'scapes that haunt the boundless

deep,

And force from tender eyes the filent tear;
When mem'ry to the pensive maid suggests
In full contrast, the safe domestic scene
For these resign'd. Beyond the frantic rage
Of conqu'ring heroes brave, the semale mind,
When steel'd by love, in love's most horrid way
Beholds not danger, or beholding scorns.
Heav'n take my life, but let it crown my love.

She ceas'd, and ere his words her fate decreed, Impatient, watch'd the language of his eye:
There pity dwelt, and from its tender fphere
Sent looks of love, and faithless hope inspir'd.

" Forgive me, gen'rous maid," the youth re-

"If by thy accents charm'd, thus long I bore
To let fuch sweetness plead, alas! in vain!
Thy virtue merits more than crowns can yield
Of solid bliss, or happiest love bestow.
But ere from native shores I plough'd the main,
To one dear maid, by virtue and by charms
Alone endear'd, my plighted vows I gave;
To guard my faith, whatever chance should wait
My warring sword: if conquest, fame, and spoil,
U Grac'd

Grac'd my return, before her feet to pour The glitt'ring treafure, and the laurel wreath; Enjoying conquest then, and fame and spoil. If fortune frown'd adverse; and death forbade The blifsful union, with my latest breath To dwell on Medway's and Maria's name. This ardent vow deep rooted, from my foul No dangers tore; this vow my bosom fir'd To conquer danger, and the spoil enjoy. Her shall I leave, with fair events elate, Who crown'd mine humblest fortune with her love? Her shall I leave, who now perchance alone Climbs the proud cliff, and chides my flow return? And shall that vessel, whose approaching fails Shall fwell her breaft with ecftafies, convey. Death to her hopes, and anguish to her foul? No! may the deep my villain-corfe devour, If all the wealth Iberian mines conceal, If all the charms Iberian maids disclose, If thine, Elvira, thine, uniting all! Thus far prevail-nor can thy virtuous breaft Demand, what honour, faith, and love denies." " Oh! happy she," rejoin'd the pensive maid, "Who shares thy fame, thy virtue, and thy love! And be she happy! thy distinguish'd choice Declares her worth, and vindicates her claim. Farewell my luckless hopes, my flatt'ring dreams Of rapt'rous days! my guilty fuit, farewell! Yet, fond howe'er my plea, or deep the wound That waits my fame, let not the random shaft Of censure pierce with me th' Iberian dames : They love with caution, and with happier flars.

And oh! by pity mov'd, restrain the taunts
Of levity, nor brand Elvira's slame;
By merit rais'd; by gratitude approv'd;
By hope consirm'd; with artless truth reveal'd;
Let, let me say, but for one matchless maid

Of

Of happier birth, with mutual ardour crown'd.

These radiant gems, which burnish happiness,
But mock missortune, to thy fav'rite's hand
With care convey. And well may such adorn
Her cheerful front, who finds in thee alone
The source of ev'ry transport; but disgrace
My pensive breast, which doom'd to lasting wo,
In thee the source of ev'ry bliss resign.

And now farewell, thou darling youth! the gem Of English merit! peace, content, and joy, And tender hopes, and young defires, farewell! Attend, ye fmiling train, this gallant mind Back to his native shores; there sweetly smooth His ev'ning pillow; dance around his groves; And where he treads, with vi'lets paint his way. But leave Elvira! leave her, now no more Your frail companion! in the facred cells Of some lone cloister let me shroud my shame: There to the matin bell, obsequious, pour My conftant orifons. The wanton loves, And gay defires fhall fpy the glimm'ring tow'rs, And wing their flight aloof: but rest confirm'd, That never shall Elvira's tongue conclude Her shortest pray'r, ere Henry's dear success The warmest accent of her zeal employ."

Thus spoke the weeping fair, whose artless mind Impartial scorn'd to model her esteem By native customs; dress, and face, and air, And manners, less; nor yet resolv'd in vain. He, bound by prior love, the solemn vow Giv'n and receiv'd, to soft compassion gave A tender tear; then with that kind adieu, Esteem could warrant, weary'd heav'n with pray'rs. To shield that tender breast he lest forlorn.

He ceas'd, and to the cloifter's pensive scene

Elvira shap'd her solitary way.

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# The SCHOOL-MISTRESS.

In imitation of Spencers

Audita voces, vagitus et ingens, Infantumque anima flentes in limine primo.

Virg.

## The transfer of the second of

ADVERTISEMENT.

What particulars in Spencer were imagined most proper for the author's imitation on this occasion, are his language, his simplicity, his manner of description, and a peculiar tenderness of sentiment, remarkable throughout his works.

**\*\*\*\***\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*

A H me! full forely is my heart forlorn,
To think how modest worth neglected lies!
While partial fame doth with her blast adorn
Such deeds alone, as pride and pomp disguise;
Deeds of ill fort, and mischievous emprize!
Lend me thy clarion, goddess! let me try
To found the praise of merit, ere it dies;
Such as I oft have chanced to espy,
Lost in the dreary shades of dull obscurity.

In ev'ry village mark'd with little spire,
Embow'r'd in trees, and hardly known to fame,
There dwells, in lowly shed, and mean attire,
A matron old, whom we school-mistress name;
Who boasts unruly brats with birch to tame;
They grieven fore, in piteous durance pent,
Aw'd by the pow'r of this relentless dame;
And oft times, on vag'ries idly bent,
For unkempt hair, or task unconn'd, are sorely shent.

And all in fight doth rife a birchen tree,
Which learning near her little dome did stowe;
Whilom a twig of small regard to see,
Though now so wide its waving branches flow;
And work the simple vassals miekle wo;
For not a wind might curl the leaves that blew,
But their limbs shudder'd, and their pulse beat
low:

And, as they look'd, they found their horror grew,

And shap'd it into rods, and tingled at the view.

So have I feen (who has not may conceive)
A lifeless phantom near a garden plac'd;
So doth it wanton birds of peace bereave,
Of sport, of song, of pleasure, of repast;
They start, they stare, they wheel, they look aghast;
Sad servitude! such comfortless annoy
May no bold Briton's riper age e'er taste!
Ne superstition clog his dance of joy,
Ne vision empty, vain, his native bliss destroy.

Near to his dome is found a patch so green,
On which the tribe their gambols do display;
And at the door imprising board is seen,
Lest weakly wights of smaller fize should stray;
U 3

n

Eager, perdie, to bask in sunny day!
The noises intermix'd, which thence resound,
Do learning's little tenement betray:
Where sits the dame, disguis'd in look prosound,
And eyes her fairy throng, and turns her wheel
around.

Her cap, far whiter than the driven snow,
Emblem right meet of decency does yield:
Her apron dy'd in grain, as blue, I trowe,
As is the hare-bell that adorns the field:
And in her hand, for sceptre, she does wield
Tway birchen sprays; with anxious fear entwin'd,
With dark distrust, and sad repentance fill'd;
And stedsaft hate, and sharp affliction join'd,
And fury uncontroul'd, and chastisement unkind.

Few but have ken'd, in femblance meet pourtray'd,
The childish faces of old Eol's train;
Libs, Notus, Auster: these in frowns array'd,
How then would fare or earth, or sky, or main,
Were the stern god to give his slaves the rein?
And were not she rebellious breasts to quell,
And were not she her statutes to maintain,
The cott no more, I ween, were deem'd the cell,
Where 'comely peace of mind, and decent order
dwell.

A ruffet stole was o'er her shoulders thrown!
A ruffet kirtle senc'd the nipping air;
'Twas simple ruffet, but it was her own;
'Twas her own country bred the flock so fair;
'Twas her own labour did the sleece prepare;
And, sooth to say, her pupils, rang'd around,
Through pious awe, did term it passing rare!

For

philips...

For they in gaping wonderment abound, And think, no doubt, she been the greatest wight on ground.

Albeit ne flatt'ry did corrupt her truth,
Ne pompous title did debauch her ear;
Goody, good woman, goffip, n'aunt, forfooth,
Or dame, the fole additions she did hear;
Yet these she challeng'd, these she held right
dear!

Ne would esteem him act as mought behove, Who should not honour'd eld with these revere: For never title yet so mean could prove, But there was eke a mind which did that title love.

One ancient hen she took delight to feed,
The plodding pattern of the busy dame;
Which ever and anon, impell'd by need,
Into her school, begirt with chickens, came!
Such favour did her past deportment claim:
And, if neglect had lavish'd on the ground
Fragment of bread, she would collect the same;
For well she knew, and quaintly could expound,
What sin it were to waste the smallest crum she found.

Herbs too she knew, and well of each could speak
That in her garden sipt the silv'ry dew;
Where no vain flow'r disclos'd a gaudy streak;
But herbs for use, and physic, not a few,
Of grey renown, within those borders grew:
The tusted basil, pun-provoking thyme,
Fresh baum, and marygold of cheerful hue;
The lowly gill, that never dares to climb;
And more I sain would sing, disdaining here to
rhyme.

Yet euphrasy may not be left unsung,
That gives dim eyes to wander leagues around;
And pungent radish, biting infant's tongue;
And plantain ribb'd, that heals the reaper's
wound;

And marj'ram fweet, in shepherd's posie found;
And lavender, whose spikes of azure bloom
Shall be ere while, in arid bundles bound,
To lurk amidst the labours of her loom,
And crown her kerchiefs clean, with mickle rare
persume.

And here trim rofmarine, that whilom crown'd
The daintiest garden of the proudest peer;
Ere, driven from its envy'd site, it found
A sacred shelter for its branches here;
Where edg'd with gold its glitt'ring skirts appear.
Oh wassel-days; O customs meet and well!
Ere this was banish'd from its lofty sphere:
Simplicity then sought this humble cell,
Nor ever would she more with thane and lordling dwell.

Here oft the dame, on Sabbath's decent eve,
Hymned such psalms as Sternhold forth did mete,
If winter 'twere, she to her hearth did cleave;
But in her garden found a summer-seat:
Sweet melody! to hear her then repeat
How Israel's sons, beneath a foreign king,
While taunting soe-men did a song intreat,
All, for the nonce, untuning ev'ry string,
Up hung their useless lyres—small heart had they
to sing.

For she was just, and friend to virtuous lore, And pass'd much time in truly virtuous deed; And, in those elsins' ears, would oft deplore The times, when truth by Popish rage did bleed; And And tortious death was true devotion's meed;
And simple faith in iron chains did mourn,
That nould on wooden image place her creed;
And lawny faints in smould'ring slames did burn:
Ah! dearest Lord, foresend, thilk days should e'er return.

In elbow-chair, like that of Scottish stem
By the sharp tooth of cank'ring eld defac'd,
In which, when he receives his diadem,
Our sov'reign prince and liefest liege is plac'd,
The matron sat; and some with rank she grac'd,
(The source of childrens and of courtiers pridel).
Redress'd affronts, for vile affronts there pass'd;
And warn'd them not the fretful to deride,
But love each other dear, whatever them betide.

Right well she knew each temper to descry;
To thwart the proud, and the submiss to raise;
Some with vile copper prize exalt on high,
And some entice with pittance small of praise!
And other some with baleful sprig she 'frays:
Ev'n absent, she the reins of pow'r doth hold,
While with quaint arts the giddy croud she sways;
Forewarn'd, if little bird their pranks behold,
Twill whisper in her ear, and all the scene unfold.

Lo now with state she utters the command!

Estsoons the urchins to their tasks repair;

Their books of stature small they take in hand,

Which with pellucid horn secured are;

To save from singer wet the letters fair:

The work so gay, that on their back is seen,

St George's high atchievements does declare;

On which thilk wight that has y-gazing been,

Kens the forth-coming rod, unpleasing sight, I

ween!

Ab

Ah luckless he, and born beneath the beam.
Of evil star! it irks me whilst I write!
As erst the \* bard by Mulla's silver stream,
Oft, as he told of deadly dolorous plight,
Sigh'd as he sung, and did in tears indite.
For brandishing the rod, she doth begin
To loose the brogues, the stripling's late delight!
And down they drop; appears his dainty skin,
Fair as the surry coat of whitest ermilin.

O ruthful fcene! when from a nook obscure,
His little fister doth his peril fee:
All playful as she sat, she grows demure;
She finds full soon her wonted spirits slee;
She meditates a pray'r to set him free:
Nor gentle pardon could this dame deny,
(If gentle pardon could with dames agree),
To her sad grief that swells in either eye,
And wrings her so that all for pity she could die.

No longer can she now her shrieks command;
And hardly she forbears, thro' awful fear,
To rushen forth, and, with presumptuous hand,
To stay harsh justice in its mid career.
On thee she calls, on thee her parent dear!
(Ah! too remote to ward the shameful blow!)
She sees no kind domestic visage near,
And soon a slood of tears begins to flow;
And gives a loose at last to unavailing wo.

But ah! what pen his piteous plight may trace? Or what device his loud laments explain? The form uncouth of his disguised face? The pallid hue that dyes his looks amain? The plenteous show'r that does his cheek distain? When he, in abject wise, implores the dame, Ne hopeth aught of sweet reprieve to gain;

<sup>·</sup> Spencer.

Or when from high she levels well her aim, And, thro' the thatch, his cries each falling stroke proclaim.

The other tribe, aghast, with sore dismay, Attend, and conn their tasks with meikle care: By turns, astony'd, ev'ry twig survey, And, from their fellow's hateful wounds, beware:

Knowing, I wist, how each the same may share; Till fear has taught them a performance meet, And to the well-known chest the dame repair; Whence oft with sugar'd cates she doth 'emagreet,

And ginger-bread y-rare; now, certes, doubly

See to their feats they hie with merry glee,
And in beseemly order sitten there;
All but the wight of bum y-galled, he
Abhorreth bench and stool, and fourm, and
chair;

(This hand in mouth y-fix'd, that rends his hair);

And eke with fnubs profound, and heaving breaft,

Convulsions intermitting! does declare
His grievous wrong; his dame's unjust behest;
And scorns her offer'd love, and shuns to be carefs'd.

His face besprent with liquid crystal shines,
His blooming face that seems a purple flow'r,
Which low to earth its drooping head declines,
All smear'd and sully'd by a vernal show'r.
O the hard bosoms of despotic pow'r!
All, all, but she, the author of his shame,
All, all, but she, regret this mournful hour:
Yet hence the youth, and hence the flow'r, shall claim,

If so I deem aright, transcending worth and frame Behind Behind some door, in melancholy thought,
Mindless of food, he, dreary caitiff! pines;
Ne for his fellow's joyaunce careth aught,
But to the wind all merriment religns;
And deems it shame, if he to peace inclines;
And many a sullen look ascance is sent,
Which for his dame's annoyance he designs;
And still the more to pleasure him she's bent,
The more doth he, perverse, her haviour past resent.

Ah me! how much I fear left pride it be!
But if that pride it be, which thus inspires,
Beware, ye dames, with nice discernment see,
Ye quench not too the sparks of nobler fires:
Ah! better far than all the muses' lyres,
All coward arts, is valour's gen'rous heat;
The firm fix'd breast which fit and right requires,
Like Vernon's patriot soul; more justly great
Than crast that pimps for ill, or slow'ry false deceit.

Yet nurs'd with skill, what dazzling fruits appear!

Ev'n now fagacious foresight points to show
A little bench of heedless bishops here,
And there a chancellour in embryo,
Or bard sublime, if bard may e'er be so,
As Milton, Shakespear, names that ne'er shall
die!

Tho' now he crawl along the ground fo low, Nor weeting how the muse should foar on high, Wisheth, poor starv'ling elf! his paper-kite may fly.

And this perhaps, who, cens'ring the defign, Low lays the house which that of cards doth build,

Shall Dennis be! if rigid fates incline, And many an epic to his rage shall yield;

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And

And many a poet quit th' Aonian field;
And, four'd by age, profound he shall appear,
As he who now with 'sdainful fury thrill'd
Surveys mine work; and levels many a sneer,
And furls his wrinkly front, and cries, "What
stuff is here?"

But now Dan Phebus gains the middle skie,
And liberty unbars her prison-door;
And like a rushing torrent out they sly,
And now the grassy cirque han cover'd o'er
With boist'rous revel-rout and wild uproar;
A thousand ways in wanton rings they run,
Heav'n shield their short-liv'd pastimes, I implore!
For well may freedom, erst so dearly won,
Appear to British elf more gladsome than the sun.

Enjoy poor imps! enjoy your sportive trade;
And chase gay slies, and cull the fairest flow'rs;
For when my bones in grass-green sods are laid;
For never may ye taste more careless hours
In knightly castles, or in ladies bow'rs.
O vain to seek delight in earthly thing!
But most in courts where proud ambition tow'rs;
Deluded wight! who weens fair peace can spring
Beneath the pompous dome of kesar or of king.

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See in each sprite some various bent appear!
These rudely carol most incondite lay;
Those saunt'ring on the green with jocund leer
Salute the stranger passing on his way;
Some builden fragile tenements of clay;
Some to the standing lake their courses bend,
With pebbles smooth at duck and drake to play;
Thilk to the huxters sav'ry cottage tend,
In pastry kings and queens th' allotted mite to spend.

Here as each season yields a different store, Each season's stores in order ranged been; Apples with cabbage net y-cover'd o'er,

Y

Galling

## 244 MORAL PIECES.

Galling full fore th' unmoney'd wight, are seen;
And goose-b'rie clad in liv'ry red or green;
And here of lovely dye, the cath'rine pear,
Fine pear, as lovely for thy juice, I ween:
O may no wight e'er pennyless come there,
Lest smit with ardentlove he pine with hopeless care!

See! cherries here, ere cherries yet abound,
With thread so white in tempting posses ty'd,
Scatt'ring like blooming maid their glances round,
With pamper'd look draw little eyes aside;
And must be bought, tho' penury betide.
The plumb all azure and the nut all brown,
And here each season, do those cakes abide,
Whose honour'd names th' inventive city own,
Rend'ring thro' Britain's isle Salopia's praises
known \*.

Admir'd Salopia! that with venial pride
Eyes her bright form in Severn's ambient wave,
Fam'd for her loyal cares in perils try'd,
Her daughters lovely, and her striplings brave:
Ah! midst the rest, may slow'rs adorn his grave,
Whose art did first these dulcet cates display!
A motive fair to learning's imps he gave,
Who cheerless o'er her darkling region stray;
Till reason's morn arise, and light them on their
way.

\* Shrewsbury cakes.

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TOROGRAPH THE MENT OF SHIPLES